# TOLD IN STORY

## AMERICAN HISTORY

## BOOK ONE

H. J. ECKENRODE

JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

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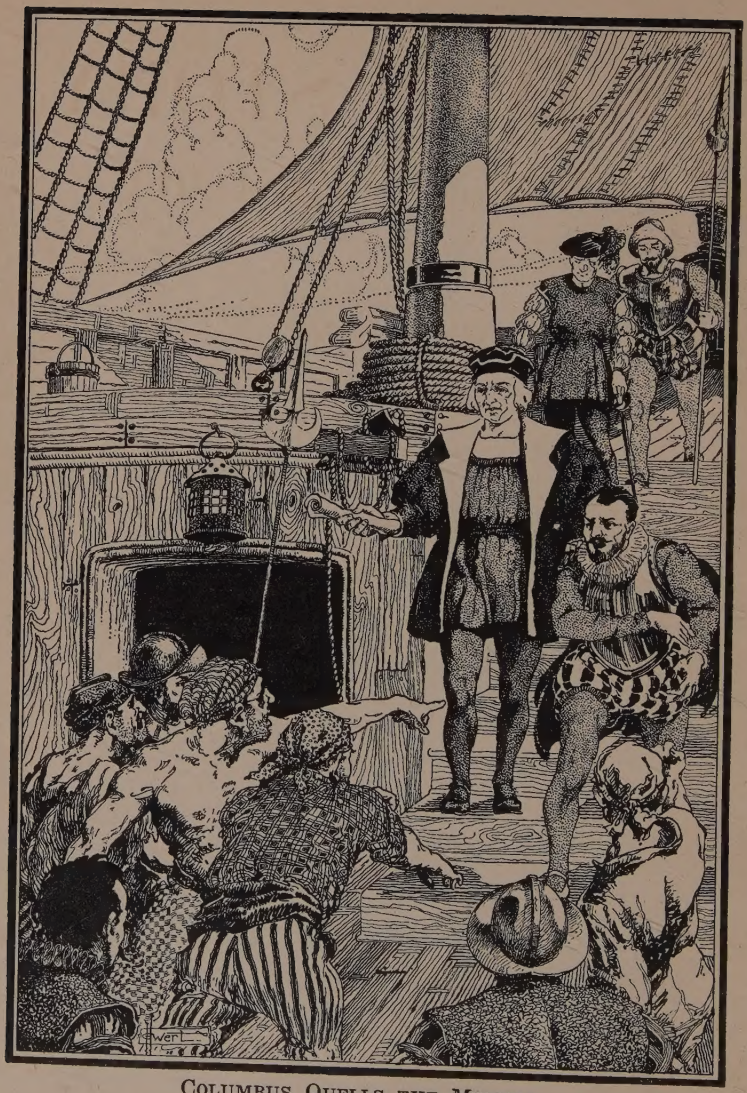
Dorothy Baldorf



COLUMBUS QUELLS THE MUTINY

Dorothy Batdorf

# TOLD IN STORY

## AMERICAN HISTORY

BOOK ONE

1492-1815

BY

H. J. ECKENRODE

JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY
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## A WORD TO READERS

*To make history interesting!*

This is the ambitious effort of *Told in Story*. In spite of the fact that history is the most fascinating of studies, children usually find it dull and dry. The reason for this is obvious. History is human experience, and human experience must make its appeal to the *imagination*. The trained imagination needs no aid from fiction; to the untrained imagination, fiction—or some form of imaginative presentation—is necessary if history is to be anything more than the learning of facts that the child fails to visualize and bring in harmony with his own experience. Historical fiction has long been used as an adjunct to history, but in an unorganized form. *Told in Story* is an *organization* of historical fiction. Without attempting to give the history of the country in full, it presents pictures of representative periods and characters, linked together with a connecting narrative, making a unified scheme. It will be found of value as an aid to regular textbooks, or in cases where only an outline of history is desired it can be used alone.

As a supplementary reader, *Told in Story* offers a book giving a definite treatment of history to those teachers who wish to combine instruction with practice in reading. Such writers as Cooper, Hawthorne, Irving, Simms, Lew Wallace, John Esten Cooke, Paul Leicester Ford, and others, make it a work of literature as well as a history book. If it inspires in the child's mind an interest in American history and in American heroes that will lead to further reading and study, it will have accomplished what regular textbooks do not do and what it is highly desirable should be done.

In another respect the book may be of value. The way to teach is by example. The child who reads *Told in Story* will have seen a picture of the toil, the hardship, the danger, the self-sacrifice which made the United States what it is. He should therefore be inspired to do his part in the upbuilding and safeguarding of the country.

Besides the connecting narrative, which binds the stories into a whole, "Something about the Authors" (pp. 364-366) will be found of use on the literary side of the book, while "History Points" (pp. 368-373) gives some of the essentials of early American history in a new grouping. "The Characters" (p. 367) will also be of help on the historical side.

Book One covers the period between 1492 and 1815, which latter year may be taken as closing the early age of American history. By 1815, the United States had definitely taken form, founded its government, and cut loose from its old European connections. This book, therefore, deals with the formative period and the formative characters of American history.

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# TOLD IN STORY

THE COMING OF COLUMBUS

# TOLD IN STORY

## I

## THE DISCOVERY

In 1492, the people of Europe knew a vastly smaller world than we know today. The Turkish conquest of western Asia and eastern Europe cut off the western Europeans from trade with China and India, which was conducted for centuries by caravans. These carried the products of the Orient to the ports of the Mediterranean, whence they were shipped to Venice and Genoa for sale in western Europe. A new trade route to the Orient was demanded, and scholars advanced the idea that the East might be reached by sailing west across the Atlantic Ocean. No one suspected that the vast continents of North and South America lay in the way.

People, in 1492, did not even know that the world was round, though men of learning generally believed it to be so. Columbus was the only man who had the courage to undertake the daring voyage. For years he tried to get the necessary capital and support, which in that age could only come from kings. He was refused at several courts. Men ridiculed him as a hopeless visionary, a crazy dreamer. Finally, Queen Isabella of Spain took up his cause and enabled him to make the venture. James Fenimore Cooper, in his novel, *Mercedes of Castille,* from which the following selection is taken, has described Columbus's experiences at court and on his voyage. Columbus is known as "Colon."

The story vividly illustrates the fact that the discovery of America was an achievement that only came as the result

of years of effort and after countless disappointments. Even after the expedition sailed, great difficulties and dangers had to be met and conquered. These came from the ignorant sailors of that day, who had hardly been out of sight of land before, and from sailing in tiny ships into the heart of an unknown ocean. Europeans of that day knew China as "Cathay" and Japan as "Cipango," and it was the one or other of these that Columbus hoped to reach.

## COLUMBUS

From *Mercedes of Castille,* by James Fenimore Cooper.

### I

Christopher Columbus had just left the court of Spain, disappointed in his hopes for the last time. The caution and selfishness of King Ferdinand had refused the aid which Queen Isabella would willingly have given him. After years of effort, of hoping against hope, Columbus had largely converted the court of Spain to his view of the roundness of the earth and of the possibility of reaching the East by sailing westward; but the court had refused his modest demands.

Yet no sooner had the Genoese left the palace than Ferdinand was attacked by misgivings. Jealous of Portugal, he feared that Columbus had gone to that country to urge once more for assistance.

"Whither hath the Señor Colon sped?" the king demanded quickly. "He hath not gone again to Don John of Portugal?"

"No, señor, my master," answered St. Angel, the courtier addressed, "but to King Louis of France."

The king muttered a few words between his teeth and paced the apartment to and fro with a disturbed manner. While no man living cared less to hazard his means without the prospect of a certain return than Ferdinand, the idea of another's reaping an advantage that had been neglected by himself brought him at once under the control of those feelings that always influenced his cold and calculating policy.

With Isabella the case was different. Her wishes had ever leaned toward the accomplishment of Columbus's great project. Nothing but her many plans and troubles had kept her from making a full examination of the navigator's views and she had denied the terms demanded by Columbus with a reluctance it had not been easy to overcome. Her eye glanced around the room and rested on the beautiful face of a lady in waiting, Mercedes, who sat silent but whose pale, eloquent face betrayed the deep interest she felt in Columbus.

"Daughter," asked the queen, "what thinkest thou of this weighty matter? Ought we so to humble ourselves as to recall this haughty Genoese?"

"No, not haughty, señora," replied Mercedes, "but one that hath a just understanding of what he hath in view. I think that Castille will be much the loser if a new world should be discovered and if the discoverers should point to this court and remind it that the glory of the event was in its grasp and that it threw it away."

Isabella's cheek flushed, her eyes kindled, and her fine form seemed to tower as she turned to the king.

"I do fear, Don Fernando," she said, "that our advisers have been too quick, and that the greatness of this project may justify us in listening to Colon's terms."

"We all love and reverence your highness," the courtier, St. Angel, hastened to say, "and we wish naught but your glory. Alas! should King Louis grant the terms we have declined, poor Spain will never lift her head again for very shame."

"Art certain, St. Angel, that the Genoese hath gone for France?" demanded the king in his sharp, authoritative voice.

"I have it, your highness, from his own mouth. Yes, he is at this moment striving to forget our Castilian dialect and endeavoring to suit his tongue to French."

"What sum doth Colon need, Señor de St. Angel?" asked the queen.

"He asketh but two light caravels, my honored mistress, and three thousand crowns,—a sum that many a young spendthrift would waste on his pleasures in a few short weeks."

"It is not much, truly," observed Isabella; "but small as it is, my lord the king doubteth if our treasury can at this moment bear the drain."

"Oh! it were a pity that such an occasion to serve God and to add to the glory of Spain should be lost for this trifle of gold!" said Mercedes, warmly.

"It would be, truly," replied the queen. Señor de St. Angel, the king cannot be prevailed on to enter into this affair in behalf of Aragon; but I take it on myself, as queen of Castille, for the benefit of my people. I will

pledge my private jewels for that small sum rather than let this Colon depart without putting his theory to the proof."

An exclamation of admiration escaped those present; but the receiver-general soon removed all difficulties by saying that there was gold enough in the treasury and that the jewels, so freely offered, might remain in the keeping of their royal owner.

"And now to recall Colon," said the queen. "He hath already departed, you say, and no time should be lost in finding him and telling him of this new resolution."

"Your highness hath a willing messenger in the person of Don Luis de Bobadilla," cried someone.

" 'Tis scarce a service suited to one of his high station," answered Isabella, doubtingly; "and yet we should consider every moment of delay a wrong to Colon."

A page was sent in search of the young noble, and in a few moments the footsteps of the latter were heard in the antechamber. Luis entered the presence, flushed, excited, and not a little angered at the departure of Columbus. Nevertheless, his words were respectful if not warm.

"It is your highness' pleasure to command my presence?" said the young man.

"I thank you for this promptness, Don Luis," returned the queen. "Can you tell us what hath befell the Señor Christoval Colon, whom, they inform me, you know?"

"Forgive me, señora," said the young noble, "if aught unbecoming escape me, but a full heart must be opened lest it break. Colon is about to shake the dust of Spain from his shoes, and at this moment is on his journey to

another court, to offer those services that this court should never have rejected."

"It is plain, Don Luis, that all thy leisure time hath not been passed in courts," returned the queen, smiling; "but we now have service to suit thy roving. Mount thy steed and pursue the Señor Colon, with the tidings that his terms will be accepted and a request that he will forthwith return. I pledge my royal word to send him forth on this voyage."

"Señora Dona Isabella! My gracious queen, do I hear aright?"

"As a sign of the fidelity of thy senses, Don Luis, here is the pledge of my hand."

This was said kindly, and the gracious manner in which the hand was offered showed him that the queen's words were indeed sincere. Kneeling respectfully, he kissed the hand of his sovereign and desired to know if he should that instant depart on the duty she had named.

"Rise, Don Luis, and lose not a moment. It seemeth that a mountain lies on my breast until the Señor Colon learns the truth."

Luis de Bobadilla did not wait a second bidding but hurried from the royal presence as fast as etiquette would allow. The next moment he was in the saddle. The rowels were buried in the horse's flanks; fire flashed beneath his heels, and the following minute Luis had disappeared.

In the meantime Columbus had pursued his melancholy journey. He traveled slowly on his mule, and several times did he check the beast and sit with his head dropped on his breast, the picture of woe. The noble

resignation that he showed in public almost gave way in private and he felt, as he had never before, the bitterness of his disappointment. In this slow way of travel he had reached the pass of the bridge of Pinos, the scene of many a battle, when the sound of a horse's hoofs first overtook his ear. Turning his head, he recognized Luis de Bobadilla in hot pursuit, with the flanks of his horse dyed in blood and his breast white with foam.

"Joy! joy! a thousand times joy, Señor Colon!" shouted the eager youth, even before he was near enough to be distinctly heard. "Joy, señor, and naught but joy!"

"This is unexpected, Don Luis," exclaimed the navigator. "What meaneth thy pursuit?"

Luis attempted to explain his errand, but eagerness and the want of breath rendered his ideas confused and his speech broken.

"And why should I return to a hesitating, cold, and undecided court?" demanded Columbus. "Have I not wasted years in striving to urge it to its own good? I have lost a time that nearly equals all thy days in striving uselessly to convince the rulers of this peninsula that my project was founded on truth."

"At last you have succeeded. Isabella, the true-hearted queen of Castille, hath awoke to the importance of thy scheme and pledges her royal word to favor it."

"Is this true? *Can* this be true, Don Luis?"

"I am sent to you, señor, to urge your immediate return."

"By whom, young lord?"

"By Dona Isabella, my gracious mistress, with her own personal command."

"I cannot forego a single condition."

"It is not expected, señor. Our gracious mistress granteth all you ask and hath pledged her private jewels rather than that the enterprise fail."

Columbus was deeply touched with this information, and, removing his cap, he concealed his face with it for a moment, as if ashamed to show the weakness that came over him. When he uncovered his face, it was radiant with happiness and every doubt seemed to have vanished. Years of suffering were forgotten in that moment of joy, and he immediately prepared to accompany the youth back to the court.

II

A waste of waters without a thing in sight save the sails of three small ships. Columbus commanded the *Santa Maria* in person, his lieutenants, the Pinzons, the *Pinta* and *Nina*. The three vessels, in company, rode the waves of the Atlantic.

The adventurers had now been twenty-three days out of sight of land, Ferro, all of which time they had been advancing steadily toward the west, with a certain inclination toward the south that was unknown to them. Their hopes had been so often raised to be disappointed that a sort of settled gloom began to prevail among the common men, which was only relieved by irregular cries of "land" as the clouds loomed up deceptively on the horizon. Yet as the sea continued smooth as a river, the air balmy, and the skies most genial, they were prevented from falling into despair. Luis de Bobadilla buoyed up

the spirits of his associates by his cheerfulness and confidence. Columbus himself remained calm, dignified, and reserved, relying on the truth of his theories and determined to gain his object. The wind remained fair, and, in the course of the night and day of October second, the vessels sailed more than a hundred miles still further into that unknown and mysterious ocean.

The third proved an even more favorable day, the distance made reaching to forty-seven leagues. The fourth was a better day than either, the little fleet passing steadily along without turning from its course until it had fairly made one hundred and eighty-nine miles, much the greatest day's work it had yet achieved.

Another day passed with the favoring wind, and the *Santa Maria* sailed at the rate of about eight miles an hour. Late in the afternoon, the *Pinta* came sheering down upon the *Santa Maria* until the two ships were so near that the commander of the *Pinta* hailed without the aid of a trumpet.

"Is Señor Don Christopher at his post?" demanded Pinzon, speaking like one who felt he had matter of weight upon his mind.

"What wouldst thou, good Martin Alonzo?" answered the admiral. "I am here watching for the shores of Cipango, or Cathay, whichever God, in his goodness, may be pleased first to give us."

"I see so many reasons, noble admiral, for changing our course more to the south that I could not resist the desire to come down and say as much. Most of the late discoveries have been made in the southern latitudes, and we might do well to get more southing."

"Have we gained aught by changing our course in this direction? Why abandon a certainty for an uncertainty? The greater for the less? Cipango or Cathay for some pleasant spot, fragrant with spices, no doubt, but without a name and which can never equal the glories of Asia?"

"I would, señor, I might prevail on you to steer more to the south!"

"Go to, Martin Alonzo, and forget thy cravings. First hear my orders, and then seek the *Nina,* and thy brother, the worthy Vincente. Should aught separate us in the night, it should be the duty of all to stand manfully toward the west, striving to find our company."

Pinzon, much displeased, was yet fain to obey, and presently the *Pinta* bore off in search of the *Nina.*

"Martin Alonzo beginneth to waver," Columbus observed to Luis. "He is a bold and skillful mariner, but steadiness of object is not his great quality. Cathay—Cathay is my aim!"

After midnight the wind increased, and the caravels glanced through the smooth ocean at their greatest speed, which equaled nine English miles the hour. Few now undressed except to change their clothes; and Columbus slumbered on the poop that night, using an old sail for his couch. Luis was his companion, and both were up and on the deck with the first appearance of dawn. A common feeling seemed to exist among all that land was near, and that a great discovery was about to be made. An annuity had been promised to him who should first see land, and every eye was on the gaze to gain the prize.

Hour after hour passed, however, without bringing the welcome signal of discovery. The western horizon looked

heavy and clouded throughout the morning, it is true, often deceiving practiced eyes; but as the day advanced it became impossible to doubt that nothing lay before them but a wilderness of water. The depression of spirits that followed this new disappointment was greater than any that had before existed, and loud murmurs arose. It was urged that some evil influence was leading the adventurers on, finally to abandon them to despair and destruction in the waste of ocean. Prudence and policy at last made necessary a change of course, and Columbus turned more to the south, though still keeping a generally westward direction.

The reason for this change was that so many birds had been seen flying in that direction. The admiral's intention was to pursue this course for two days. In spite of this alteration, no land was visible in the morning, but as the wind was light there was less disappointment than otherwise might have been the case. All of the vessels now rioted in the balmy softness of the atmosphere, which was found so fragrant that it was delicious to breathe it. The weeds too became more plenty, and many of them were as fresh as if torn from their native rocks only a day or two before. Birds that belonged to the land were seen in numbers, one of which was actually taken. Thus passed October eighth, the adventurers filled with hope. The succeeding day brought no material change.

Such was the state of things when the sun rose on the morning of October 10, 1492. The wind had freshened, and all three of the vessels were running free, at a rate varying from five to nine knots. The signs of the near-

ness of land had been so numerous of late that, with every league of ocean they passed over, the adventurers had strong hopes of discovering it. Nearly every eye on the three ships was kept bent on the western horizon, in the hope of the owner's being the first to make the joyful announcement of its appearance.

Two of the sailors on the *Santa Maria,* Pepe and Sancho, were talking together when the latter said to Pepe, "What meaneth all this movement on the deck? Our people seem to be much moved by some feeling, while I can swear it is not from having discovered Cathay."

"Dost thou not hear the angry and threatening words from the mouths of the knaves?" replied Pepe.

"What, would the rascals go back without the sight of Asia?"

"'Tis something of the sort, Sancho. Let us go down that the admiral may see that he hath some friends among the crew."

Sancho assented, and he and Pepe stood on the deck the next moment. Here, indeed, the people were found in a more mutinous state than they had been since the fleet left Spain. The long stretch of fair winds and good weather had given them reason to hope for a speedy end of the voyage; and now nearly the whole crew were about to insist on the abandonment of a voyage they believed would lead to nothing but their destruction. When Sancho and Pepe joined them, it had been just decided to go in a body to Columbus and demand an immediate return to Spain. Pedro Alonzo Nino, a pilot, was selected as spokesman. At this critical moment, the ad-

miral and Luis were seen descending from the poop, when a rush was made forward, by all on deck, and twenty voices were heard crying at once:

"Señor—Don Christopher—your excellency—Señor Admiral—"

Columbus stopped and faced the crowd with a calmness and dignity that caused the heart of Nino to leap toward his mouth. In no way did the admiral show that he knew that the crisis had come and that he stood within the shadow of failure and ruin. At this instant the destiny of America might have been postponed for another hundred years, for if Columbus had returned to tell of nothing but a limitless waste of waters it would have been long ere a second expedition set forth.

"What would you?" he demanded sternly. "Speak! ye address a friend."

"We come to ask our lives, señor," answered the spokesman. "All here are weary of this profitless voyage, and most think that if it lasts longer it will be the means of our perishing in the sea for lack of food and water."

"Know ye the distance that lieth between us and Ferro, the nearest land, that ye come to me with this blind and foolish request? Speak, Nino."

"Señor," returned the pilot, "we are all of a mind. To go further into this blank and unknown ocean is tempting God to destroy us for our wilfulness."

"Go to," said Columbus. "Withdraw with thy fellows, and let me hear no more of this."

"Nay, señor," cried two or three in a breath, "we will not perish without making our complaints known. We have followed too far already, and already we have gone

beyond the means of a safe return. Let us turn our caravels toward Spain this night, lest we never live to see that blessed land again."

"This toucheth on revolt! Who among you dare to use language so bold to your admiral?"

"All of us," answered twenty voices together. "Men need be bold when their lives are lost by silence."

"Sancho," appealed the admiral, "art thou, too, of the party of the mutineers? Dost thou confess thy heart to be Spain-sick and thy unmanly fears to be stronger than thy hopes of gold and glory?"

"Not so," replied the seaman. "Sail with thy caravels into the hall of the Great Khan and make fast to his throne, and you will find Sancho at his post. He was born in a shipyard and he hath a natural desire to see what a ship can do."

"And thou, Pepe. Hast thou so forgotten thy duty as to come with this language to thy commander? To the viceroy of thy sovereign?"

"Viceroy over what?" cried a voice from the crowd. "Viceroy over seaweed, one that hath tunny fishes and whales and pelicans for subjects. We tell you, Señor Colon, that this is no treatment for Castilians, who want better discoveries than fields of weeds and islands of clouds!"

"Home! Spain! Spain! Palos! Palos!" cried the throng together, while Sancho and Pepe left it to range themselves on the side of Columbus. "We will go no further west, which is tempting God; but demand to be carried back whence we came, if indeed it be not too late."

"To whom speak ye in this shameless way, knaves?"

demanded Luis, unconsciously laying a hand where he had been in the habit of wearing a sword. "Get ye gone—"

"Be tranquil, friend, and leave this matter to me," said the admiral, whose composure had not been disturbed by the violent conduct of the sailors. "Listen to what I have to say, ye rude and rebellious men, and let it be received as my final answer to such demands as have just been made. This expedition hath been sent forth by the two sovereigns with the express design of crossing the breadth of the Atlantic and reaching the shore of India. Westward we sail until stopped by the land. For this decision my life shall answer. Look you that yours be not endangered by resistance to the royal orders. Consider what you have before you in the way of fear and what ye have before you in the way of hope. It is now too late to turn back. The voyage east must, as regards time, be double that we have just made, and food and water are not over-plentiful. Land, and land in this region, hath become necessary to us. Look now at the other side of the picture. Before you lies Cathay, with all its riches, its novelties, its glories! Back of you death by thirst and hunger; in front of you riches and fame!"

"If we obey three days longer, señor, will you then turn toward Spain, should not land be seen?" cried a voice from the crowd.

"Never," returned Columbus, firmly. "To India am I bound, and for India will I steer, though another month be needed to complete the voyage. Go to your posts, and let me hear no more of this."

There was so much natural dignity in the manner of Columbus, and when he spoke in anger his voice carried so much of rebuke with it, that it went beyond the daring of ordinary men to answer when he ordered silence. The crowd suddenly dispersed, though the dissatisfaction was by no means at an end. Had there been only one vessel in the expedition, it is likely that the sailors would have gone on to some act of violence; but, uncertain of the state of feeling on the *Pinta* and *Nina,* the boldest among them for the present took out his discontent in murmurs.

"This looketh serious, señor," said Luis, as soon as he and Columbus were alone in the little cabin. "How far do you really think us from land? I ask from curiosity and not from dread; for though the ship floated on the very verge of the earth, ready to fall off into space, you should hear no murmur from me."

"I am well assured of this, young noble," replied Columbus affectionately, squeezing the hand of Luis, "else wouldst thou not be here. I make our distance from Ferro to exceed a thousand marine leagues. This is about the same I have supposed Cathay to lie from Europe, and it is far enough to meet with many of the islands that are known to abound in the seas of Asia. I doubt if we are not fully eleven hundred leagues from the Canaries. We are doubtless a trifle nearer to the Azores, which are further west though farther north."

"Then you think, señor, that we may really expect land ere many days?"

"So certain do I feel of this, Luis, that I would comply with the demand of the men to turn back if land is not

sighted within three days, if it were not for the shame of it. Thirteen hundred leagues, I am persuaded, will bring us to the shores of Asia, and eleven of these thirteen hundred leagues I do believe we have come."

III

Columbus and Luis now sought their rest. In the morning, it was evident from the surly looks of the sailors that a volcano was burning in their bosoms and that any accident might produce an eruption. Fortunately, however, signs of a nature so novel soon appeared as to draw off the attention of the mutineers from their broodings. Columbus had not been on deck five minutes when a joyful cry from Pepe drew all eyes toward the yard on which he was at work. The seaman was pointing eagerly at some object in the water, and, rushing to the side of the vessel, all saw the welcome sign that had caught his gaze. A rush of fresh, bright green was passed; and the men gave a loud shout, for all knew that this plant certainly came from some shore and that it could not long have been torn from its root.

This little occurrence changed the feelings of the rebels. Hope once more resumed its sway, and all who could climbed into the rigging to watch the western horizon. A little later the other vessels saw and picked up a piece of cane, resembling sugar cane, a log of wood, and a stick carved by hand. These objects were brought to Columbus.

"God in his might and power be praised," said the admiral, "for these comfortable evidences of our near

approach to a new world! None can now doubt of our success."

It was not easy to describe the enthusiasm that prevailed on all the vessels. Hitherto they had met with only birds and fishes and weeds, signs that are often uncertain; but here was such proof of their being in the neighborhood of men as it was not easy to withstand. The fleet continued to steer to the southwest until the hour of sunset.

Something like a chill of disappointment again came over the more faint-hearted of the seamen, however, as they once more, or for the thirty-fourth time since quitting the last land, saw the sun sink behind a watery horizon. More than a hundred vigilant eyes watched the glowing margin of the ocean at this interesting moment; and though the heavens were cloudless naught was visible but the gloriously tinted vault and the outline of the water, broken into waves. Columbus, who had been steering to the southward of west for the last few days, now turned directly west; the ships ran off at the rate of nine miles an hour, following the orb of day as if resolved to penetrate into the mysteries of its nightly retreat.

Immediately after this change in the course, the seamen sang the vesper hymn, as usual, which in that mild sea they often put off until the hour when the watch below sought their hammocks. That night, however, none felt disposed to sleep; and it was late when the chant began. It was a solemn thing to hear the song of religious praise mingling with the sighing of the breeze and the wash of the waters in that ocean solitude. The solem-

nity was increased by the expectation that they were about to solve the mystery beyond the curtain of the horizon.

When the service had ended, the admiral called the crew to the quarter-deck and addressed them earnestly from his station on the poop.

"God is in the midst of the ocean," he said, "as well as in the temples of the land. Step by step, as it were, he hath led us on, filling the air with birds, causing the sea to abound with unusual fishes, spreading before us weeds such as are seldom seen far from land. The last, the best of his signs, hath he given us this day. I deem it probable that we reach the land this very night. Sleep not, then; but at the turn of the night be all vigilance and watchfulness."

These encouraging words produced their full effect, the men scattering themselves in the ship. Columbus remained on the poop, while Luis, less interested, threw himself on a sail and passed his time in musing of home and friends. As for Columbus, he sighed often; for minutes at a time would he stand looking intently toward the west like one who strove to penetrate the gloom of night with organs passing human power. At length he bent his body forward, gazed intently over the weather railing of the ship, and then, lifting up his arms, he seemed to be offering up his spirit in thanksgiving. All this Luis witnessed where he lay; at the next instant he heard himself called.

"Luis," said Columbus, his fine voice trembling with eagerness, "come hither, son; tell me if thine eyes accord with mine. Look in this direction. Seest thou aught uncommon?"

"I saw a light, señor; one that resembled a candle, and to me it appeared to move, as if carried by hand or tossed by waves."

"Thy eyes did not deceive thee. Thou seest that it does not come from either of our consort vessels, both of which are here on the bow."

"What do you then take this light to signify, Don Christopher?"

"Land! It is either the land itself, made small by distance, or it cometh of some vessel that is a stranger to us and belongeth to the Indies."

Half an hour passed, and the light was not seen again; then it gleamed upward once or twice, like a torch, and finally disappeared.

"There is land," quietly observed the admiral to those near him. "Ere many hours we may expect to behold it. Nothing of the ocean resembleth this light; and my reckoning places us in a part of the world where there must be land, else is the earth no sphere."

Nothwithstanding this confidence on the part of the admiral, most of those in the ship did not feel certain of the result, although all had hope of falling in with land the following day. Every eye was again turned toward the west in anxious watchfulness. In this manner the time passed away, until the night had turned, when its darkness was suddenly lit up by a blaze of light and the report of a cannon from the *Pinta* came struggling up against the fresh breeze of the trades.

"There speaketh Martin Alonzo," said the admiral; "and we may be certain that he hath not given the signal idly. Watchman, seest thou aught unusual westward?"

"Naught, señor," replied the man at the masthead, "unless it be that the *Pinta* is lessening her canvas and the *Nina* is already closing with our fleet consort."

"Come hither, Luis," said Columbus, "and feast thine eyes with a sight that doth not often meet the gaze of Christians."

The night was far from dark; a tropical sky glittered with a thousand stars, and the ocean itself seemed to give forth a somber light. By the aid of such assistance it was possible to see several miles. When the young man cast his eyes to leeward, as directed by Columbus, he saw a point where the blue of the sky ceased and a dark mound rose from the water, stretching for a few leagues southward and then melting into ocean. This space had the outline and the hue of land as seen at night.

"Behold the Indies!" said Columbus. "The mighty problem is solved. This is doubtless an island, but a continent is near. Praise be to God!"

An Indian Village In Early Virginia

## II

## THE SPANISH CONQUERORS

Columbus believed that he had reached the islands of Asia when he landed on one of the Bahama Islands off the coast of Florida. Since eastern Asia was vaguely known to Europeans as "India," Columbus called the natives *Indians,* a name that has clung to them ever since. He died without knowing that he had discovered a continent. Shortly after his death, men came to realize that a new continent had been found and they named it *America* after Amerigo Vespucci, an explorer who gave the first description of the coast of South America.

The Spaniards first colonized Haiti, Cuba, and the other Caribbean islands and the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. Ponce de Leon explored Florida, but found nothing but a wilderness. Later, De Soto reached the Mississippi River, the first European ever to look on that mighty stream. The Spaniards made settlements, from time to time, in what are now Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and California.

The Spanish power in North America, however, came to rest on Mexico. In 1519, Hernando Cortez, sailing from Cuba, landed on the coast of Mexico with a small force of followers. Mexico at that time was the seat of a great Indian empire, with a civilization that was in some respects quite high. Cortez advanced to the city of Mexico, which was situated on a group of islands in a lake. The following description of his entry into the city is taken from General Lew Wallace's novel, *The Fair God.*

The story paints the contrasted Spaniards and Indians—

the Indians, ignorant of the world beyond America and without firearms and armor; and the steel-clad Spaniards, riding horses or carrying guns, who had come to conquer the New World with the military arts of Europe.

## CORTEZ ENTERS MEXICO

From *The Fair God*,[1] by General Lew Wallace.

I

The little band of Spaniards stepped upon the causeway that led to the imperial city of Mexico, which lay on an emerald island in a sapphire lake. They had not before counted the dangers of their march from the seacoast, but as they began to move out into the lake a sense of insecurity fell upon them like the shadow of a cloud. Back to the land they looked, as to a friend from whom they might be parting forever. As they went on, the water spread around them, wider, deeper, filled with canoes bearing a multitude of people. Presently, the city burst upon their view, a city of enchantment! They each felt that to advance was like marching in the face of death; at the same time, each one saw that there was no hope except in advance. Every hand grasped closer the weapon with which it was armed, while the ranks closed in.

What most impressed the Spaniards, they afterward said, was the silence of the people. A word, a shout, a curse, or even a battle-cry would have been a relief from

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

the fears and fancies that beset them. As it was, though in the midst of an innumerable throng, they heard only their own tramp or the clang and rattle of their own arms. As if aware of the influence of silence and the fear of it, Cortez spoke to the musicians, and trumpet and clarion burst into a loud strain.

"Sandoval, Alvarado! Here, at my right and left!" cried Cortez.

The two men spurred forward at the call.

"Out of the way, dog," shouted Sandoval, thrusting a naked Indian over the edge of the dike into the lake with the butt of his lance.

"By my conscience, señors," Cortez said, "I think true Christian in a land of unbelievers never beheld city like this. Jerusalem and Antioch were not to be put in comparison with this stronghold."

The three men in front were in full armor, except that Alvarado's squire carried his helmet for him. The strangers had polished their metal work for the entry into the city. Plumes hung in their crests and scarfs across breasts. At their saddle-bows hung heavy hammers, known as battle-axes. Rested upon the iron shoe and balanced in the right hand, each carried a lance, to which, as the occasion was peaceful, a silken pennon was fixed. The horses, glistening in mail, trod the causeway as if conscious of the terror they inspired in the Indians, who had never seen such beasts.

Cortez, between his favorite captains, rode with lifted visor, smiling and confident. His countenance was ashy white, a singularity the more noticeable on account of his thin black beard. The lower lip was seared with a

scar. He was of fine stature, broad-shouldered, thin, but strong, active, and enduring. He was skilled in all military exercises. He was well-educated, especially in Latin. He knew how to address soldiers, of whom by taste, mind, will, and courage he was a natural leader. Now, gay and assured, he talked as carelessly as a knight returning from a tournament.

Gonzalo de Sandoval, not twenty-three years of age, was better-looking, having a larger frame and a fuller face. His beard was auburn and curled. Handsomest man of the party, however, was Don Pedro de Alvarado. In scorn of Aztec treachery, he rode unhelmeted, with his locks, long and yellow, flowing freely over his shoulders. His face was as fair as woman's and neither sun nor weather could alter it. He had a curly yellow beard and clear blue eyes.

Behind the three leaders came the other cavaliers, similarly armed and dressed. With them were three priests, who, black-robed, made a contrast to the soldiers. Next came the flag of Spain, in care of a guard of honor; then the cannon, drawn by slaves; then the cross-bowmen and the musketeers, with matches lighted.

Rearward still, in savage pomp and pride, strode two thousand Tlascalans who had joined the white invaders. So the Christians, in order of battle but scarce four hundred strong, marched into a capital of three hundred thousand people.

As they drew nigh the city, the cavaliers became silent and thoughtful. With unconcealed astonishment, they gazed at the white walls and crowded houses and the temples more numerous than those of Rome. It was so won-

derful that some of the humbler soldiers thought that it was not real, but a magical illusion. Not so Cortez.

When the Christians were come to the first bridge outside the walls, their attention was suddenly drawn from the city. Down the street came Montezuma and his retinue. Curious as they were to see the Indian emperor, the soldiers kept their ranks; but Cortez, taking with him the cavaliers, advanced to meet the monarch. When the palanquin in which Montezuma was carried stopped, the Spaniards dismounted. At the same time an Indian woman, of comely features, came forward. She was the interpreter.

"Stay thou here, Marina," said Cortez. "I will embrace the heathen, then call thee to speak to him."

Meantime a cotton cloth was stretched along the dike for the monarch to tread on. A hush fell on land and sea.

Montezuma came forward, supported by two of his lords. Cortez met him half way. When face to face, they paused, and looked at each other. Alas! for the Aztec then! He beheld a visitor from the sun—a god! The Spaniard saw only a heathen monarch—a man! Cortez opened his arms; Montezuma stirred not. One of the Indian lords caught Cortez's extended arm; long did the Spaniard remember the dark brown face, swollen with indignation and horror. Alvarado laid his hand on his sword.

"Peace!" said Cortez. "The knave knows nothing of our customs. Call Marina."

The woman came and stood by the Spaniard, and in a sweet voice interpreted the speeches. The monarch expressed delight at seeing the visitors and welcomed them

to Mexico. His manner and courteous words won even Alvarado. Cortez answered, expressing surprise at the beauty and extent of the city and begged Montezuma to accept a present. In the royal hand he then placed a string of precious stones perfumed with musk. Thereupon the ceremony ended. Two princes were left to conduct the strangers to their quarters. Resuming his palanquin, Montezuma himself led the procession as far as his own palace.

Cortez swung himself into the saddle. Again the music—again the advance. The pageant passed from the causeway and the lake into the waiting city.

Heretofore the Christians had been silent from discipline, now they were silent from wonder. Even Cortez held his peace. They were unprepared for such a sight. A broad, paved way, dustless and unworn by wheels; airy windows, balconies, porticos with columns of sculptured marble; here a palace, there a temple; overhead pyramids crowned with towers. It was a world of marvels they had entered.

In one of the palaces, Montezuma received Cortez and the cavaliers. All their lives they recollected his gentleness, courtesy, and royalty. Putting a gold collar around the neck of his chief guest, he said, "The palace belongs to you and to your brethren. Rest after your fatigues. In a little while I will come again."

When he was gone, straightway the guest so honored turned the palace into a fort. Along the massive walls he set sentinels; at every gate planted cannon; and enforced a sterner discipline than before. Montezuma thought of peace, Cortez of war.

II

After a good night's rest, Cortez and his men went out to see their hosts. There was a glare of steel and silk in the morning sunlight, and a bluster of trumpets and drums as out of the main gate of the palace, under the eyes of a great multitude, Cortez marched with the greater part of the Christians. The column was spirited, even brilliant. Good steeds had improved with rest; while good fare, not to speak of royal baths, had made over foot-soldiers and cavaliers.

The Spaniards first visited the great market, which presented a sight beyond anything they had ever seen, filled as it was with gold-work and precious stones and the exquisite leather-work of the ancient Mexicans. From the market the column marched to the great temple, which rose broad and high like a terraced hill. When fairly in sight of the pile, Cortez called the priest Olmedo to his side.

"When thou art near," he said, "I feel better. A good surcoat and shield gives a soldier confidence in battle; and so, as I come near yon abomination, I am pleased to make use of thee and thy holiness. The temple is full of bloody mysteries called worship and of carven stones called gods—may they be accursed from the earth! Doubtless the air of the place is thick with sorceries and evil charms. If so, thou art more safeguard than sword. Ride nearer, father, and answer me. Would not this pile look the better for a cross upon every tower?"

"Thy zeal, my son, I commend," answered Olmedo. "Thy question hath but one answer. Never looketh the

cross so beautiful as when it taketh the place of an idol."

"Say'st thou so!" said Cortez, checking his horse. "By my conscience, I will order a cross!"

"Be not so fast, I pray you," objected the priest. "What armed hand putteth up armed hand must keep, and that means war. May not the good end be reached without such resort? In my judgment we should first talk with the heathen king. He may already be inclined to Christian ways. Let us ask him."

Cortez let drop his rein and rode on, convinced.

Through a great gate, amid much din and clangor, the entire column entered the yard of the temple. On a pavement, glassy-smooth and as spotless as a floor, the horsemen dismounted and the footmen stood at rest. Cortez, with Marina, and his captains, approached the steps leading to the summit of the pyramid, where he was received by some Aztec priests, who offered to carry him up, a courtesy he declined with thanks.

On the summit, under a green canopy and surrounded by attendants, Montezuma stood in the robes of a priest and with only his scepter to show his royalty.

"You have my welcome, Malinche," he said to Cortez; "the ascent is wearisome."

"I accept thy welcome, good king," replied Cortez. "It is given to a friend."

In order to view the city, the king took Cortez to the southern side of the summit, from which not only the city itself but a great part of the lake and the valley stretching away to the mountains were visible. Mats and stools were placed and a canopy put up to cut off the sun. Thus, at ease, the host explained and the guest

listened. The manner of the Spaniard was courteous; he failed not to follow every gesture of the royal hand, and if the meaning of the strange language itself was lost, the tone of the king's voice was not.

The interview was at length broken in upon. Two broad towers crowned the summit of the temple, one dedicated to one Aztec god and the other to another.

Out of the door of the second tower came forth a procession of priests, preceded by boys swinging censers. The high priest came last, walking slowly, bareheaded, barefooted, his gown trailing, its sleeves, like hands and face, red with the blood of recent sacrifice. The heathen pontiff spoke to the king. His words were later translated by Marina.

"The god," he said, "gives no answer to your question. You must do what you think best. The victims are removed; the servants of the god are in their cells. The chamber is ready for the strangers."

Montezuma arose and said with dignity, "It is well." Then, turning to Cortez, "If you will go with me, Malinche, I will show you our god and the place where we worship him. I will explain our religion, and you may explain yours."

Bowing low, Cortez said, "I will go with thee." The Christian priest and the captains followed Montezuma and Cortez into the sanctuary.

As they approached the turret door, an awful stench came from within. The Christians entered the terrible place with loathing. Within was the great round carved stone on which the victims were held down by priests—victims who were men and women. There was a little

trench in the stone for the blood to run off. The victim, held down by the priests, was so stretched that the breast was thrown into powerful relief. The chief priest then, with a sharp glass knife, cut a gash across the breast, and as the muscles gaped open, seized the victim's heart and tore it out.

All this Cortez knew, but the sight of the place where the horrible ceremony was performed brought it home to him. It was then, in that moment, that he resolved on war and swore that, as soon as he might, the blood of human sacrifice and the worship of false gods should be abolished from the land.

THE LANDING OF GATES

## III

## THE ENGLISH COME TO VIRGINIA

For many years after the discovery of America, the English took no part in the exploration and settlement of the New World. America, except Brazil, was looked on as belonging to Spain; and the Spanish warned off all intruders. They held half of South America, Mexico, and what is now the southern United States.

Late in the sixteenth century, Sir Walter Raleigh, with some associates, attempted to plant a colony on what is now the coast of North Carolina. The effort failed, but the defeat, in 1588, of the great Spanish Armada, sent to conquer England, gave the English a tempting opportunity to settle America. Two companies were formed—the London Company and the Plymouth Company—to colonize the American coast.

The London Company, which had taken the southern coast as its field of settlement, sent three ships to America with a little band of colonists. These ships put into the mouth of James River, in Virginia, in May, 1607. Sailing up the river, the settlers decided to make their home at Jamestown, a peninsula that was almost an island.

The infant colony was governed by a council, but the council failed to meet the conditions of life in a wilderness. The colony was saved by the boldest and ablest of the colonists, Captain John Smith, who was a trained soldier. Smith overawed the savages, obtained food, and explored the country. He was at length wounded by an explosion of powder and forced to go back to England, leaving no man of ability and

force of character to take his place. The following selection, taken from Vaughan Kester's novel, *John o' Jamestown*, describes the trials of the little settlement after Smith's departure. Ratcliffe was a prominent member of the colony.

The story shows how difficult it was to found a settlement in a new country, far from Europe, and how many lives were lost in gaining this first foothold of England in America.

## THE STARVING TIME

From *John o' Jamestown*,[1] by Vaughan Kester.

### I

Captain John Smith had just gone home to England, wounded by an explosion of gunpowder. We were now five hundred strong in Virginia, taking count of the women and children. Those of us who were settled at Jamestown occupied some sixty houses, built within a stout stockade not easy to be come at by an enemy and defended by twenty cannon. Besides Jamestown there were settlements at Nansemond and at West's fort, with the beginning of a footing at Point Comfort hard by the mouth of the James.

With the exception of stores of food, we were furnished with all things needful for our well-being. We boasted upward of an hundred soldiers, trained to the country and knowing the ways of the savages; three small ships and a number of boats; tools for all kinds of work, nets for fishing, and much land already cleared.

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Of muskets and small arms there was an abundance, with plenty of powder and shot.

Our live stock had been much increased by the ships, which had brought us sheep, goats, and horses. One thing only we lacked, and that was the proper managing of our affairs; for as soon as John Smith left, our people lived from hand to mouth, without thought of the future. Percy fell sick, and a dozen men clamored to take his place at the head of the colony.

Then to add to our disordered state, the men came from Nansemond and from West's fort at the top of the river, for the savages had turned against them, and there seemed no safety but behind the stout palisades at Jamestown. But this was not the worst: the savages, knowing that John Smith had left us, changed from being our friends to becoming instantly our enemies.

Our wranglings and bickerings took us to the first snows of winter. Then, as it became clear that something must be done to ward off a famine, one of our ships, the *Swallow*, freighted with such goods as the Indians liked, was sent down river to trade. However, when she had got a cargo of corn, the *Swallow* sailed away to take Spanish treasure ships and was never more heard of.

When the *Swallow* did not return, it was decided that Captain Ratcliffe should take a company and go to Point Comfort to live off the oysters. I was chosen among those to go with him, to my own small liking. Our need followed us down river; and Ratcliffe, tiring of the wretched living to be got from the waters, declared that he would force trade with Powhatan, the

Indian emperor. So nothing would do but that we must set forth, thirty strong, to see Powhatan at one of his towns on the banks of the York River.

When we drew near Werowocomoco, we found that the savages knew of our coming, for they had gathered along the northern shore of the river with the evident purpose of disputing our landing. When we, in the captain's barge, saw this, we rested on our oars and looked toward Ratcliffe to find out what next to do.

"Men, what have we here?" he asked, after he had scanned the shore a little time. "I mean yonder heathen waving a cedar branch. I doubt not he means it as a sign of friendship. Pull in nearer the shore."

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that the savage in question was one Rawhunt, well known to all the old soldiers and settlers at Jamestown as a chief of importance.

"Can you talk to the rogue in his own tongue?" demanded Ratcliffe of me.

"After a fashion," I made answer.

"Then let us hear the fashion," he returned.

I stood up and called Rawhunt by name, bidding him come nearer. He demanded to know why we were sailing up the York and with such a force of men: did we mean war? I replied that we had come to trade and had brought copper, beads, and knives to exchange for food and I asked why, in a time of peace, his people threatened us. He said that West's settlers at the Falls had robbed his people of their corn and beaten them. On account of that, Powhatan feared that Ratcliffe's party had a like intention in regard to him.

All this I interpreted to Ratcliffe, who had me ask Rawhunt to send to the emperor and request a safe conduct to appear before him. Rawhunt said that he would himself go to Werowocomoco, which lay by the shore, but bade us wait his return without landing. Ratcliffe agreed to this.

Within the space of an hour Rawhunt was back, and as we saw him emerge from the forest we again rowed close to shore. Powhatan sent a reply that he wished to live in peace with the English, whose strength he feared.

"But tell him, Farraday, it is trade we want," Ratcliffe demanded impatiently.

So I turned again to Rawhunt and told him that we would not return empty-handed. He replied that the emperor was sending as much corn as he could spare. Powhatan would have us come to his town and feast with him, but our guns frightened his people. If we would put them aside and come with empty hands, he would welcome us.

I was not deceived by this speech, yet Ratcliffe was disposed to think that Powhatan was honest, and it was important to establish friendly relations with the savages, on whom we were now dependent for food. But to put aside our weapons in that new land was little short of madness.

"Captain Smith never let the muskets go out the hands of the men," I said.

My words were unfortunate, for Ratcliffe hated the thought of Smith. "Captain Smith was always tilting at windmills," he said. "I doubt not a man could go from end to end of this country with naked hands."

"And lose his scalp," I answered.

While we were speaking, there appeared on the shore four Indians bearing baskets of corn. This was Powhatan's gift, not sufficient to have relieved our needs for more than a day at most. I saw in this seeming charity a subtle treachery; this was the bait for our hungry company. It was plain, however, that I was alone in my mistrust of the emperor. Another thing I liked not the look of was that the Indians who had welcomed our approach with yells and threatening gestures had disappeared.

"Put aside your arms and run the boats ashore," ordered Ratcliffe, with sudden decision.

"Captain Ratcliffe, this is sheer madness!" I cried.

"I will show you, Master Farraday, how little Englishmen fear naked savages," he said.

Ratcliffe's plans were quickly made. Five men were to stay with the boats to guard the arms, while the rest were to go with him to Werowocomoco. I would fain have been one of the five to remain behind, but Ratcliffe thought otherwise, for he said:

"Come, Farraday, we need your skill as an interpreter, and I promise no harm shall come to you."

We landed. I gave the word to Rawhunt and we moved from the shore, the savage in advance, close followed by Ratcliffe. The others came on as they chose.

I was conscious only of wonder that these Englishmen, with a fool to lead them, were trifling their lives away in such silly fashion, as I made no doubt we were doing. As we entered the leafless woods, I kept shifting my glance from right to left, expecting each moment to

see and hear the savages as they rose from their secret places.

As we went yet deeper into the forest, our men seemed instinctively to draw closer together. The laggards mended their pace and eyes struggled to pierce into the wooded vistas that opened at right and left. In advance of us, with his robe of raccoon skins cast about him, walked Rawhunt. He had never once turned to see who followed or who lagged, but from the first kept on his way in silence and seemingly unobservant. Presently Ratcliffe halted and faced me.

"I like not this," he said. "Tell Rawhunt to point out where lies Werowocomoco."

But Rawhunt seemed to understand the question without help of mine. He turned with a guttural exclamation and stretched forth a naked arm as if to show where the emperor's town might be seen through the trees.

"I see nothing but your endless woods," said Ratcliffe, after a moment of eager searching. Again Rawhunt pointed.

While Ratcliffe was yet speaking, Rawhunt had seized his outheld wrist and forced his hand aloft until the captain's whole side was exposed. At the same moment the savage's brown right hand came not empty from beneath the folds of his robe; a passing gleam of sunshine flashed on a knife of English make as his hand went out and upward, and twice the blade was buried to the hilt in Ratcliffe's side.

It was all done with such speed and dexterity that, though all of us must have seen the two blows struck, horror and astonishment held us mute. Rawhunt re-

leased his hold on Ratcliffe's wrist. Our captain staggered forward a step or two and dropped on his face. He was dead in that instant.

The Indian sprang away from us, and as he ran he raised the war cry of his people—a gruesome, nerve-racking sound as it echoed through the leafless woods. More awful still was the response it got, for from all about us there swept an answering shout, the twang of bow-strings, and the whizzing of arrows.

My comrades had come together like frightened sheep; which way to turn they knew not. The savages, stripped to a breech cloth and hideous with paint, were swarming in from all sides to cut us off from the boats. A few had already fallen, shot to death with arrows, and now as the Indians came against us, armed with clubs and knives or axes of English make, our empty-handed group rent asunder. It was each man for himself, fear crowding out all tenderness for his fellows.

I had been a little in advance of my comrades when Rawhunt gave the signal and had not been much regarded in the first onslaught. But now as I stood undecided, an arrow buried itself in the ground at my feet and another went through the sleeve of my doublet. I deemed that the moment had come to make an effort to save my life.

Toward the river lay certain death, and I turned inland. With a mighty intake of breath and a prayer to God, I sprang forward; but I had made only half a dozen strides when I became aware that I was singled out for pursuit. Advancing toward me was a lusty painted fellow, who threatened me with his keen ax.

I stole a glance to right and left and saw that other painted forms were moving toward me from all sides. I kept straight on, since there was no other way to go. When the leading savage was within a score of paces of me, he came to a stand and I saw him poise his ax aloft. I ducked low, and the ax whistled past me. Another instant and I had turned on the savage who had sought to kill me. Before he knew my purpose, I planted a blow of my fist on his jaw. He went down in a heap, and I let forth a shout of triumph as I leaped over his prostrate body.

Then followed as cruel a race as was ever run by a man. With that yelping pack at my heels and on my flanks, it was dodge and double, now to the right and now to the left. Hands were thrust out to seize me; my clothes were half torn from my shoulders; blows were aimed at me with heavy clubs.

I had run perhaps a mile, when I came to a space almost bare of trees. On the further side of this clearing I saw the huts of Werowocomoco. I made no doubt my race was run and lost, for my pursuers held me to a straight course, and Werowocomoco became my goal. Yet I relaxed not an inch of my lead, though I felt my case was desperate.

Now I was running amongst the scattered huts, when a grim figure darted athwart my path; I heard a club whistle above my head, and then in a twinkling, earth and sky seemed to come together at my very feet. The huddle of huts, the winter sunlight, the yells of the angry pursuers, a savage pack at my heels—all were snuffed out.

II

When my sense returned, I found myself lying at full length on a bed of skins; at my feet a smouldering fire gave out the pungent odor of cedar wood, and a scant light to a dark interior which, I judged, must be that of an Indian lodge. I sought to lift myself by my elbows, but the effect let me know that my head was very dizzy, and I sank back groaning. There was a slight movement at the other side of the wasting embers of the fire and someone spoke my name.

"I doubted you would ever come back to life, Master Farraday, you lay so long as one dead," a voice said.

"I have a thick skull," I replied. "Who are you?"

"I am young Henry Spilman."

I could make out his slight, boyish figure in the uncertain light. He had come to Virginia as a sort of page to Captain Ratcliffe.

"Were any others saved?" I asked.

"All but us are dead to the last gasp and the last man," he said, with a shudder.

"And where are we?" I asked, after a pause.

"At Werowocomoco," he said.

"And how is it we two were not slain with the others?" I demanded.

"I do not know how you came here," he replied, "but the comeliest Indian maid I have yet seen had them spare my life."

"Pocahontas!" I cried.

"They were about to make an end of me," he went on, "when the maid interfered. By her orders I was

brought here, to find you, Master Farraday, stretched out like one dead."

"You may thank God he has given Pocahontas so tender a heart," I said; and my courage began to return.

Just then the flaps of the skin that answered for a door were pushed aside. Through this low opening there came the pale radiance of a moonlit winter's night. A figure appeared in the opening, and then the curtains dropped into their place. With my foot, I reached out and pushed the smoldering embers of the fire together, and a ruddy flame burst forth to show us the newcomer.

It was Pocahontas herself, in her robe of doeskin; and I vow no man ever looked on a royal mistress with more of honest love and gratitude than I did on the little princess, whom I doubted not had made herself the merciful instrument to save my life. She had not been nigh Jamestown since John Smith left us, so that I had not seen her in some months. But that she had not forgotten me I had good evidence, for she spoke my name with a certain mistrust of the English, yet distinctly for all that.

"Farraday?"

I answered her in her own tongue, which I spoke as well as any man at Jamestown, aware that she knew but a few words of English. I expressed my gratitude that she had saved my life. To this she listened patiently; and when I had done she asked me if Captain Smith was gone from Jamestown, as she had been told. When I answered that he had, I saw by the glow of the fire a melancholy look come to her face and I wondered if the

little wild princess had not a tenderness for the young soldier.

"And whither has he gone, Farraday?" she asked.

"To his own people."

"And will he come back?" she asked.

"I doubt not he will."

"And will he be very angry with Powhatan for killing the men?" she demanded, anxiously.

"How many suffered death?" I returned.

"All but you and the boy and one man who escaped to the boats."

I shuddered.

"What will become of Henry and me?" I asked.

"You are Captain Smith's friend, Farraday," she said, resting her small brown hand on my arm.

"Yes," I said.

"You shall live to tell him that Pocahontas was ever a friend to the English."

"And the boy?"

"He shall live, too," said the girl.

Before she left, Pocahontas told me that we were not to be permitted to return to Jamestown at once, but we were to have no fear. This was not what I counted on, but it was so much better than having my brains beaten out with clubs that I determined to make the best of my captivity. And in the end the captivity turned out to be the best for me.

Yet it troubled me daily to see the scalps of my comrades hanging on a pole fixed between two trees which grew before the emperor's lodge. Here, too, I would see the grim old Powhatan, wrapped in his scarlet robe,

striding back and forth and probably plotting new massacres, with more scalps to hang on his pole. The sight served me as a grim reminder of his ferocity and I took pains never to offend him.

We had been at Werowocomoco some four weeks when we learned from Pocahontas that the emperor was making ready to go to the head waters of the Chickahominy, and that it was his purpose to take us with him. We left Werowocomoco the next day and journeyed first to the head of the York, then we ascended the Pamunkey, on whose banks we left our canoes and crossed to the Chickahominy. At a village there, Powhatan would have me manage the building of a house for him like those at Jamestown; especially he desired a chimney for it. So against my inclination, I found myself playing architect for the old savage. I was furnished with an abundance of labor, such as it was, and for tools I had the saws and axes his tribe had stolen from us or obtained in trade.

As I worked on the house and the weeks slipped by, the savages told me something of what was going forward at Jamestown. There was much sickness there, and some of the captains were seeking abroad for trade: one of the ships had gone back to England.

At last I finished the new royal residence, in which Powhatan at once set up his bedstead. This work took me to the end of April, by which time my craving to return to Jamestown was well-nigh intolerable. I knew that the London Company's ships could now be looked for any day. Powhatan, when I besought him, at length graciously gave me permission to go back.

I returned to the York with him and was put on the other side of the river. I lost no time in crossing the narrow neck between that river and the James.

III

I came within sight of the glasshouse and quickened my pace, thinking I might find some of the Dutchmen and Poles at work there. As I drew nearer, however, I observed that the place had an utterly abandoned air and that the path which led away through the woods to Jamestown was choked with fresh vegetation. By this I knew there could have been little passing that way in the last month at least. I entered and had gone only a little distance along this path when I caught sight of a solitary figure amongst the trees. This brought me to an instant stand, for I was unable to determine on the moment whether it was one of our colonists or some skulking Indian, whom it would have been an ill thing for me to meet unarmed. A second glance, however, told me that it was an Englishman.

He came to me with his head bent forward as if closely scanning the ground, now and then pausing to scratch amongst the dead leaves with a stick he carried. When he approached to within some fifty paces of me, I set up an hulloo, which caused him to come erect; and, with never a glance in my direction, he shuffled off into the woods at what was meant to be a run but was no more than a slow and painful limp. I called again, this time bidding him stop, and this time he paused uncertainly.

A more wretched creature I had never looked on than

this pitiful object, who was ready to flee at the very sound of human voice. He was naught but yellow parchment skin and bones, with wild, deep-sunk eyes that sent forth an unearthly light; beard and hair had not known the barber's shears in months; his clothes hung about him in tatters. In one hand he carried the stick with which he had been scratching amongst the dead leaves and the other clutched a miserable handful of sassafras roots.

"God love you, sir," he cried in a querulous voice. "And who are you?"

As he spoke I recognized him—Richard Belfield, the London Company's perfumer, who had once been dapper but was now a foul creature of sickness and famine, with a wolfish stare and hunger writ large and terrible on every shrunken feature.

"Do you not know me, Master Belfield?" I asked, for he was all of a tremble.

"Know you? You have a well-fed look. Whither do you come?" he asked.

"From living with the Indians," I said.

He limped away a step or two, his eyes wide with terror. I caught up with him in an instant.

"Why do you run? There are no savages here," I said.

"I was so beaten with clubs by the savages a fortnight past," he answered, "that I can scarce manage to shuffle. For days I lay on my bed in Jamestown, with no one coming near, starving by inches—starving and no one heeding my plight!"

Such was his utter weakness that the mere memory of

what he had suffered caused the tears to fall on his unkept beard.

"I am Richard Farraday. Have you forgotten me, Master Belfield?"

He gave me an uncertain glance expressive of terror.

"Trouble me no more," he quavered. "I knew Master Farraday well, but the savages beat out his brains along with those of the others of his company."

Clearly the man was crazed by the suffering he had endured. I took him by the arm, and the human contact seemed to reassure him.

"Alive and well—Master Farraday?" he said. "And having the look of a well-fed man!" He smacked his lips with a wolfish relish at the very thought.

Then I remembered that I had in my pocket a piece of dried venison. This I drew forth and handed him, and he pounced on it as ravenously as a starving cur would have done. When the last morsel of venison had disappeared, I asked:

"And now what of the company at Jamestown?"

"Lord! Lord!" he cried. "Such times as there have been for us!"

"Do they hunger?" I asked; but there was no need to ask.

He put a dirty hand on my arm.

"Most are gone where they will never hunger more. You left us some four hundred strong. How many do you think remain?"

"A half," I said, at a hazard.

He laughed harshly.

"Not a hundred. As I am a truthful man, Master

Farraday, scarce sixty remain alive to curse the day they first saw this land."

I fell back as one who had received a blow. "But sixty!" I gasped.

"Some the savages killed, but by far the greater number starved!" he said.

"Does Lieutenant Percy live?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "but prostrate with sickness."

I went forward, with the man at my side.

"After Captain Smith left us," he said, "the strong would no longer gather for the weak. We sought trade with the Indians, but for the most part got nothing but wounds with clubs and arrows."

"But the hogs at the island—and the sheep and the goats?" I demanded.

"Our officers and the savages made spoil of them. Sometimes the Indians would bring a little grain, but they drove hard bargains. For the most part we lived on acorns, roots, and walnuts; nor dared we venture far from Jamestown to gather oysters. The pagans were ever on the watch to slay us."

"Terrible!" I cried.

"There is worse to tell," he went on. "For so great was the famine that some of the poorer sort dug up a savage that had been killed and ate of him."

We entered Jamestown while he was speaking, and such a Jamestown! Half of its houses were gone, its streets rank with foul vegetation, while here and there amidst the desolation I saw the thin figure of some man, woman or child. These figures were terrible to look on, gaunt famine shadows. And as I stood gazing over the

ruin that had been wrought, a shrill cry came floating up from the shore:

"A sail! A sail!"

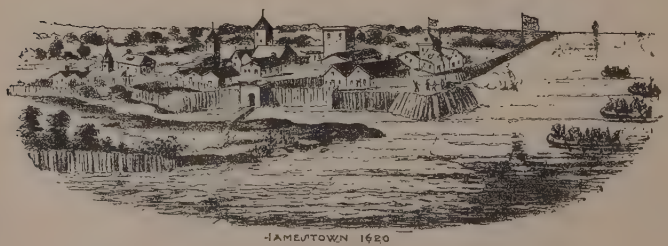
At this cry Jamestown threw off its dull stupor, bred of hunger and despair; the houses gave out the scanty population and a babble of voices. Then came again the cry:

"A sail! A sail!"

The London Company's ships, bearing food and help, had arrived at last.

Presently the ships lay at anchor, and boats were seen approaching the shore. The remnant of the population of Jamestown hovered on the waters, waiting with famine-hollowed eyes for the relief that was coming.

A man of commanding presence stepped from a boat. It was Sir Thomas Gates. "Bread! Bread!" cried the people. Then it was that Gates learned that he had come in time to save the colony from destruction and he fell on his knees on the sand and gave thanks to God.



JAMESTOWN 1620

## IV

## BEGINNING OF NEW ENGLAND

The Virginia settlement outlived its trials and became a permanent colony. These first Englishmen who crossed the sea to America were brave souls who left their country for a better chance in life. The cultivation of the American plant, tobacco, gave them a means of earning a living. By 1620, Virginia was in a fairly flourishing condition, with a lawmaking body elected by the people. Maryland was the next colony in the South.

In the period following the settlement of Virginia a great upheaval took place in England. King James I tried to make himself an absolute monarch; he wished the king's will to be law and the king's church to be the sole form of worship. A party rose in England which opposed the king's effort to get rid of Parliament and which asked for a simpler church. The people who wished a simple worship were called Puritans, because a desire to purify life went along with their religion.

One branch of the Puritans was known as the Separatists, because they wished to separate entirely from the Church of England and have their own independent congregations. The Separatists were molested in England and went to Holland for freedom of worship.

They disliked, however, the idea of giving up their English speech and nationality. They decided to settle in America and, in 1620, they sailed in the ship *Mayflower,* intending to land in the territory of the London Company. As it happened, they were driven ashore at Plymouth, Massachu-

setts. Here was founded the second permanent English colony in America. These settlers are known as the Pilgrim Fathers.

The military leader of the colony was Myles Standish, a soldier who did good service against the Indians. Longfellow has told of an unsuccessful love affair of his in the poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* The following selection from Jane G. Austin's novel, *David Alden's Daughter,* narrates a more fortunate wooing by the stout soldier.

The story gives a vivid picture of the brave spirits who came to the bleak wilderness of New England, so far from Europe, in order to have a place in which to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

## MYLES STANDISH AND BARBARA

From *David Alden's Daughter,*[1] by Jane G. Austin.

### I

Myles Standish, the captain of Plymouth, finished the letter he was writing and leaned back in his chair. He had written to England directing that his wife's cousin, Barbara, be sent out to New England on the return voyage. The soldier had suffered deep grief over the death of his wife, Rose Standish, who had died in the winter before, but his loneliness was so great and his need of a home—especially if Barbara came to it—that he was thinking of marrying again.

"There they have the bitter and the sweet together," muttered the captain, laying his letter among those John

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Alden, his helper and housemate, was preparing to send by the *Mayflower* on the morrow. "They are rid of this poor little Bab, and they know that I shall marry again and none of their blood shall ever sit in Standish Hall as heir of mine."

But before the gray sails of the *Mayflower* had sunk behind the Gurnet upon her homeward voyage, Standish had committed the fatal error of sending John Alden to do his wooing, instead of venturing himself. Priscilla Molines had murmured that naïve sentence which comes down through the centuries as fresh and bright and girlish as any utterance of today:

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

We all know how that ended, and how the captain, hardly pausing to hurl an angry reproach at his unfortunate and yet too fortunate envoy, rushed away to fight the savages, who had hurled defiance at the little colony in the form of an imperious summons to depart as they had come, leaving the land owned by the red men. This message was accompanied by the skin of a rattlesnake filled with arrows—a symbol of deadly warfare. When this was laid upon the council table by the envoy of the Indians, Standish seized it, threw the arrows contemptuously on the floor, and filled the snake-skin with bullets. Then he thrust it, with a few stern words, into the hands of the messenger and pointed toward the door.

So there was war to the knife between the colonists and the Indians; and in the early gray of the next morning the captain led forth his little band to fight—to die, if so God's will should be. In the leader's breast lay rankling the bitter thought that if it should indeed be

death, he left no one behind to shed so much as a single tear on his bloody grave.

The stern little band of Christians put to shame a whole tribe of savages and slew their leader in their very midst, hewing off his head to bring back as a trophy to be set upon the roof of the citadel as a warning to his fellows. But killing savages and leading night marches and wearying himself with all sorts of toil proved but a slow cure to the great hurt which not only the captain's heart but his pride had received.

It was about this time that he set up a temporary shelter for himself on what is still called the Captain's Hill in Duxbury. Here with Hobomok, his faithful Indian friend, and one or two of his fellow colonists, he delighted to retire as often as his duties would permit, although still retaining his house on Burying Hill and his custody of the fort.

In July of 1623, two years and a half after the landing of the Pilgrims, the ship *Anne* came sailing into Plymouth harbor, and might well have dropped her anchor to the tune of "Sweethearts and Wives," so many of them were on board. Myles Standish, stern and silent as was his wont, stood with the rest of the townfolk upon the beach and watched the ship's boat as it left her side and rapidly drew near with its first load of passengers.

"There is one for whom I looked," exclaimed William Bradford, governor of Plymouth, glancing with austere confusion into the face of his friend and comrade, the silent captain. And then, as Mistress Southworth rose in the boat, and gave her little hand to the sailor who

lifted her on shore, the governor went down, hat in hand, to meet and greet her. Myles Standish stood alone, fiercely tugging at his yellow beard and looking beyond the boat to the gloomy offing and the ship already riding at anchor.

So he stood when Governor Bradford returned toward him, Mistress Southworth upon his arm, and beside them a fair and stately maiden, with bright northern eyes, golden hair, and a regal head. Standish made some slight bow and would have moved aside, but Bradford, his noble face lighted with a sudden secret joy, detained him.

"Ho, there, thou valiant man of war, wouldst play the dastard for the first time, and run from these fair ones who have braved the perils of the seas and the wilderness to visit us? Here then, let me present the valiant captain of the Plymouth colony to Mistress Southworth, of whom he may have heard me speak. And here, friend Myles, here is another, a maiden who asked for thee or ever she had stepped from the great rock to the sands. This is thy late wife's cousin, Barbara, who has journeyed hither under the protection of Mistress Southworth."

"Is this Barbara?" exclaimed the captain, staring into the bright, proud face so nearly upon a level with his own; for the maiden was tall and stately beyond the wont of women, and the gallant soldier was low of stature.

"This Barbara!" repeated he. "Why, I thought she was a child."

"I was twenty years old Sunday a se'night, cousin Myles," replied Barbara in a clear, strong voice, and meeting his scrutiny with fearless eyes.

"You do not look like Rose. She was little, and——"

The captain did not finish his sentence, but, gravely taking the two hands of his cousin in his, kissed her upon both cheeks. Then following the governor, who already was climbing the hill with Alice Southworth by his side, he led the fair maiden toward the irregular row of houses already named Leyden Street, and said, somewhat confusedly:

"You are welcome, Barbara—as welcome as though it had been the child I imagined. But a fair maiden like you will hardly brook the solitude and dullness of the lonely hut where I abide. You will fret for your gay home and young companions, I fear me."

"Do you not live in the village, then, cousin?" asked the girl, climbing the hill with firm, elastic tread, and examining everything with her bright blue eyes.

"Well, I do and I do not," replied the captain with some hesitation. "The home of my choice is over there." And pausing upon the brow of the hill, close to the edge of the wheatfield beneath whose waving green lay the dust of Rose, his wife, Captain Myles pointed across the head of the bay to a promontory crowned by a stockade.

"There is my favorite dwelling-place," said he briefly. "I call it Duxbury, after the place owned by my people in Lancashire. I reach it by water, and there you see my boat buoyed close beside the rock. Sometimes, indeed, I walk; but that would be a rough journey for you, and perhaps you had better abide here in my old house. I cannot tell!"

"I will, by your leave, speak to my friend Mistress Southworth first," said Barbara, gravely. "She did charge me to make no disposition of myself until she saw

whether we might not abide together, at least until her marriage."

"Aha! she will marry Bradford, then?" exclaimed Myles, with some show of interest.

"Surely. It was for that she came," replied Barbara, simply. Her kinsman looked at her attentively, and somewhat disapprovingly. In truth, he did not quite admire this frank and fearless bearing, this want of shyness and weakness, this self-reliance. It was unseemly in a maiden.

"You are very unlike Rose," he said, "and still your features have a trick of hers. She was a marvel of sweet humility and patience, yet brave and untiring withal as any among us; a rare and admirable creature, a model among women."

And with eyes downcast and absent, the soldier strode on toward the houses; while Barbara, keeping at his side with her quick, light steps, said somewhat bitterly:

"And I know naught of sweet humility or patience; and though I may be brave and tireless, I am not gentle or admirable, and no man will ever call me a model among women. You see I take your meaning, cousin."

"Be not over quick at snatching the gage before it is flung down to you, mistress," replied the captain, dryly. "To praise the dead is not to dispraise the living; and there are men enow in this colony who, wooing you, will swear that you are the model of all that is loveliest in woman."

"I came not hither to be wooed or to woo," began Barbara, hotly; but with an imperious gesture the captain silenced her, and led the way into one of the rough yet

comfortable cabins, which already had gathered about them an air of occupation and home comfort.

"Here is the house where Mistress Southworth will abide, as I am told," said Standish, gravely. In fact, it was Governor Bradford himself who, with a smiling face, opened the door of the inner room and met them upon the threshold.

"Your friend is asking for you, fair Mistress Barbara," said he, pleasantly. The captain, pushing his charge gently forward, said:

"Go you in and find her, then, and I will see you presently. Master Bradford, a word or two with you."

And the military leader of the colony walked away beside its civil guardian, leaving his kinswoman standing upon the threshold and looking after them.

"I do not wonder my poor Rose died of disgust at finding herself chained to such a boor for life," said she aloud, and then went in to find Alice Southworth, who greeted her eagerly.

"You are to bide here with me, Barbara," said she. "Master Bradford tells me that your father—nay, your cousin, but indeed he looks more like your father—has naught but men in his household and that he dwells for the most part in a savage and even dangerous spot, far away from the town. Even he saw how unfitting it were for a young maid to take up her dwelling there at present; and of course we must all heed what Master Bradford says, for is not he the governor? And, Barbara, what think you of his looks?"

Barbara stooped and kissed the laughing, blushing face of her friend, and answered gayly:

"Methinks he looks wondrous happy; and, for that matter, so do you, Alice."

"I? Truly I am right happy in setting my feet on shore once more off that filthy, crowded ship. Think, girl, of finding water plenty enough to bathe in, and to be able to wash and dry one's linen without submitting each piece to the scrutiny of a crew of bold, staring sailors! And how like you the captain?"

"He may be a very good captain, but hardly much of a gentleman," replied Barbara.

Alice Southworth laughed gayly.

"Ah, he has begun to chasten that haughty spirit and teach the beauty of obedience, has he not?" asked she. "You will be none the worse for a little training to prepare you for a husband's yoke, Mistress Bab."

"I will never marry if I must bend my neck to the yoke in doing so, and Captain Myles Standish will never teach me obedience, kinsman though he may be," said Barbara, proudly.

Alice Southworth, fluttering and joyous in her own great happiness, kissed her friend once more and laughed, while she ran away to look for her mails, she said, but in truth to see if William Bradford were returning.

So Captain Standish went home alone to his fortress upon the hill, and, smoking his pipe beside the roaring open fire, grimly smiled in remembering his mistake.

"I thought to bring home a child to sit upon my knee and play with her rag puppets," he said, "and here instead is a strapping wench as tall as I am, and three good inches taller than any woman has a right to be; and with a will and a pride as overgrown as her stature. Mistress Pris-

cilla Alden may be thankful that she is not Mistress Standish, with the charge of such an Amazon upon her hands. Glad enow am I that Mistress Southworth found it unseemly to let me fetch her home here, and I will see that it becomes no easier. To think of her being close kin to Rose, my wife!"

II

Three weeks later Alice Southworth was married to Governor Bradford, and Barbara removed with her to her new home, partly as guest, partly as assistant in the household labor. In those early days there were no servants among the colonists, but each man and woman did with all his might whatever his hands found to do, and he was the most considered who proved himself of most value to the whole.

Affairs of state, military necessities, and a mutual friendship drew the captain and the governor constantly together, either in public or at Bradford's own house, where Standish was often hospitably entreated to dine, sup, and take lodging for the night. He had thus, without effort or indeed thought of his own, ample opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of his young kinswoman. She, on her part, rather sought than shunned opportunities of meeting him, for the very purpose, as Dame Bradford declared, of angering and shocking him. For instance, one day when the talk at the dinner table was of Indians reported prowling about the settlement, Barbara gravely turned to Bradford and asked if she

might borrow his musket that afternoon for a little while.

The governor, smiling, gave assent, adding, however, "But I will draw the charge, fair mistress, lest thou do thyself an injury."

"Nay, that will not answer my turn," replied Barbara, willfully. "I must have it loaded, and that carefully."

"And what then? What will you do with a loaded musket when you have it in your foolish hands?" sternly inquired Myles Standish, turning sharply toward her.

"What will I do with it! The same that you would, cousin-in-law. I am going to walk in the woods, and if I find an Indian I will shoot him and bring in his scalp."

She spoke with a perfectly serious face, and the captain, after looking at her a moment in deep displeasure, replied:

"Verily, I think no less than the scalp would serve your turn. It is a pity you came hither, mistress, for we had men enow already, and needed some women."

"When the men are so stunted, the women have to learn manly arts," replied Barbara, quickly.

"It would be well, minion, if you might learn the manly art of holding your tongue," said Standish, angrily.

"I can hold my tongue when it pleases me, and I can speak out when it pleases me, as Priscilla Molines did, when she told John Alden she had rather marry him than you."

At this taunt the fiery captain lost patience altogether and, pushing back his chair from the table, left the room and the house, his face black with anger and his step hasty and disordered.

"Now see there, thou naughty child!" exclaimed Mistress Bradford, half vexed and half amused; "thou hast angered our good captain so that I doubt he will never forgive thee. Why needest thou have thrown Priscilla in his face?"

"Well, she threw herself at John Alden's head; and I must say I wonder at her taste, for even my cousin-in-law is better than that," replied Barbara, leaving the room almost as hastily as Standish had done. The master of the house looked after her and shook his head.

"The maiden is too forward, Alice," said he. "She needs a master, and a sharp one."

"Spoken like a man," replied the wife, smiling subtly. "No master but Love will quell our Barbara's spirit, and he has not come yet."

"Isaac Allerton was speaking to me this morning on her account," replied Bradford, hesitatingly. "It is a secret, dame, but I trust it with you."

"Have you told her?" asked Alice, quickly.

"I said something of it," admitted the husband.

"Before telling me, William! Well, how did Barbara receive it?"

"But coldly. She said she had no mind to wed at all, but when I urged her to consider the matter further, she took until tomorrow morning to think of it."

Myles Standish meantime was striding along through the town and into the woods at a prodigious rate, his face flushed, his brows knitted, and his blue eyes bright with anger.

"I would she were a lad and under my command for but a month," muttered he. "Beshrew me, but I'd tame

that spirit of hers. And she the kinswoman of Rose, my wife!"

A little way from the town the captain stopped at the smithy to see if the iron braces he had that morning bespoken for his boat were finished; but Manasseh Kempton, the smith, was only just beginning them and replied that his wife lay ill in bed, and he had been nursing her all the morning, but if the captain would wait but a couple of hours—

"Not a couple of minutes, varlet!" roared the captain, forgetting a little the social equality and brotherly love of the New World. "Do you think I have no other errand but cooling my heels in a smithy? Get the boat done as fast as may be!"

So saying, he strode away along the narrow footpath bordering the head of the bay, leaving the stalwart smith amazed and somewhat ill-pleased.

"What ails the captain now?" muttered he, throwing one arm above his eyes to shelter them from the sun, and watching the wiry, active figure of the soldier as it passed into the shadow of the pines, and so out of sight. "Has he been a-wooing again, or have the council refused to let him pursue the savages to their haunts, as men were saying he was fain to do?"

And shaking his head in solemn protest against such hastiness of speech or temper, the smith went back to his work, humming a holy hymn between his teeth and timing the cadences with blows of his heavy hammer upon the white-hot iron he was fashioning for the captain's boat.

Two good miles of sand and scrub and forest had

Myles Standish put between himself and the town when, on the crest of a little rocky hill, he threw himself down to rest for a moment. Taking off his steeple-crowned hat with its waving plume of feathers, worn partly as symbol of his calling, partly in honor of his ancestral crest, the captain wiped his brow. Before him stretched the limitless spaces of the primeval forest, which the settlers had as yet but touched on the outer edge. The other way lay the coast and the sea. Suffering his eyes to rest upon the lovely view of headland, bay, bright waters, and brighter sunshine spread before, he felt the anger of his mood dying within him and a feeling of amusement mingling with his annoyance.

"It is ill-befitting a man's dignity to quarrel with a saucy girl," muttered he, and presently laughed outright. "I would that I might see her try to fire the musket that she begged. Ten pounds to one that it would kick her over!"

The smile was still upon his face and the merry fancy in his brain, when up from the woodland at his feet rang a wild, wild shriek—the cry of a woman in deadliest terror or pain.

"What now! Is it a wild cat again?" exclaimed Standish, starting to his feet, and hastily resuming the musket and equipment he had thrown aside on lying down, and without which no man traveled in those days. Before he had them fixed the cry was repeated, this time a little nearer. The soldier replied to it with a stirring hail and darted down the hill in the direction whence it sounded.

"Help! help!" shrieked a voice that he knew.

Striking off from the path into the low growth of the pine wood, he caught presently the glimpse of distant figures, then the rustle of branches, then the flutter of a woman's clothes; and, springing forward with an angry cry, he cut off the retreat of his flying foe and stood face to face with a stalwart savage.

The Indian dropped his prey when thus fairly overtaken and, dodging behind a tree, threw his tomahawk full at the head of his assailant, who caught it upon the barrel of his piece, and at the same moment fired at the outline of the brown figure left exposed by the insufficient tree trunk. A derisive whoop spoke the ill success of the shot, and the next instant the twang of a bowstring sent an arrow into the captain's shoulder.

With a shout of defiance he sprang forward, grasping at the dusky arm of the savage and drawing his knife; but with another mocking laugh the Indian slipped from his grasp and would have escaped, when the tomahawk he had thrown was thrust into the captain's hand with the words:

"Hurl it at his head!"

And hurl it Myles Standish did, so strongly, so well that it bit deep into the brain of the flying savage and laid him dying, dead, at the foot of the great pine whose shelter he was seeking.

Then the captain turned to his ally, who stood pale and trembling now that all was over, her hands clasped and her lips quivering with agitation and alarm.

Myles Standish looked at her for a moment with a grim smile upon his lips; then, extending the knife he still held toward her, he said:

"Now, mistress, go and take the scalp, if you will."

But instead of blazing out in anger, as he had expected, Barbara only flushed crimson, raised her eyes appealingly to his, and softly said:

"Oh, Myles! That is not kind of you."

"Not kind? Well—" and the captain walked away to the side of his fallen foe, looked at him for a moment, then returned. "The savage is dead," said he, quietly, "and I will take you back to the town and tarry there tonight myself."

"Thank you, Myles," said the girl, now so pale again that her kinsman put his arm about her, asking anxiously:

"Art going to swoon, child?"

"No—there, I am better now—let me but rest a moment—not here, though—let us get from the sight of that horrid creature."

"But you came out on purpose to find and slay him," insisted Standish, mockingly.

"Nay, Myles, I had not thought you could be so cruel!" And the proud bright head suddenly bent itself upon his shoulder, and Barbara sobbed, as she did all else, with her whole strength.

"Now, then, now, what is this? What! crying, girl, for a cross word or two, and that from me, whom you hate of all men!" exclaimed the captain, putting his hand beneath the square white chin and raising the quivering lips to meet his own.

"Why, there, then, let us kiss and be friends, as the children say. I meant not to hurt thee, lass."

"But you did hurt me, and you are ever hurting me, with chiding and sneering at me and all my ways. When

you say I hate you, you mean that it is you who hate me, and let slip no occasion of showing it. I wish—I wish—I had never come out of England to be your mock and scorn."

Down went the head again, while the tears so long gathering gushed out like a summer tempest. The gallant captain, the man who knew no fear, stood for a moment appalled at this most unexpected attack. Then seizing both the strong white hands with which the girl sought to hide her face, he held them in his own, saying eagerly:

"Here is some strange to-do. Tell me, Barbara, dost really think I hated thee, and mocked at thee?"

"I did not think it; I knew it," said Barbara, softly.

"See there, now. While I was thinking that it was you who could not abide the sight of me, you were thinking that I hated thee; and so we went on plaguing each other and turning the worst side instead of the best. Dost know, Barbara, I like thee all the better that thou wast so afeard but now?"

"I was horribly afeard, in good sooth," murmured Barbara, clinging to his arm.

"Then thou didst not come out to seek the savage?" asked the captain, smiling with grim playfulness.

"I forgot all about the savage when I came."

"Ay? And for what didst thou come, then?"

"I was trying to overtake thee, Myles."

"What! Why was that, child? What was thine errand?"

"I—I wanted to tell thee that I was sorry for the gibes and insults I so saucily put upon thee today. I

did not mean all I said, Myles, and I take shame for my forwardness."

Myles Standish looked long and keenly at the fair and noble face, dyed in blushes, and drooping before his gaze with a proud shame he had never seen upon it before. Long he looked and earnestly, and then he said:

"Why, Barbara, thou art a very woman after all; a woman sweet, and tender, and modest as the most timid of thy sisters; yes, as womanly as Rose, my wife, and worthy to be her adopted sister, as she so often called thee. Barbara, seeing thee thus, I am filled with sudden wonder that I have not rightly seen and known thee before. Girl, take care, or instead of hating I shall come to loving thee outright. I, the gray, grim old soldier, with his stunted form, as thou didst say today, and his—"

"And his great heart and noble spirit, such as bigger men never yet dreamed of possessing!" broke in the girl, her eyes rising brightly upon his, then falling in a sudden terror at their own boldness.

"Barbara! Can it be, Barbara, that I might win thee to love me, and to look upon me always with those sweet and gentle eyes, instead of the scornful regard with which thou hast met me hitherto? Can it be, Barbara?"

"Thou shouldst have seen what a poor pretense the scorning was, Myles."

"Then, maiden, thus I make thee mine."

And the captain, taking his betrothed in his arms, pressed his stern, bearded lips upon her pure and fresh ones, then led her tenderly on toward the place so soon to be her home.

They were married within the month, and they lived at Duxbury, at the foot of Captain's Hill, where you may trace the foundations and stand upon the hearthstone of their house today. In the Pilgrim Hall of Plymouth you may see the captain's mighty sword, some household relics of his home, and a sampler wrought by his only daughter bearing a legend with the words:

"Lorea Standish is my name."

Not only one fair maid, but sons, brave as their father, tall and comely as their mother, sprang from this union. The eldest of them, Alexander by name, wooed, won, and wedded Sarah, eldest daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, thus uniting the two families in one common bond at last.

# V

## THE DUTCH COLONY

Plymouth flourished, and a few years later a larger settlement was made at Salem by a party of Puritans, who left England because of their dissatisfaction with the established church. They were followed by other Englishmen who wished to have their own government as well as their own church. Numerous settlements were made. The colonists pushed out from Massachusetts into Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Up to this time, the coast of what is now the United States had been settled only by the English, with the exception of a Spanish colony in Florida. The French were engaged in colonizing Canada. Soon other European nations entered the field of American colonization in the very region the English claimed as their own. The Swedes set up a small colony in New Jersey, which was conquered by a neighboring Dutch colony in New York.

An English sea captain in the Dutch service, Henry Hudson, discovered the Hudson River, which gave the Dutch a claim to this section. In 1626, a party of Dutchmen bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for beads and other goods worth about twenty-five dollars. Here they built a village to which they gave the name of New Amsterdam after a great city in Holland.

New Amsterdam lived chiefly by the fur trade with the Indians. The life in the little colony under one of its early governors, Wooter Van Twiller, is described in the following extract from Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's His-*

*tory of New York,* a humorous book containing much valuable information. The extract from Irving is followed by a selection taken from John Bennett's novel, *Barnaby Lee,* which tells of the capture of New Amsterdam by the English in 1664, at which time the town became New York.

These stories give a picture of Dutch colonization in America and of the heroic governor, Peter Stuyvesant, who sought to make a stand for Holland against the overwhelming forces of England.

## COLONIAL NEW YORK

From *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* by Washington Irving.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam. The person of this illustrious gentleman was as regularly formed and nobly proportioned as though it had been molded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches around. His head was a perfect sphere. His body was of oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom. His legs were exceedingly short and were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain, so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robust barrel standing on skids.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, giving exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept

the remaining twelve of the four and twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above or settled below the cares and troubles of this world.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, curiously carved about the arms and feet. Instead of a scepter, he swayed a long Turkish pipe. In this stately chair he would sit, and this pipe he would smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam that hung against the opposite wall.

To assist Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This body consisted of a bailiff, with powers between those of a present mayor and sheriff; five burgomasters, who were the same as modern aldermen, and some assistant burgomasters. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight. Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and his worthy helpers. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller and these worthy assistants, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forest and showing a mingled appearance of town and country.

It was a pleasing sight in those times to behold the honest burgher seated on the bench at the door of his

whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore or overhanging willow. He would smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze or listening to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the grunting of his swine.

The modern can form no idea of the appearance of New York in the days of Wouter. The grass grew quietly in the highways; the bleating sheep and calves sported about the ridges where now is Broadway; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now is Wall Street.

The sage council was not able to determine upon any plan for the building of the city. The cows, in a fit of patriotism, took this under their peculiar charge and, as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folk built their houses. This is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the well-to-do were generally constructed of wood excepting the gable end, which was of small black and yellow brick and always faced on the street. Our ancestors, like their descendants, were much given to outward show and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of erection was curiously marked by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock.

In those days of simplicity, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle of domestic economy. The

front door was never opened except on funerals, marriages, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog or lion. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes: the housewives of those days were a sort of amphibious animal delighting in dabbling in water.

The grand parlor was the sanctum where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate and most generally lived in the kitchen. The fire-places were of a patriarchal size, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, even the cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe; the good wife on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folk would crowd around the hearth listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family and who would croak forth a string of incredible stories about New England witches and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was always a private meal, though our ancestors occasionally had banquetings, called tea parties.

The company commonly assembled at three o'clock and went away about six. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well-stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated around the genial board and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, called doughnuts.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum. The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them with, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes and took leave of them with a hearty kiss.

The women's hair was pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of calico. Their petticoats of linsey-woolsey were striped with gorgeous dyes; they were short, but they made up for their length by their number. Every woman wore pockets where all good housewives stowed away such things as they wished to have at hand. They likewise

wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribbons. A fine lady in those days waddled under more clothes, even on a summer's day, than would clad the whole bevy of a modern ballroom. The wardrobe of a lady was her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as a Lapland belle with a herd of reindeer.

The gentlemen wore a linsey-woolsey coat, made perhaps by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles; a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage, and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigous queue of eel-skin. Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's hard heart. With this, he would resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long-forgotten song as the real golden age. Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam, could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last. Cities like men grow out of them in time, and are doomed to grow into the bustle, the cares, and the miseries of the world.

## FALL OF NEW AMSTERDAM

From *Barnaby Lee*,[1] by John Bennett.

I

The vessels of the English fleet had anchored below the Narrows, cutting off all communication between the North River and the sea. The squadron consisted of four ships, carrying ninety-four guns among them, and three companies of the king's regulars, perhaps four hundred and fifty men, to which were now added militia from New Haven and Long Island who had joined the attacking squadron. The English colonial governors from Virginia to Maine had been summoned to furnish both vessels and men to assist in reducing New Netherland. Reinforcements, both horse and foot, were flocking in by land from the northern colonies, eager to storm Fort Amsterdam and to give the town over to pillage, New Amsterdam being the richest port upon the Atlantic coast. Colonel Nichols, the English commander, sent a summons to surrender, offering easy terms.

Peter Stuyvesant, the Director-General, was determined to stand for honor and duty's sake; and fearing that the easy terms of surrender the English proclaimed, and the very prospect of safety, would undermine what courage still existed in the town, he did not send the proclamation to the council. When they demanded the English terms, he refused to make them known. The burgomasters demanded the English conditions: "We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender,"

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, The Century Company.

they said. "It is *our* lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city. We would willingly risk our lives, your excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success; but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be the sheerest madness."

"Are ye all stark dead to honor?" cried Stuyvesant. "Shame on you, shame!" he exclaimed. He struck one man across the mouth who insisted upon submission.

"Cowards!" he cried, "Cowards!" and the furious froth from his mouth ran down on his coat.

Many, beginning eagerly to seek for opportunities of escape, venturing forth from the city in opposite directions, returned more quickly than they went forth, for they found that the English had established a guard at every point of emergence. The ferries were closed, the highways blocked, the river shores patrolled. New Amsterdam was shut in as if surrounded by a noose; there was no getting in or out of the town unless upon wings; they were pent up like rats in a trap.

At noon the weather-browned topsails of an English man-of-war came rising in the offing from behind the Long Island hills and slowly approached the harbor. After the first came a second ship, hull down toward the south; after the second followed a third, and stood against the sky; and after the third a fourth came into view, just as the sun was going down.

From down the bay sounded now and then the dull boom of a cannon, rolling heavily through the darkness;

a fisher boat or two crept past, stealing into the river for refuge. When at last the morning came, there, in the throat of the landlocked harbor, lay the vessels of the English fleet at anchor, like blue-winged butterflies asleep upon a puddled road, with little boats like beetles swiftly darting around them.

Then the burghers with their wives and children came to the gate of the fort, beseeching the Director-General to parley.

"I would rather be carried out dead," he replied.

They begged him to make no resistance that would bring destruction upon them.

"To resist is to be murdered!" they said. "Give us the English terms!"

But Stuyvesant would neither give them the terms nor consider the thought of surrender. "I will stand to it while I have a man who can fire a gun," said he, and hurried all preparations for resistance.

But disaffection spread through the town. As they watched the grim preparations for war, the burghers grew fainter and fainter at heart; their fears increased with the flying hours. Across the bay on the sea wind could be heard the English drums beating about for volunteers among the Long Island towns; from the distant frigates of the fleet rolled up the booming of signal-guns. Bugle calls, musket-shots, the shouts of the captains came at intervals from the English camps along the Long Island shore. In vain the Director-General sought to reanimate the citizens to hurry the trench and the palisades, and to push forward the fortifications. His solitary valor failed to inspire their weakening zeal. Their response to

his fire grew lukewarm. Their hearts had gone out of them. He was met by complaining on every side; they objected to every proposal. Among themselves they began to say: "Ah, yes; the soldiers will fight. It is their trade; they are paid for it; they have nothing to lose. But we? We lose our property and everything if the city falls, let alone our lives. It is folly to offer resistance."

Thus hour by hour strength fell away from Peter Stuyvesant, and on every hand in whispers men began to say, "Surrender!"

Yet nothing was further from the mind of the Director-General. Small souls with lower aims than his might suffer no pain in failure, but to a soul like Peter Stuyvesant's, full of a wild, fierce pride, even a prospect of abasement brought a bitterness like shame. To think of yielding without a blow all that he felt himself bound to defend was agony. Knowing humility nowhere, except, perhaps, before Heaven, it was harder for him so to humble himself than it was to stand fast to his cannon and die; and to stand fast he was determined, whatever be the upshot. He armed his private servants, issued powder to them, and made ready to perish fighting, if that were to be the end of it all.

The rampart cannons were loaded, the breastworks cleaned and laden for war; the soldiers were busied all morning fetching up tubs of cannon balls from the storehouse under the bastion. On the fort wall, facing the harbor, the gunner's squad sat all day, making and loading cartridges for the cannon. Accustomed to obey without thought of the risk, prepared to give battle when called on to fight and ready to follow their leader, they

attended to their duty with coolness and skill and a savor of reckless daring that thrilled even the faint-hearted townsmen.

"Will ye fight?" a burgher asked of the gunner.

"Fight?" replied Reyndertsen. "If Little Peter says fight, we will fight till they gather us up."

"Do ye think he will fight?"

"If he hadn't a leg he would stand on his head to fight. The worse he is off, the harder he fights. This does not look like running."

Indeed it looked more like a hornet's nest. Fort Amsterdam was humming. At one side a squad with a kettle of lead was casting musket-balls, and turning them hissing from the molds into a tub of water to cool. The gunner's men with timbers and earth were mounting three cannon, taken from ships in the harbor, to cover the gate and the outside breastwork.

"We shall say, 'How do ye do?' to the English. It will be 'Good-by for some'!" they said.

And so they labored on. At the tallow-vat by the kitchens a squad was greasing pike-staves, that they might the more easily go through a body. Others were covering chain-shot with rags smeared with niter, pitch, and tar, to set the enemy's vessels afire and engage their crews with the flames.

"We will give the rogues a dinner," they said, "which they will not have to be set on a stove to keep warm until they find time to eat it!"

All morning dull reports came down from the blacksmith's forge in the valley, where the gun-barrels were being tested in readiness for the affray. Two antique,

moldy leather cannon, taken from the Swedes, were tested by the armorer and sent to the palisades.

"They will stand a shot or two," said he, with a grin. "Then the English may have them."

II

Thirty pounds of powder had been dealt to the cannoneer to blow the scales from the iron cannon, which were almost choked with rust. One of them burst and hurled fragments over the roofs to the Stad Huis square, luckily injuring no one. Before the smoke from the explosion had cleared away from the wall, the gunner's mate came from the magazine with a gray face.

"God save us, Jan; we are done for!" he cried. "There is not one-fourth of the powder good, and the matches stowed in the bastion store are soaking wet and green with mold."

The gunner ran to Stuyvesant. "Your excellency, get us some powder, in Heaven's name!" he cried. "The thousand pounds ye granted the burghers will not burn. It hath lain for three years in the magazine, and is ruined with the dampness. I have tested it all upon the stove, and it would not burn in Tophet. There are not two hundred pounds fit for use. The rest is utterly worthless. Get me some powder, I beg ye, to shoot my cannon with."

"Oh!" said Stuyvesant, bitterly, "I begged them for powder; but they would send none. I asked for a ship, I asked for men; but they would send nothing. Yet will they hold me to account if I be overcome. The fools! now it is too late! Go, search the ships in the harbor!"

"Mynheer," said the secretary, "there is no precedent for it."

"Then I will establish a precedent," answered the Director-General. "Corporal Evarts, go search the ships, and take all the powder they have!"

But when they came ashore with the powder, the gunner shook his head. "Ach, it is but a pipeful," he said. "It will not last two hours. I must have more gunpowder!"

The weather had grown intensely hot. The sun came up like a drop of blood and went down like a ball of red-hot copper; the wind died in the streets. The men from the Esopus garrison, who had been ordered to the fort, came in dripping wet with sweat and white with the dust of the road. Two of them had been sunstruck and were wholly unfit for fighting; the rest were worn out with marching through the bitter heat. They threw themselves flat on the ground like dogs and lay there, panting, unable to speak, their swollen, parched tongues hanging out of their mouths.

The noise of their marching was scarcely still before there came a startling, sudden cry; the mill-brake was set with a fierce creak; the great arms of the wind-mill swept on for half a turn, trembled, stopped; down from the loft came Jan de Witt, the miller, as white as his floury jacket.

"Your excellency, there is no grain to grind!" he cried, when he came to the Director-General's presence. "The bins are empty. Unless we can get some grain to grind, we shall be starved like cats in a garret!"

What he said was true: there were not a hundred meas-

ures of meal; there were not enough barley grits, beans, and peas to victual the servants a fortnight; there was no meat and no fish. The company's stores had been stowed in ships to be sent to Curacoa.

"Commissary, unload me those stores," said the Director-General.

"Your excellency, the stores are gone," replied the commissary.

"Gone?" cried Stuyvesant, suddenly pale. "I told thee to hold the sloops!"

"Ay, but, your excellency, the Chamber of Deputies said——"

Stuyvesant looked around him as if seeking something to break. His mustache worked up and down; he set his teeth into his trembling lip; at the corners of his mouth a bubble of foam ran down. "God forgive the Chamber of Deputies!" he said. "They had taken from us the only food I had held for the garrison!" Then he sprang erect, for there was no time to waste in vain reproaches, nor had he strength to expend in useless wrath. "Sergeant Harmen Martensen!" he cried; and when the gaunt, shrewd Fleming came, "Sergeant," he said, "take Dirck Smidt's boat and run the coasts as far to the eastward as ye dare go. Get food, food of any sort, and smuggle it into the city. Pay twice, pay thrice; but bring us food, whatever be the cost. Return as soon as in God's grace ye be permitted."

Stuyvesant went to the farmers and begged them to thresh out the grain in their fields, but the farmers would neither thresh the wheat nor lend him any assistance.

Then Stuyvesant seized the bake-shops, to supply the

garrison, but got only six or seven measures of meal, some loaves of bread, a pan of rusks and a measure or so of biscuit, which made scarce a mouthful for his men. Then the brewers were forbidden to malt any grain which might be made into meal, and all fruit matured enough for use was gathered and laid in store; the kine of the city were numbered in lot, to be drawn for in case of need. Yet even with all there was not food enough to provision the city against a siege.

III

On Saturday morning, August 31, 1664, Nicolls sent his last summons for the surrender of New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant replied that he had no right to demand it, and the blunt English commander rejoined: "The right does not concern me a tittle: I was sent hither to take New Amsterdam, and I am going to take it."

"I will protect and defend the city to the last extremity," responded the Director-General.

"Come easy, come hard," returned Richard Nicolls, "I shall take New Amsterdam. I am weary of parleying. I have offered terms to the city, and if they are not accepted I hold myself clear of responsibility for whatever may ensue. At the end of twenty-four hours I shall move upon the town, by land and sea, with all my force. It behooves you to make up your minds."

When this imperious message was heard in New Amsterdam, men, women, and children flocked to the Director-General's door, beseeching him to submit. His only

answer to them was: "I would rather be carried out dead!"

"Then give us the terms, or, on our souls, we will surrender anyway!" they cried.

To avoid this threatened mutiny against his authority, which would leave him neither dignity nor honor to stand upon, the Director-General yielded to the demand for the English terms. Stuyvesant sued for an armistice, still hoping for relief and longing still for some compromise agreeable with honor. But Nicolls would treat for nothing but the surrender of the town. "I was sent to take New Amsterdam," he answered, "and I am coming to take it. Have done with goose-quills and ink-pots; they are no arms for a gentleman soldier."

He sent two ships above the town, while the rest remained below, so that the town was between two fires. "Tomorrow," said he to Stuyvesant, "I will speak with you in Manhattan."

"Friends will be welcome," replied Stuyvesant, "if they come in a friendly manner."

"It rests with you," rejoined Nicolls, "whether the manner be friendlike or foemanlike. I shall come with my ships and my soldiers. Raise the white flag of peace on your fortress; then something may be considered."

At this the blood of the burghers was turned into curds and whey. "Surrender!" they cried. "Surrender!"

Stuyvesant looked upon them in burning indignation. "If I surrender this city," he said, "wherein am I justified?"

"Will ye be justified in our ruin?" they cried, "in seeing our city taken and sacked, our warehouses burned,

our goods wasted, our homes pillaged and robbed? Is this your justification? Surrender! surrender!" they implored. But he would not surrender.

"They will tear the fort into ruins," they cried.

"Then we will defend it from the ruins. I tell you once and for all," said he, "I will not surrender."

"Do not oppose the will of God! If you resist we all shall perish."

"Then we shall perish," he returned, "as is the will of God!"

The Stad Huis bell began to ring, and the people to assemble; straightway every man ceased work upon the fortifications. There was a tumult in the market place; stones were thrown over the fort walls, and there was a meeting of the burghers in the Stad Huis square.

But, obstinate and passionate, Peter Stuyvesant stood to his word. "I tell you, I am the master here, and I will fight to the last!" he said.

The next day came. The English fleet was astir; the English camps were rousing. The beating of drums, the screaming of trumpets, the shrill, high calls of the sailormen, and the hoarse, heavy shouting of the soldiery as the troops formed, marched, and countermarched on the shore to the south of the village of Brooklyn, came on the wind like the distant sound of a battle in a valley.

With every passing moment the stir grew more and more. Steel caps and pikes were sparkling through the steam arising from the damp array; fluttering banners began to rise; horsemen by twos and threes went galloping from camp to camp. A long, irregular line of steel came slipping over the sand hills and among the green

woods, from Gravesend to the ferry where boats were waiting.

"They are coming!" called the gunner. "They are coming!" said the soldiers. The bell on the church in the fort rang out for an instant wildly. Then all was still, and the ships of the squadron came majestically on.

The frigates had their sails set to the last white stretch of canvas; their guns were all upon one side, and their double decks were filled. Towering darkly fore and aft, topheavy, overgunned, sunken deep with the weight of their cannon, the black mouths of their lower guns were scarcely three feet from the water-line. Sullen, sluggish, towering, rolling before the wind, a pale froth rippling across their bows and a bubbling wake behind them, across the green and silver bay the English fleet drove forward to the attack.

Within the fort had fallen a silence like that of death. On the wall between two gabions stood the Director-General. He had attired himself in his best; his fine linen collar fell broadly across his velvet coat, and the laces at his strong, round wrists blew about his fingers. Good gun matches had been issued to all the gunner's men. They lighted them at the brazier glowing in the bastion, and took their places, some flushed, some pale, but all determined to stand to their guns and to do their duty or to die. On the southwest bastion stood Jan Reyndertsen, beside the Director-General, and with a red-hot touching-iron in his hand. Twenty cannon were all he had; not all bore on the fleet. Ninety-four guns peered gloomily from the ports of the English ships.

The Director-General looked at the flags at the prows

of the English frigates, He could see the seamen's faces as they peered above the bulwarks. He laid his hand on the gunner's arm. "Ready, Jan!" he said.

On its staff at the prows of the ships the English jack looked like a patch of blood against the yellow sails. The crews were at their quarters; troops were in the waists of the vessels; powder boys with buckets were darting about the decks. Across the bay came the roll of a drum. Two ships had passed the limit and were opposite the guns. The master gunner stooped and trained his heavy brazen cannon.

"Make ready!" said Stuyvesant, hoarsely.

"Ready, mynheer," said the gunner.

The captains of the soldiers upon the decks of the vessels could be clearly seen through the dazzling light. "Ready!" said Stuyvesant, raising his hand.

At that instant the little dominie who taught the Latin school, with his son, who also taught with him, came running up the rampart.

"Your excellency!" he cried. "Stay yet, your excellency!" His hair was long and white, his face old and seamed with care yet mild, sweet, and full of pity. "Your excellency," he said as he came to the top of the wall, "as we stand before God, look here!" and he waved his hand behind them.

But Stuyvesant looked at the frigates and his face was black with battle. "Trouble me not!" he said bitterly. "Art ready there, Reyndertsen?"

"Yea," said Reyndertsen, and waved his touching-iron.

The little dominie caught his arm. "In God's name, hold!" he panted.

"Let be; I must fire!" cried Reyndertsen, wrestling to be free. The red sparks flew here and there. The little dominie's hat fell off, his loosed hair blew into his eyes. "Fool, let me go!" cried the gunner, and struck him across the face. The young dominie caught Stuyvesant's signal hand as his father staggered back. "Oh, mynheer!" he cried, "remember the women and children! Their lives lie in the hollow of thine hand, and on the judgment day thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here. Remember the women and the children."

"The women and the children?" said the Director-General, as in a daze.

"Ay; look!" exclaimed the little gray dominie, and pointed with his trembling hand.

Face on face was huddled in the narrow way that lay between the fort wall and the houses—faces that were wild with fright, lips ashy gray; mothers leaning tremblingly on the shoulders of tall sons; while children clung to their parents' knees, imploring in innocent terror and sobbing with fear.

"Mynheer," said the little dominie, "for us what matters it? We have run our race, and are prepared for death. But these women, these children; do we hold the cup for them? Look, thou! the women and the children! Remember them!"

Peter Stuyvesant turned on the wall and looked over the narrow way. "Ay, the women and the children!" he said in a dull, dazed way. Slowly turning as if he were moved by the force of some unseen hand, he looked across the shining bay, into a world which no man saw save himself.

"Oh, my Father!" he said; then he repeated slowly: "The women and the children!" once, in a dull, dazed way. Turning suddenly without more words and with a look on his face as if he were stunned, he hurried down from the rampart, with the two dominies running at either hand, touching his sleeves.

Reyndertsen, the gunner, looked after them with a strange look on his face; then he looked at the people, then at the fleet. He threw down his gun-match on the rampart and trod it out under his heel.

"We are sold!" cried one of the gun crew. Reyndertsen turned with one flash of wrath and struck him in the mouth. "'Sold?" he cried. "Thou lying dog!"

When Stuyvesant had come down from the wall and raised his head again, he saw the flags of the English ships in the river beyond the town. With a hideous groan he broke from those who would have held him. "Oh, my honor! my honor!" he cried; and as if he were suddenly going mad, he ran through the gate, exclaiming: "To the river, to the river! Quick; forward, to the river! The English shall not land!" Leaving the fort behind him, he ran to the front of the city, with perhaps a hundred men, to oppose the English landing.

But the English made no attempt to land; they let fall their anchors, furled their sails, piped all hands to mess, and rode at ease on the tide. They knew that victory was theirs and that New Amsterdam must fall.

All night above the stream and across the bay the lights of the English fleet waved and nodded like dizzy stars. All night long, above the never-silent troubling of the water, the ship-bells rang the watches, sharp, thin, and

brassy clear. All night the red windows of New Amsterdam stared through the darkness at the enemy; and in his room, until gray dawn, Peter Stuyvesant went up and down like a wild beast in a cage, and beat his fists together in despairing rage and shame.

"They dare not! they dare not!" he groaned. "Yet God alone knows what Englishmen will dare!"

He wrung his hands. "Ach, Gott!" he said. "Thy will, not mine, be done!" Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his bronzed hands and moved no more until the pale light had begun to streak the east.

Then he went to the window and stared out. The town still looked mysterious; the lights had grown wan; there was a hush on everything.

"Thy will, not mine!" said the Director-General.

In streaks of fire the day broke across the sea, and with it broke the iron heart of Peter Stuyvesant. He turned his face from the window.

New Amsterdam had fallen.

## VI

## LAST STAND OF THE EASTERN INDIANS

The immigration of the Puritans to New England continued for many years. They ruled themselves with little interference from England. New England became almost entirely independent when war broke out in England between King Charles I, James's son, who carried on his father's policy, and the party opposed to absolute monarchy. Charles I was defeated and put to death, and Oliver Cromwell, the successful general, ruled in his place.

Four main colonies arose in New England—Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and New Haven—besides a settlement in Rhode Island. The first four colonies united to form the New England Confederacy, the forerunner of the league of colonies which grew into the United States. After some years, the confederacy broke up, but Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay combined to form Massachusetts, and Connecticut absorbed New Haven.

There were troubles with the Indians in the early period of settlement, but then for many years the savages lived in peace with the inhabitants of the colonies. In 1675 Alexander, the son of the former chief of the Pokanokets or Wampanoags died, and his brother Philip thought that he had been poisoned. He thereupon took arms against the English and formed a league of many of the New England tribes. The main reason for the conflict, however, was that the Indians were being crowded out of their lands in eastern New England.

For two years, 1675-1676, war raged along the line of

settlements. Philip was an able warrior and gained several small successes over the English in battle, besides destroying a number of settlements and killing many settlers. But the Indians were defeated in a great battle, and gradually the war went against them. The following selection from James Fenimore Cooper's novel, *The Wept of Wish-ton-wish,* tells of King Philip in his last days and of the capture of his ally, Canonchet, or Conanchet, chief of the Narragansetts.

The story contrasts the stern determination of the Puritans with the bravery of the Indians, who, patriots from their point of view, made this last great stand on the Atlantic against the colonizing white men.

## KING PHILIP AND CONANCHET

From *The Wept of Wish-ton-wish,* by James Fenimore Cooper.

### I

The midst of the New England forest of long, long ago. Dead and moss-covered logs; mounds covered with rotted vegetable matter, the graves of long-past generations of trees; holes left by the fall of some uprooted trunk; dark fungi, with a few slender plants of a minor growth, made up the scene. In the midst of this gloomy solitude the foot of man was rarely heard. An occasional glimpse of the bounding deer or trotting moose was almost the only interruption on the earth itself; while the heavy bear or leaping panther was at long intervals met seated on the branches of some large tree. There were moments too when troops of hungry wolves

were found hunting on the trail of the deer; but these were rather exceptions to the stillness of the place than things that should properly be put into the picture.

Through such a scene two men were journeying, an Indian and a white man. The Indian, the younger and more active, led the way through the woods as unhesitatingly as the seaman directs his course by the aid of the needle over the waste of waters. He was light, agile, and seemingly unwearied; while the one who followed was a man of heavy mold, whose step showed less practice in the exercise of the forest. He was a grave-faced, bearded man and no less than one of the judges who had condemned King Charles I.

He was now an exile in America, far from his native England and in hourly danger of arrest. Nevertheless, his errand in the forest was a kindly one. He sought to stop the war then going on between the Indians and the whites by making an appeal to the Indian chief, Philip.

For an hour the progress of our adventurers was swift and uninterrupted. At the end of that time, however, the speed of the young Indian, who was Conanchet, chief of the Narragansetts, ally of King Philip, began to slacken; and his eye, instead of keeping its steady and forward direction, was seen to wander with some look of indecision.

"Thou hast lost those secret signs by which we have so far threaded the woods," said his companion. "One tree is like another, and I see no difference in this wilderness of nature; but if thou art at fault we may truly despair of our object."

"Here is the nest of the eagle," returned Conanchet,

pointing at the object he named perched on the upper and whitened branches of a dead pine; "and my father may see the council-tree in this oak—but there are no Wampanoags."

"There are many eagles in this forest, nor is that oak one that may not have its fellow. Thine eye hath been deceived, sachem, and some false sign hath led us astray."

Conanchet looked at his companion attentively. After a moment he quietly asked:

"Did my father ever mistake his path in going from his wigwam to the house of his Great Spirit?"

"The matter of that often-traveled path was different, Narragansett. My foot had worn the rock with many passings, and the distance was a span. But we have journeyed through leagues of forest, and our route hath lain across brook and hill, through brake and morass, where human vision hath not been able to detect the smallest sign of the presence of man."

"My father is old," said the Indian, respectfully, "or he would know the print of a moccasin. See!" making his companion observe the mark of a human foot, barely visible, by the way in which the dead leaves had been displaced.

"Here is truly what ingenuity may make out as the print of a man's foot. But it is alone," said the white man.

"Let my father look on every side," replied Conanchet. "He will see that a tribe has passed."

"If a tribe has passed, let us follow," replied the other, quietly.

Conanchet shook his head and spread the fingers of

his two hands in a manner to describe the radii of a circle.

"Ugh!" he said, starting even while he was thus significantly answering by gestures; "moccasin comes."

Submission, the white man, who had been so often and so recently in arms against the savages, involuntarily sought the lock of his carbine. His look and action were menacing, though his moving eye could see no object to excite alarm.

Not so Conanchet. His quicker and more practiced vision caught a glimpse of the Indian warrior who was approaching, and whose tread on the dried leaves had first betrayed his nearness. Folding his arms on his naked bosom, the Narragansett chief awaited the coming of the other. Neither did he speak or suffer a muscle to play until a hand was placed on one of his arms and he who had drawn near said, in tones of friendliness and respect:

"The young sachem hath come to look for his brother?"

"Wampanoag, I have followed the trail that your ears may listen to the talk of a pale-face."

The third person in this interview was Metacom, or King Philip, as he was known to the English. He was stately, with an air of authority that could not be mistaken. His head was turbaned, and he wore a light blanket, or it might better be termed a robe of scarlet cloth, over the left shoulder. The countenance of this warrior was grave, though there was a quickness in the movements of an ever-restless eye that denoted great mental activity no less than suspicion. He shot a haughty and fierce glance at the stranger and then turned to his companion in arms with recovered calmness to reply.

"Has Conanchet counted the young men since they raised the whoop?" he asked, in the language of the Indians. "I saw many go into the fields that never came back. Let the white man die."

"Wampanoag, he is led by the wampum of a sachem. I have not counted my young men; but I know that they are strong enough to say that what their chief promised shall be done."

"If the Yengeese is a friend to my brother, he is welcome," replied Metacom in a changed tone. "The wigwam of Metacom is open; let him enter it."

Philip made a sign for the others to follow and led the way to the place he had named.

The spot chosen by Philip for his encampment was suited to such a purpose. There was a thicket denser than common on one of its sides; a steep rock sheltered its rear; a swift and wide brook dashed over fragments that had fallen from the precipice in its front, and toward the setting sun a whirlwind had opened a long glade through the forest. A few huts of brush leaned against the base of the hill, and their scanty cooking implements were scattered among the habitations of the savages. The whole party did not number twenty, for Philip's forces were now growing thin. Most of his warriors had fallen in the long struggle.

The three were soon seated on a rock whose foot was washed by the rapid current of the brook. A few gloomy-looking and fierce Indians watched the conference in the background.

"My brother hath followed my trail that my ears may hear the words of a Yengeese," Philip began, after a

sufficient period had lapsed to escape the reproach of curiosity. "Let him speak."

"I have come into the jaws of the lion, remorseless leader of the savages," returned the bold white man, "that you may hear the words of peace. Why hath the son seen the acts of the English so differently from the father? Massasoit, thy father, was a friend of the persecuted and patient pilgrims who sought rest and refuge in this Bethel of the faithful; but thou has hardened thy heart to their prayers and seekest the blood of those who wish thee no wrong. Listen to peaceful councils, that the land may be divided justly to meet the wants of all, redskins and whites."

Philip listened with the high courtesy of an Indian prince. Unintelligible as was the meaning of the speaker, his face showed no impatience, his lip no ridicule.

"My pale friend has spoke very wisely," he said when the other ceased. "Metacom is not a fierce beast. His legs are tired with traveling; he cannot jump far. My pale friend wants to divide the land. Why trouble the Great Spirit to do this work twice? He gave the Wampanoags their hunting grounds and he did not forget the Narragansetts. He put them in the midst of the water, for he saw that they could swim. Did he forget the Yengeese, or put them in a swamp where they would turn into frogs and lizards?"

"Heathen, my voice shall never deny the bounties of my God," replied the Englishman. "His hand placed my fathers in a fertile land, rich in the good things of the world, fortunate in position, sea-girt."

An empty gourd lay on the rock at the side of Meta-

com. Bending over the stream, the chief filled it to the brim with water and held the vessel before the eyes of his companions.

"See," he said, pointing to the even surface of the fluid; "so much hath the Great Spirit said it shall hold. Now," he added, filling the hollow of the other hand from the brook and casting its contents into the gourd; "now, my brother knows that some must come away. It is so with his country. There is no longer room in it for my pale friend."

"Thy nature, Wampanoag, is not equal to understand what led us hither, and our talk is getting vain," replied Submission.

"My pale face is a brave warrior," said the young sachem of the Narragansetts. "His hand took the scalp of the Great Sagamore of his people." This he said in reference to Submission's part in the death of King Charles I.

The countenance of the Metacom changed instantly. In place of the scorn that was gathering about his lip, its expression became serious and respectful. It is probable that words of higher courtesy than any he had yet used would have fallen from him, had not at that moment a signal been given by a young Indian, set to watch on the summit of the rock.

Both Metacom and Conanchet appeared to hear the cry with some uneasiness. Neither, however, arose, nor did either in any way betray such evidence of alarm as denoted a deep interest in the interruption. A warrior was shortly seen entering the encampment from the side of the forest to the west.

II

The moment Conanchet saw the person of the newly-arrived man, his eye and attitude resumed their former repose, though the look of Metacom still continued gloomy and distrustful.

The difference in the manner of the chiefs was not, however, strong enough to be observed by Submission, who was about to resume the conversation, when the newcomer moved past the cluster of warriors in the encampment and took his seat near them on a low stone. As usual, there was no greeting between the Indians for some minutes. But the uneasiness of King Philip moved him to speak sooner than ordinarily.

"Mohtucket," he said in the language of their tribe, "hath lost the trail of his friends. We thought the crows of the pale-faces were picking his bones." This he said in reference to the newcomer's long absence.

"There was no scalp at his belt, and Mohtucket was ashamed to be seen among the young men with an empty hand," replied the other.

"Has he touched a warrior?" returned Metacom, with an expression of ill-concealed contempt.

The Indian, who was merely a man of the inferior class, held up a trophy which hung at his girdle to the eyes of the chief. Metacom looked at the disgusting object with the calmness of an expert. His finger was thrust through a hole in the skin, and then he said dryly:

"A bullet hit the head. The arrow of Mohtucket doth little harm."

"Metacom hath never looked on his young man like a

friend since the brother of Mohtucket was killed," said the newcomer.

The glance that Philip cast at his underling was one of princely and savage scorn. His keen eye seemed to read the soul of his subordinate, through the veil of his gloomy visage. Yet his air to the white man was composed and dignified. Submission was about to speak when the arches of the forest suddenly rang with the report of a musket. All in and near the encampment sprang to their feet at the well-known sound, and yet all continued as motionless as if so many dark and breathing statues had been planted there. The rustling of leaves was heard, and then the body of a young Indian who had been posted on the rock rolled to the edge of the precipice, whence it fell on the yielding roof of one of the lodges beneath. A shout issued from the forest behind, a volley roared among the trees, and glancing lead was whistling through the air and cutting twigs from the undergrowth on every side. Two more of the Wampanoags were seen rolling on the earth in the death agony.

During this startling and fearful moment the four persons near the stream were inactive. Conanchet and his white friend stood to their arms, but it was rather as men cling to the means of defense in moments of great jeopardy than with any hostile intention. Metacom seemed undecided. When, however, his second in command, who was nearer the scene, sounded the retreat, he sprang toward the returned straggler and with a single blow of his tomahawk brained the traitor. Then he turned and raised his dripping weapon over the head of the white man.

"Wampanoag, no!" cried Conanchet, in a voice of thunder. "Our lives are one."

Philip hesitated. Fierce and dangerous passions were struggling in his breast, but the habitual self-command of the wily politician of the woods prevailed. Even in that scene of blood and alarm he smiled on his powerful and fearless young ally; then pointing to the deepest shades of the forest, he bounded toward them with the activity of a deer.

As Conanchet had no act of vengeance to do like that which Metacom had performed, he had, at the first alarm, given his whole mind to the nature of the attack. The first minute was sufficient to make him understand its character.

"Come," said he hastily, pointing as he spoke to the stream at his feet, "we will go with the water. Let the marks of our trail run before."

The exile, Submission, hesitated. There was something like haughty military pride in his reluctance to open flight.

"No, Narragansett," he answered; "flee for thy life; but leave me to reap the harvest of my deeds."

The mien of Conanchet was neither excited nor displeased. He quietly drew the corner of his robe over a shoulder and was about to resume his seat when his companion again urged him to fly.

"If my brother stays to be killed, Conanchet will be found near him."

"Heathen," returned the other, "many a Christian man might take lessons from thy faith. Lead on; I will follow at the utmost of my speed."

The Narragansett sprang into the brook and took the downward course—a direction opposite to that which Philip had chosen.

For a time there were sounds of strife in the rear, which showed that Philip was rallying his followers. The Narragansett and his less active companions somewhat relaxed their efforts, when suddenly a shot came from the thicket nearby. The shouts that succeeded the discharge of the muskets were accompanied by yells which Conanchet knew proceeded from Pequots and Mohegans, tribes that were in deadly hostility to his own people.

The hope of concealing their trail from such pursuers was not to be thought of, and for his companion to escape by flight he knew to be impossible. There was no time to lose. In such emergencies, with an Indian thought takes the character of instinct. The fugitives stood at the foot of a sapling, whose top was concealed by masses of leaves. Into this tree Conanchet assisted Submission to ascend, and then he instantly left the spot, making his own trail as broad as possible by beating down the bushes as he passed.

The expedient of the faithful Narragansett was completely successful. Before he had got a hundred yards from the place, he saw the foremost of the hostile Indians hunting like bloodhounds on his footsteps. His movement was slow, until he saw that all the pursuers had passed the tree. Then the arrow parting from the bow was scarce swifter than his flight.

The pursuit now partook of all the expedients of an Indian chase. Conanchet was soon hunted from his

cover, and forced to trust his person to the more open parts of the forest. Miles of hill and ravine, of plain, of rocks, of morass and stream were crossed, and still the trained warrior held on his way, unbroken in spirit and scarce wearied in limb. But the struggle was entirely between the fugitive and men equally practiced in limb and ingenious in expedient.

The Pequots had a great advantage in their number. The frequent doublings of the fugitive kept the chase within the circle of a mile, and as each of his enemies tired there were always fresh pursuers to take his place. In such a contest the result could not be in doubt. After more than two hours of powerful effort the foot of Conanchet began to fail and his speed to flag. Exhausted by exertions almost superhuman, the breathless warrior cast himself prostrate on the earth and lay for several minutes as if dead.

Presently he heard the sound of moccasins behind. Rising, he saw but one enemy on his trail and hope rose in him again. At that moment, however, a band of Pequots rushed up, rendering resistance madness. Perceiving the hopelessness of the situation, the sachem of the Narragansetts dropped his tomahawk, loosened his belt, and advanced unarmed to meet his foes. In the next instant he was their prisoner.

"Bring me to your chief," said the captive haughtily. He was obeyed and shortly the renowned Conanchet stood confronted with his deadly enemies.

When he was placed in the center of a curious circle, including many of the white soldiers, he found himself immediately in the presence of the principal chief of the

Mohegans. It was Uncas, the son of a long line of chiefs, a warrior of a grave though fierce aspect. Until this moment the rival chiefs had never met except in battle. For a moment neither spoke, as each eyed the other keenly and with immovable faces. Finally the countenance of Uncas became ironical and exulting, while that of the captive grew more cool and unconcerned.

The white men now held their council to decide on the fate of Conanchet. We shall not dwell on the details of the council. The question was gravely considered, and it was decided with a deep sense of the responsibility of those who acted as judges. The judgment was then announced to Uncas by a minister, who was the head of the council.

"Here is our decision. We commit the Narragansett to thy justice, since it is evident that while he is at large we are not safe. Take him and deal with him according to thy wisdom. We place limits to thy power in only two things. It is not meet that any born of humanity should suffer more in the flesh than may be necessary to the ends of duty; we therefore decree that thy captive shall not die by torture. Another condition is that a Christian minister may be at hand in order that the sufferer may depart with the prayers of one accustomed to lift his voice in petitions to the footstool of the Almighty."

The voice ceased, the council was at an end, and Conanchet, the last chief of the Narragansetts, passed to his doom with Uncas and his band of Pequots and Mohegans. In the meanwhile, King Philip had escaped.

## VII

## FORERUNNER OF THE REVOLUTION

Cromwell, the Puritan general, ruled Great Britain until his death. Then the people of England restored the Stuart line of kings, and Charles II, son of Charles I, came to the throne. This event is known in English history as the Restoration. The American colonies prospered in Cromwell's time, but the English Parliament passed a law that soon gave them trouble, the Navigation Act. This forbade the settlers in America to send their tobacco anywhere else than to England for sale and also forbade their buying goods brought to America in other than English vessels. The act continued in force after Charles II became king, and other laws of a like nature followed.

Virginia was very loyal to the king, not being a Puritan colony. But the Navigation Act injured Virginia, which was also burdened at this time by heavy taxes imposed by the colonial legislature under the influence of the governor, Sir William Berkeley.

Berkeley was a thorough king's man, a hater of liberty, and opposed to schools and printing-presses. The people, tired of the Navigation Act and troubled by taxes, grew very dissatisfied with his rule. A terrible event now brought their discontent to a head. The Indians raided the frontier in Virginia in 1675, at the very time that King Philip's War broke out in New England, burning and killing. As Berkeley would not let the militia march against the savages, the people were helpless.

At this moment, a young settler named Nathaniel Bacon raised a force of men without authority and defeated the

Indians. The governor at once declared him a rebel. Bacon then came to Jamestown with his men and forced Berkeley to give him a commission to fight the Indians, but as soon as his back was turned the governor again proclaimed him a rebel and gathered the militia against him. Bacon returned to Jamestown with his little army, which agreed to stand by him, even against the English troops if these should be brought to Berkeley's aid. Bacon's Rebellion, therefore, was a kind of forerunner of the Revolution, occurring exactly a century before the Declaration of Independence. The following selection, taken from Maud Wilder Goodwin's novel, *White Aprons,* tells of the stratagem Bacon used to complete his trenches while facing Berkeley near Jamestown

The story paints a portrait of the fiery old governor, mad with rage at being defied, and of the bold young patriot leader who was asserting the rights of the people against the government of Virginia and the power of the king.

## BACON THE REBEL

From *White Aprons,*[1] by Maud Wilder Goodwin.

I

"Cowards!"

"Miscreants!"

"Dogs of rebels!"

"An I had my way, they should be blown from the mouth of the cannon when we reach Green Spring."

Bryan Fairfax, lieutenant in Bacon's army, stood leaning against the wall of the powder magazine, listening with outward calmness to the outcry raised by the excited folk in Jamestown when he had delivered his message. He had come with Penelope Payne, daughter

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Little, Brown & Company.

of Colonel Theophilus Payne, one of Governor Berkeley's supporters, to announce that if the governor attacked Bacon's earthworks before noon a number of ladies held by the rebel army would be placed on top of the redoubt to shelter the diggers working behind. In this summer of 1676, all Virginia was rent between the governor's faction and the supporters of Nathaniel Bacon, the rebel. Sir William Berkeley had summoned his small army to march out of the little capital of Jamestown upon Bacon's force at Green Spring when this message came to make him halt.

In the center of the group of excited men stood Berkeley. He was a stalwart and doughty knight, for all his threescore years and ten. His hair, which fell in a queue upon his shoulders, was bleached by years; but the eye that flashed beneath the shaggy gray eyebrow had neither the dimness nor the coldness of age. It was fiery, choleric, vengeful; and now, chilled as it was with passion, it seemed a bale-fire able to consume those who dared to dispute his autocratic will. The tumult of rage within him stirred even the breastplate of steel which he still wore when most men had abandoned armor as heavy and useless. Berkeley belonged to the past and loved the things of the past.

Fairfax stood a moment unobserved; but as the crowd swayed to and fro Berkeley caught sight of him and all his pent-up rage burst forth. His face turned from red to purple and the veins of his forehead swelled till those about feared to see him fall in a fit.

"I'll teach you," he cried, shaking his fist in the face of Fairfax; "I'll teach you to come with such messages to

me. Beverley, order out the guard and have the pestilent fellow shot."

At this Penelope Payne took a step forward and opened her lips as if about to speak, but her father was before her.

"Nay! nay! your excellency," he said, laying his hand soothingly on Sir William's cuff. "You mean not all you say; you would be the last man to order a flag of truce violated."

"And you say this?" asked Berkeley, between wrath and amazement. "You, whose wife these wretches propose to set up as a shield betwixt themselves and our bullets!"

"If General Bacon plays the part of coward, he must bear the scorn which his acts call for," replied Colonel Payne; "but let us not cast ourselves under the same reproach by breaking the rules of civilized warfare. Besides, this young man is not responsible for the doings of his superior officer and our revenge should not fall on him but on Bacon."

"Ay," shouted a rough-looking man on the outskirts of the crowd. "Let us be revenged on Bacon. I vote for an immediate attack."

Colonel Payne turned on the speaker with fire in his glance. "Wretch!" he cried. "Think ye that to pierce our enemy's side we will dart weapons through the breasts of our wives?"

A murmur of mingled applause and disapproval ran through the crowd at these words. While Colonel Payne was speaking, the governor strode up and down, well-nigh beside himself with fury, ever and anon clutching

at the hilt of his sword as though he had a mind to run Fairfax through.

"Am I master here, or am I not?" he cried, looking from one to another. "Is there none to do my bidding and take this man to be shot?"

At this moment a swaying of the crowd marked the efforts of some one to force a passage, and a stout halberdier elbowed his way to the front and, behind him, holding her head high and somewhat scornfully, walked Lady Frances Berkeley. She walked calmly to her husband's side and laid her hand on his cuff. Not a word said she, only stood looking at him as one that knew this mood and had learned how best to meet it. Gradually his fingers relaxed their clutch at the hilt of the sword and his eyes lost their fierceness and took on a wholly human look of tenderness and affection.

"Why, how now, poppet?" said his excellency softly, and the people smiled to hear the middle-aged, tight-lipped lady carrying her chin stiffly above her starched ruff called by this pet term. "What brings thee here? Get thee home. 'Tis no place for women, though there be too many here."

"I was fain," she replied, "to look nearer upon this Fairfax, for I was curious to know if it was that Bryan Fairfax who is reported the best sportsman in Warwick county."

Here the shrewdness of the dame peeped forth, for she well knew that the governor loved a sportsman as he hated a rebel. Berkeley felt his resentment weaken, yet he said, "All I know or wish to know is that he is my prisoner."

"Nay," answered Lady Berkeley, smiling into Sir William's bloodshot eyes but extending her hand to Fairfax, who was an old favorite of hers; "he is my prisoner!"

"Take him then," cried the governor, red in the face. "Take him and wrap him in wool if ye like, to be ready for the next fox hunt; but for us whose business is to hunt men 'tis time to be about our war preparations."

"Then must I beg another escort of your excellency that I may return with all speed to Green Spring," said Penelope.

"Zounds!" cried Sir William. "What have we here! Payne, has your daughter turned rebel too in these days when all the world is upside down, or is she gone mad that she doth imagine we will consent to send her back to be but one more target for our bullets? That red head of thine," he added, turning to Penelope, "were too fair a mark."

"My daughter is right," said Colonel Payne. "Come good, come ill, her place is with her mother in Bacon's hands. I petition that this prisoner who hath brought my daughter safely hither may be her guardian on the return journey."

Berkeley did not reply, but he nodded sullenly. Payne kissed his daughter and turned to Fairfax.

"I would, Major Fairfax, that I might speak my mind to your general; but you may say in my stead, as Governor Berkeley's commanding officer, that, being gentlemen, we would no sooner fire at women than we would shelter ourselves behind them. We will wait for the fortifications to be finished, presuming that he intends not to fight his whole campaign behind White Aprons."

A tumult of wrath and resentment shook the soul of the young man at these words. In all his honorable life Fairfax had never till this day known what it meant to be scorned, and now he could ill brook the looks of contempt and ill will which met his gaze on every side. In bitter temper he climbed into his saddle while Colonel Payne put his daughter on her horse. Amid a silence which spoke louder than groans and curses, he adjusted the bridle reins of the two horses, and then he and his charge rode slowly through the lines of hostile faces, across the echoing bridge and out into the open country stretching away to Green Spring.

For some time they rode without a word. Then Penelope said something and Fairfax began to defend Bacon's course in his rebellion, while she listened in white-faced scorn. He spoke with enthusiasm of the leader who bound all men's hearts to him.

"His foes," he said enthusiastically, "will yet be forced to own him the greatest man of our time—scholar, soldier, statesman, and gentleman!"

The girl's tone was hot with anger as she made answer: "A soldier certainly, a scholar perchance, but a *gentleman*—never! How dare you call one a gentleman who sets up women as targets above his works? Of a truth, Bacon and the rest of you shall be set forever in the pillory of public contempt as 'White Aprons'!"

The laugh which followed these words was bitter and grated on the ear of him who heard it. An older man would have met the thrust and parried it with that contemptuous toleration which most chafes the hot and angry heart; but Fairfax was young and the semblance of truth

in the girl's words stung him to the quick. "There," cried he, snatching a paper from the breast of his coat and thrusting it toward Penelope Payne; "read that, and confess with shame how unjust you have been!"

Penelope took the paper and read. It was an official order hastily written on a half-sheet of paper.

"Major Fairfax," it ran, "you will take charge of the women lately captured and brought to the camp. They are to be stationed upon the little hill in front of our works, in order that in the event of Berkeley's approach they may be seen from afar. Should Berkeley, however, so far forget every natural scruple as to order an advance on the works, it will be your duty to see that the women are withdrawn at once to a place of safety, and that under no circumstances are they to sustain any, the least, injury."

The relief to Penelope's overstrained nerves was almost too great. Her fear for her mother set so suddenly at rest, her anxieties for the moment lulled, she bowed her head upon the high pommel of her saddle and wept bright tears.

## II

The sun streamed full into the open window of the dining-room at Green Spring, Berkeley's house, now occupied by the rebels. It played cheerily on the dresser, around the silver marked with the Berkeley arms and over the row of pewter plates set on edge along the shelf. A man stood with head bent and elbow propped against the mantle. It was General Bacon, of figure not very

tall and somewhat over-slender for a man in perfect health. His deep-set eyes and overhanging brows lent to his countenance an aspect ominous, pensive, and melancholy, such as marks the portrait of every great man that has come down to us, strive as the painter may to hide it beneath a smiling lip or triumphant eye. The peaked beard and damp, dark hair straggling down across the high, white forehead contributed to form a strange likeness to the unfortunate Charles I—a likeness which haunted all who met this man. Here was a king by divine right indeed, one who could rule the minds of men—able to sway states to mighty issues. None could look on him and doubt it.

"Ha!" said he, half aloud. "The men have finished the works sooner than I believed possible. Now let Berkeley come on when he will; we are ready for him. 'Tis the hour of ten, if that tall Dutch clock in the corner speaks truth."

Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!

The rumble of the drum with its recall to the world of action broke in sudden and sharp as the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*. As Bacon heard it, he sprang erect like one to whom new life has been given and began buckling on his sword. "Hark!" he cried. "'Tis the signal for forming. I bade Drummond give the summons when he saw a cloud of dust in the direction of Jamestown. Follow me!" he cried, flinging wide the great door and stepping forth into the full sunlight of the porch. Fairfax and his other attendants went after him.

The greensward was filled with the ranks of his men, and as they caught sight of their leader a mighty cheer

broke forth—a cheer which brought the women in the upper chamber to the window, full of anxious fear lest the cheer from their foe meant a groan from their friends. These were the women whom Bacon had threatened to put on the ramparts. An instant later Bacon himself moved forward and stood on the edge of the porch. Raising his hand with a gesture which struck a sudden silence through the throng, he began an address to his soldiers. He spoke with rapid and impassioned utterance, as though his feelings were some mighty torrent striving to force its rushing way through a channel too limited to contain its volume.

"Gentlemen and fellow soldiers, how I am transported with gladness to find you thus unanimous, bold and daring, brave and gallant! You have the victory before the fight, the conquest before the battle. I know you can and dare fight, while Berkeley and his men will scarce attempt to hold the field before you. When we have beaten them here we will pursue them to their place of refuge at Jamestown. Your hardiness will invite all the country as we march to come in and second you. I know you have the prayers and well wishes of all the people in Virginia, while the others are loaded with their curses. Come on, my hearts of gold! He that dies in the field lies in the bed of honor."

The shout which greeted these last words told how they struck home.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Bacon forever!"

"Freedom or death!"

"To your guns, men!" cried Bacon, well pleased to see

them thus wrought upon. "The enemy are approaching. To your guns, and give them a loyal welcome from the cannon's throat. To your guns!"

The answer to Bacon's words was the deep booming of the iron cannon which swept the Jamestown road, and this in turn met a sharp response from the advance of Berkeley's army.

To the women in that upper chamber at Green Spring the hours that followed seemed years. The trees in front of their window hid the scene of the battle from their view; but ever and anon they caught the flash and their ears were assailed by the booming of the cannon.

Then at last a mighty yell broke upon them, a shout of "Bacon! Bacon!" and a rushing out from the gates as of a long-pent torrent told them but too plainly that their friends had wavered and broken. Who could say what corpses lay along the bloody road down which the pursuer and pursued were flying like the wind when on some bleak November day it whirls dust and leaves before it till the eyes are blinded and the breath is lost?

Berkeley's army was indeed a motley rabble. His troops had come forth, thinking to put Bacon's men to flight by the mere sight of their overwhelming force. They had little known the character of those who fought against them and who came with a mingled dash and discipline before which Berkeley's army fled like chaff before the gale. In vain their gallant officers called to them to stand fast. The body was routed, the soldiers falling over each other in the madness of their stampede. A few hours later Fairfax rode beside Bacon through the streets of Jamestown.

LaSalle Claiming the Mississippi for France

## VIII

## THE FRENCH IN AMERICA

Spain planted its power in Mexico and what is now the southern United States, and England colonized the Atlantic coast from Florida to the Kennebec River. A third great nation meanwhile established a colony in another region. France settled Canada.

The Spaniards were primarily gold-seekers: mining was their main industry. The English were farmers and planters: consequently they settled near the seacoast and moved inland from the great rivers very slowly. But the French in Canada were mainly fur-traders who lived by hunting and buying skins from the Indians. For this reason, the French, unlike the English, did not stay in a narrow territory, but ranged for hundreds of miles in every direction around the Great Lakes. It is they who explored Canada and much of the northern and western sections of the United States.

The French founded their colony at Quebec in 1608, one year after Jamestown. Later they discovered Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. In 1673, two priests, Marquette and Joliet, came upon the headwaters of the Mississippi River, which had first been reached at its mouth by the Spaniard, De Soto. Marquette and Joliet returned to Quebec before completing the navigation of the mighty river.

In 1681, Robert Cavelier de La Salle, a young Frenchman, took up the task of exploration. His great achievement is narrated in the following selection from W. C. Orcutt's novel, *Robert Cavelier*.

The story illustrates the energy and enterprise of the French, whom distance and danger could not keep from spreading their knowledge and the limits of their colony.

## LA SALLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

From *Robert Cavelier*,[1] by William Dana Orcutt.

I

Robert Cavelier de La Salle, in 1681, prepared to carry out the work of Marquette and Joliet and complete the discovery of the Mississippi River. Sent out with a party to chastise the hostile Iroquois, he in some measure accomplished this by driving those formidable Indians from the settlements; and he then determined to take up the task of exploration. He built on Lake Erie the first ship that ever sailed the Great Lakes, the *Griffon,* to be used in trading as well as in exploring. Cavelier spent all his money in this venture. The little ship sailed down Lake Erie, through Lake Huron to Green Bay in Lake Michigan, where Robert was obliged to stop, as the crew would go no farther.

Leaving the *Griffon* to go back to Lake Erie, Cavelier with the rest of his party struck across the portage to the head waters of the Illinois River. After a difficult journey, part on water, part on land, they reached the river and embarked on it.

On the left, rising high and sheer, was a cliff covered

[1] Used by special permission of the author.

with trees which afterward came to be known as Starved Rock; on the right lay the site of what was later to be the village of Utica. Four days more and Peoria Lake was reached, and undoubted evidences of the near presence of an encampment of Illinois Indians were discovered.

Robert laid his plans promptly. The canoes were beached, and a hasty camp, without fires, was pitched. Guards were placed about the camp, and the party sought a much needed rest. Early the next morning the eight canoes were again pushed from the shore; and without warning, the white men, with muskets in their hands, appeared before the eighty Illinois wigwams. Robert leaped upon the shore, quickly followed by the others, and advanced fearlessly into the center of the group of terrified savages.

When the Indians found that no immediate attack was meant, two of the chiefs came forward, holding the pipe of peace before them. Robert accepted their offers of friendship, and when the party was seated in the midst of their savage hosts, he addressed them.

"I have come," he said, "to protect you against your enemies and to teach you to pray to the true God. As for the Iroquois, they are subjects of the Great King and are therefore brethren of the French. But should they begin a war and invade the country of the Illinois, I will stand by you and give you guns and fight in your defense, if you will permit me to build a fort among you for the security of my men. But if you will not consent to my plans, then I will pass on to the Osages, leaving you to the mercy of the Iroquois."

Robert touched their lifelong jealousy of the Osages,

and his threat produced a good effect. Everything he asked was promised to him, and feasts and dances were provided for his entertainment. That evening, however, unknown to him, Monso, a Mascoutin chief, arrived at the camp with gifts for the Illinois. A secret conclave of the chiefs was held, at which Monso warned them against Robert and his offers of friendship, accusing him of being a spy and a friend of the Iroquois. Robert's plan, he declared, was to encourage the tribes beyond the Mississippi to combine against the Illinois, and he urged that the only safety for his friends lay in preventing Robert from continuing his journey. Having confided this information, Monso left the camp.

On the following morning Robert observed that a change had come over the attitude of the chiefs. He was at a loss to understand it, however, until Omawha, one of the Indians to whom he had given a present the day before, secretly told him what had taken place. He was prepared therefore to receive the urgent advice of the chief, Nicanope, not to proceed farther down the Mississippi. The river, the Indians said, was filled with venomous serpents and alligators, and the shores were peopled with hostile tribes; there were rapids and whirlpools, and the waters finally emptied into a bottomless gulf.

These warnings had no terror for Robert, but to his men they were full of ominous foreboding. A great change had come over the party since they had left Fort Frontenac. Months of suffering and hardship had destroyed their morale and weakened their courage. A few remained loyal, but the majority felt certain that they were advancing to their destruction.

Robert listened until Nicanope finished his speech, and then rose with great dignity.

"I thank you for the friendly warning which your affection has impelled you to utter," he said quietly, "but the greater the danger the greater the honor. Even if the dangers you picture were real, Frenchmen would never flinch from them. But," he continued, looking Nicanope firmly in the eye, "is my brother not jealous? Has he not been deluded by lies? We were not asleep, my brother, when Monso came to tell you, under cover of night, that we were spies of the Iroquois. This is false. Look at what we have brought you. Not weapons to destroy you, but merchandise and tools for your good. If you still harbor evil thoughts of us, be as frank as we are and speak them boldly. Go after this impostor, Monso, and bring him back that we may answer him face to face; for he never saw either us or the Iroquois, and what can he know of the plots which he pretends to reveal?"

Nicanope could make no reply to Robert's statements, and with a sullen gesture he commanded the feast to proceed, at the end of which the Frenchmen betook themselves to their tents. When they retired, Robert posted a night guard, fearing treachery on the part of his hosts, but nothing occurred to interrupt their rest.

In the morning Cavalier stepped out into the cold, bracing air, full of plans for the fort which he had determined to build here; but he was struck with the unusual quiet. Of the six guards whom he had posted not one remained. The tales they had just heard from Nicanope proved the last straw to be laid on their wavering loyalty. They took this opportunity to desert, choosing the severi-

ties of the unbroken forest's snows rather than the terrors of the unknown monsters of the Mississippi.

This episode, as was always the case when Robert Cavelier received an apparent setback, resulted in a prompt and definite decision. He would proceed without a moment's delay to build his fort, thus removing the remaining members of his party from bad influences and placing him in a position to protect himself against possible treachery. He had already selected the site, half a league below the camp of the Illinois on the southern bank of the river. After a stern address to his men and a farewell to his hosts, Robert led the party thither, and the fortifications were at once begun.

This was Fort Crevecoeur, the first civilized occupation of what is now the state of Illinois. Taught by bitter experience that trust could be reposed in none but himself; fearful even of his lieutenant, Tonty, and the faithful Piskaret, who had never shown the slightest deviation in his blind hero-worship of his master; torn with anxiety regarding the safety of the *Griffon;* weakened by the desertion of a part of his men, Robert Cavelier stands out upon this bleak page of history with his face still looking toward his goal, the exploration of the great river.

II

The first of March came, and with it a conviction that another ship must be built in which to descend the Mississippi. To accomplish this, some one must return to Fort Frontenac to secure anchors, cables, and rigging;

and no one but Robert could undertake the journey. Five hundred leagues lay between him and the fort, to be covered on foot or in canoe through rivers and marshes harboring five Indian nations besides the hostile Iroquois.

Each day's provisions were dependent upon the success of Piskaret's gun; the heroic travelers slept upon the ground, from which the frost and snow had not yet departed. Loaded down with baggage and canoes, they climbed rocks, broke through thickets, and waded waist-deep in the chilling waters, their clothes freezing to their bodies as they proceeded. All this and more was endured by Robert, Piskaret, and the four Frenchmen who volunteered to accompany him—four trusty hearts who gladdened Robert by giving him the loyalty which he had hoped to find in all. Tonty remained behind with the other members of the party to garrison Fort Crevecoeur, uncertain whether treachery or fidelity would be his portion.

At St. Joseph, Robert met two of his men whom he had sent forward weeks before to discover some news of the *Griffon*. They had learned nothing, and he ordered them to continue their return to the fort to reinforce Tonty. Heavy rains increased the suffering as his own party advanced; one by one the men fell sick, and delays were made necessary for their recovery; now they were tracked by hostile tribes who were evaded only by Robert's strategy. At length the little party arrived at Niagara. Here they found some traders who confirmed Robert's fears that the *Griffon* was lost.

The men were too ill to proceed, so Robert left them at Niagara and pushed on alone. The worst of the jour-

ney was behind him; and on the sixth of May, sixty-five days after leaving Fort Crevecoeur, he stood before the familiar bastions of Fort Frontenac. La Forest, his friend, met him at the gate, filled with consternation and surprise. Instead of leading Cavelier within the fort, he motioned him to follow outside the walls until they were safe from observation. Then he welcomed his chief with mingled joy and sorrow, telling Robert that he had been reported dead and that his creditors had seized his property. La Forest was ready to aid him, but Robert's presence must not be known.

The faithful fellow provided a place in which Robert could safely await the preparations for the return, and went heartily to work getting together not only the materials required, but also forming another company to return with him.

Three days after Robert's arrival, two *voyageurs* came to Fort Frontenac with a letter addressed to him from Tonty. Fortunately this fell into the hands of La Forest, who delivered it to Robert and shared with him the unhappy news. As soon as Robert had left Fort Crevecouer, nearly all of Tonty's men had mutinied, destroying the fort and throwing into the river all the arms and provisions they were unable to carry away. Later news came to La Forest that these men had joined the original deserters at Mackinaw and, now twenty in number, were awaiting the opportunity to murder Robert upon his return as the surest way to escape punishment.

As La Forest's party was not yet ready to start, Robert decided to meet this situation at once. With nine companions supplied by the lieutenant, he set out in

canoes, intending to surprise his would-be assailants and to remove them from the path of his return. After passing the Bay of Quinte, Robert disembarked and awaited developments.

When morning broke, two canoes were seen approaching without suspicion, one far in advance of the other. As the first one drew near, Robert's party suddenly put off from shore and with leveled guns commanded the deserters to surrender. So unexpected was the demand that they complied without a struggle, as did also those in the second canoe, which by this time had approached. Another canoe, however, which until now had not been noticed, was far enough in the rear to profit by the fate of the others.

After securing his prisoners Robert pursued the fugitives, overtaking them after they had landed and were attempting to make their escape by land. A brief but fierce fight took place on shore, in which two of the deserters were killed and the remaining three taken prisoners. These, with their companions, were delivered over to La Forest, who placed them in custody at the fort.

At length the new expedition, which later circumstance turned into a relief party for Tonty, was ready to set out, and at Robert's request La Forest went with it. A shorter route was taken, and they reached Mackinaw by the river Humber, Lake Simcoe, the Severn, and the Georgian Bay of Lake Huron. Impatient at the delay occasioned by the heavy baggage, Robert left La Forest at this point to follow more slowly, while he himself advanced rapidly with twelve men, searching for evidences of Tonty.

Up the St. Joseph again, across to the Kankakee, down to the great town of the Illinois Indians, past the Rock of St. Louis, Robert hastened on his quest. Just beyond this lay a plain which had recently been covered with Indian dwellings; now it formed a scene of desolation and death, for the Illinois had been destroyed. Ashes alone remained to show where the wigwams had stood, and human skulls grinned from charred poles. Wolves and buzzards, disturbed by the approach of Robert's party, fled from their ghastly repast and awaited at a distance an opportunity to resume. To Robert these were certain evidences of the work of the Iroquois; but what concerned him more was whether or not Tonty and his few remaining followers had stayed here and thus had been included in the wholesale slaughter. Carefully he examined each skull, but to his relief he found that no white man was among the victims.

Again the party pushed forward, down the Illinois, past Peoria Lake to the site of Fort Crevecoeur, which they found, as reported, entirely destroyed by the deserters. Robert remained here only long enough to examine the destruction of his hopes, and then continued on his search. Now they stole cautiously past camps of the savage Iroquois, who had so recently tasted blood that they thirsted for more; now they saw before them the half-burned bodies of women, still fastened to the torture-stakes; but nowhere could be found any traces of Tonty and his men.

Still down the Illinois they paddled. At length its mouth was reached, and Robert's canoe floated upon the broad surface of the Mississippi. He forgot for the in-

stant the seriousness of his present errand. The obstacles were behind him, and the path cleared to drift down upon this swift-flowing current to the realization of his ambitions. But it was only for the instant. This was no time to indulge in personal plans. Tonty's life might be hanging in the balance, and he alone could save it.

Turning back, he found a tree whose trunk hung out far over the water. This he stripped of its bark, to make it more prominent, and fastened to it a board on which he drew figures of his party, sitting in their canoe, bearing a pipe of peace. He also fastened to it a letter for Tonty, telling him that he had returned to the deserted Indian village. Then, with never-ceasing paddles, they went back to the scene of desolation they had so recently left behind them—back to the Kankakee and the St. Joseph, until the divided party was again united at Miami. Here Robert and La Forest worked out together the further plans for the search after the missing Tonty.

Robert little knew that he himself was the indirect cause of the disaster to Fort Crevecoeur. The two men whom he had met at St. Joseph promptly obeyed his orders and returned to Tonty. On their arrival they told their already dissatisfied comrades of the disasters which had befallen Robert's finances, and all were convinced that this meant his absolute ruin and the loss to them of their pay, which was already behind. Taking advantage of Tonty's absence on the following day, therefore, they destroyed the fort and its contents.

There remained nothing for Tonty to do except to send word to Robert of what had occurred, to retire to the Illinois village nearby, and to await Robert's return.

But he did not foresee how far out of Robert's path he was to be driven by the terrific onslaught which the Iroquois were about to make upon their rival tribes. Tonty had gone to Green Bay on Lake Michigan, where he was taken ill.

Here it was, five months later, that Robert at last found his devoted friend. Each supposed the other dead, and the reunion was so full of satisfaction that much of the suffering was forgotten. Tonty eagerly entered into Robert's newly-made plans to organize the roving tribes into a formidable force with which to oppose the Iroquois. Before undertaking this, however, both desired to complete the discovery of the Mississippi, which Robert had abandoned in the search for his friend.

This time Robert knew that his followers could be depended upon, for every man had been tried as by fire. Back to Mackinaw they went, through the portage to Lake Simcoe, and on over the route which was now familiar. Miami and the Chicago River were behind them and they were again upon the Illinois. Down this they floated, past the destroyed village, past barren forests and verdureless plains, until, on the sixth of February, Robert found himself again upon the Mississippi. The letter he had left for Tonty had been torn away by the elements, but the board, with the rough drawing upon it, still remained. Robert could afford to laugh at it as he pointed it out to Tonty, for a part of his quest at least had been successful.

Forward they pushed with glad hearts, past the mouth of the Missouri, which churned the clear waters into mud, and gliding by the mouth of the Ohio. The wintry air

became warm as spring as they reached the Arkansas country, and warmer still as the great town of the Tansas was approached. Still farther down the river, and the Natchez village was before them, and two leagues below were the Red River, the Dumas and the Quinipissas. The town of Tangiboo lay behind them, and they approached their journey's end. Down, down, down they drifted, the clear, fresh water changing into brine as the sea came nearer; and at last the frail canoes ceased their wanderings, resting tranquilly upon the great bosom of the gulf itself.

Robert and Tonty clasped hands in silence. At last, at last had come to him the realization of his dreams! His sufferings, his privations, his dangers by day and his terrors by night—all faded away into the supreme joy of that moment.

The canoes are beached upon the shore, a little above the mouth of the river. The party disembarks and prepares a column, upon which are inscribed the words, "Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, regne; le Neuvieme Avril, 1682."[1] The company is mustered under arms, the Te Deum is sung, and with a volley of musketry and loud shouts of "Vive le Roi," Cavelier raises the column. Every head is uncovered, and Robert proclaims in a firm voice:

"In the name of the most high, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God King of France and of Navarre, Fourteenth of that name, I,

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[1] Louis the Great, King of France and of Navarre, reigns—April 9, 1682.

this ninth day of April, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, by virtue of the commission of his majesty, do now take, in the name of his majesty and of his successors to the crown, possession of this great river of the Mississippi, and its adjacent land."

## IX

## PASSING OF OLD WORLD SUPERSTITION

After the death of King Philip and Bacon's Rebellion, both of which events took place in 1676, life in the colonies was rather quiet for a number of years. Charles II died and was succeeded as king by his brother, James II, who now attempted to put down liberty in England and America alike. He sought to make one of his officials, Sir Edmund Andros, governor-general of the Northern colonies, overthrowing the colonial governments.

James II was driven from his throne by another revolution in England. His son-in-law, William of Orange, ruler of Holland, and his daughter, Mary, became king and queen under the title of William and Mary. The second college founded in America, at Williamsburg, Virginia, took its name from the joint sovereigns. Harvard College, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, had come into being some time before.

The people of the seventeenth century did not know what we do today about nature and science. They believed that witches had the power of harming men and animals by wicked spells and, therefore, should be put to death. This was the belief of no particular country, but of the whole civilized world at that time. In Germany and France hundreds of people were executed on the charge of being witches. Many also perished in England.

The colonists brought this belief with them to America. In Virginia, a woman was ducked in water for being a witch; but in Massachusetts, in 1692, the faith in witchcraft sud-

denly took a more serious turn. Cotton Mather, the most learned minister in America, wrote books on the subject, and the political excitement of the time probably had something to do with it. Suddenly some girls declared that they had been bewitched. A great commotion at once began in Massachusetts; a number of people were arrested, and some of them were put to death. The following selection from Lucy Foster Madison's novel, *A Maid of Salem Towne,* describes this event.

The story illustrates one of the dangers the settlers of New England had to face. Sternly religious and living in dark forests, cut off from neighbors for long periods by snow and cold, they felt the influence of the gloomy superstitions of the age as the people of the warm and sunshiny South could not. The witchcraft delusion lasted but a short time. New England quickly shook off the superstition and soon became one of the most enlightened communities in the world.

## WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM

From *A Maid of Salem Towne,*[1] by Lucy Foster Madison.

### I

They had condemned her to death—a young girl and innocent. They had condemned her in the rough log courthouse, and all the faces of the judges and the preachers had been stern and pitiless. It was long, long ago, in 1692, and men in those days believed in witchcraft and put men and women to death on the charge

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, The Penn Publishing Company.

of practicing it. Was it not written in the Bible, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"?

Numerous people had witnessed that Delight English was a witch; even her own uncle with whom she lived and who wished to see her put out of the way so that he could secure her property. Her own cousin, a young girl like herself, testified that Delight had brought a grievous sickness on her and could allay the pain by merely coming to her and laying hands on the afflicted part. After one of the judges had spoken the solemn words of condemnation, they had taken her to the jail and left her alone after all those dreadful hours of questioning and answer.

Delight expected to pass the night before her execution alone. She was excited and strove to compose herself into something like quietude. The shades of evening were beginning to throw dark shadows into the corners of the cell when the door opened to admit the jailer and a woman.

"There'll be none of your tricks, mistress—flying off on a broomstick or such like," said the jailer, as he fastened the chain which confined her foot to the foot of the other woman. "There'll ye be, the two of ye. Take whatever comfort ye can find together. This is the last night for both of ye. Tomorrow ye'll dangle like leaves in the summer breeze! Yes, like leaves in the summer breeze."

Delight shuddered at the picture his words brought up, and then looked at her companion in distress. The twilight prevented the woman's features from being distinct, so she spoke gently.

"Is it true, mistress, that you also are to hang on the morrow?"

"It is in truth so, Mistress Delight," replied the woman in sad tones.

Delight started and leaned forward.

"Mistress Wilmot!" cried the girl. "How came you hither?"

"How do any of us come hither save and except that we are cried upon for witches?" replied the woman, sharply. "The minister's children have cried upon me."

"But you are none," asserted Delight rather than asked.

"Nay. But how can the matter be gainsaid when people and court and ministers are against one? The afflicted ones have said that I tormented them. Therefore is naught to be done."

"How long have you been in the jail?"

"Some days. Charles was from home at the time, and I have not seen him since."

"Was he not present at your trial?" asked the girl in surprise. "Meseems a good son should have supported his mother in such an hour."

"He is a good son," asserted the mother fiercely. "I know not why he did not come to me. But there was good cause! There was good cause!"

"And hath he not been to see you since you have been in prison?" Delight cried out, with some indignation.

"Did you not know, mistress, that it hath been forbidden to visit the condemned because of the great excitement in the countryside? Of course the magistrates

may come to exhort to confession. I did wish to see my son once more." She fell to weeping softly.

"I wish that you might," said the maiden gently. "'Tis a sore trial that one must die without a friend to comfort one. Methought that Master Mather would have come to talk to me, but he did not. 'Tis weary alone. Where did you abide before, Mistress Wilmot?"

"In a cell with three others," replied Mistress Wilmot. "I liked them not because they confessed to being witches, and it sickened my soul to hear the horrible things of which they declared themselves guilty. So, being possessed of a little money and a gold ring, I persuaded the jailer to put me into another dungeon. He warned me of your acts, but, being strong in the Lord, I fear them not."

"Why, Mistress Wilmot, you do not believe that I am a witch, do you?"

"Yea. I am no unbeliever. You witched my son. Over and over he hath declared it unto me. Charles is a noble boy. I wonder not that you should try to cast a spell upon him."

"I did not try to do so," exclaimed Delight, indignantly. "I marvel that you should deem any guilty of spells and charms, when you say that you are no witch and yet still have been accused and condemned to death."

"Satan hath the power to take upon himself the image of innocent persons," declared the widow earnestly. "But God will right all things. Now speak to me no more. I must compose myself for the morrow."

Silence settled over the cell. The darkness increased. Delight lay down upon her pallet of straw, but was unable

to sleep. Visions of her past happy life came, and above all the face of her far-away father appeared before her, sorrowful and sad. Delight could not lie still. A great restlessness came upon her, and she sprang from her couch and walked to and fro as far as her chain would let her. Presently she sat down upon the straw. For what was she waiting? She knew not. She knew only that her nerves were strung to the highest tension, that she started and quivered at the slightest noise.

"I will sing," she whispered. "A tune may calm my fears and give peace to my soul." And in a voice that trembled pitifully she sang slowly:

"Have mercy Lord on me, I pray,
For man would me devour:
He fighteth with me day by day,
And troubleth me each hour."

"Delight," whispered a voice above her. "Mistress Delight!"

The girl started to her feet, thinking she must be dreaming or the victim of an illusion.

"Dear Lord," she exclaimed, "let me not lose my senses!"

"Mistress Delight," came the voice unmistakably this time.

"Yea," answered the girl. "I am here. Who are you and where are you?"

"I am Charles Wilmot," came in low, eager tones, "Can you not see my shadow, mistress? I am above at the window, in the branches of a tree. I seek my mother, but I thought not to find you."

"Your mother is here, Master Wilmot," returned the girl, the eagerness dying out of her voice. "She sleeps. I will awaken her. She will rejoice at your coming. She grieved because she could not bid you farewell."

"One moment, Delight," said the youth. "Listen to me, I beg. I know now that you are no witch. Forgive me that I ever did think so. When my mother was cried out upon my eyes were opened to the error of my ways. Mistress, I know now the meaning of the spell you laid upon me. Since Adam met Eve the same witchery hath held sway over mankind."

"I forgive you that you believed me a witch," she said. "Now I will call your mother. Mistress Wilmot! Mistress Wilmot!" she cried as loudly as she dared.

"Who calls?" asked the woman drowsily. "Surely 'tis not morning yet."

"Awake! Your son is here," cried the girl again.

"My son!" exclaimed Mistress Wilmot, joyfully leaping to her feet. "Charles, my son! my son!

"Mother!" spoke the lad. "Mother, I have come to free you."

"To free me! How?"

"I have a file with which to saw the bars of the window," was the response, "and a rope. When the rope is lowered you will tie it tightly about you, and I will draw you up."

"But the chain, my son?" spoke the mother, excitedly. "The chain about my ankle?"

"I had thought on that and am prepared. I have fastened another file to a small cord which I will lower. 'Tis double cut and will work rapidly. Unshackle your-

self and then give the steel to Mistress Delight. Work briskly, mother. We must be far from here ere morning breaks, and 'twill take swift work to free ye both."

"Charles," spoke Mistress Wilmot determinedly, "if that witch goes, I go not."

"Mother, she is no witch. My eyes are opened, and I know now the meaning of the witchery she hath used."

"If she goes, I go not," persisted the mother stubbornly. "Charles! Charles! What arts hath she used that you are so blinded?"

"Mother," declared the youth, passionately, "if you do not aid in her escape, I will let you remain where you be."

"Then let me be," cried the mother. "Blind, undutiful son that you are! Rather a thousand times would I perish than behold you linked with one allied to Satan."

"Mistress Wilmot," interposed Delight, "have no fear. I would not escape an I could. There is no place for me to go should I escape. Let there be no strife betwixt ye because of me. There is naught for me but death."

"Nay, Delight," cried the youth, "say not so. Waste no more words, but to work!"

He swung a cord through the window and the clink of the file could be heard against the wall as it was being lowered. No word was spoken until the mother grasped the file. Then she laughed exultantly.

"I have it, Charles, in my hand, and there it stays. Neither my chain nor the witch's doth it unloosen."

"Mother, mother, have you gone clean out of your

wits?" demanded Charles Wilmot impatiently. "Dally no longer. 'Tis one of the clock now, and but you speed daybreak will find us thus. To work! to work!"

"I will not," cried Mistress Wilmot. "She hath bewitched you, and you know not what you do."

"Nay, mistress," begged Delight, "be not perverse. Unloose your chain, as your son bids you. Do not let there be strife because of me. I will not go."

"Hush, girl! we stay together here. Together we meet death on the morrow; and thus I shall know that my son is safe."

Delight said no more. Words were useless. The woman was sublime in her mother love. Naught could convince her that the girl was other than a witch, and she would give her life if by so doing she could save her son from being joined in bonds with one devoted to the unholy worship of Satan. But Charles Wilmot failed to see the sublimity. He begged; he pleaded; he threatened, but he made no impression on the woman. With Puritan staunchness she maintained her determination. Finally the young man lost control of himself completely.

"If the maid is a witch," he cried in a loud and angry voice, "you are one also."

With these words he seemed to withdraw, for his shadow was no more to be seen and no further words came from him. Delight, hearing the mother praying softly, was filled with pity for her. But there was nothing that the girl could do for her and presently she fell into a light but refreshing sleep which lasted until daybreak.

II

Bright and clear the morning dawned. Nine of the clock was the hour set for the execution. Four were to pay the penalty of the awful crime of witchcraft on the scaffold. Delight was awakened by the jailer bringing breakfast.

"Are ye there, witch?" he cackled. "Then ye didn't fly through the window last night? Belike your master wants ye to himself. I was on the lookout. Ye would not have gone far."

The girl made no reply but glanced at Mistress Wilmot. The woman was very pale. Her eyes were red and swollen as if she had been weeping. The maiden's heart contracted with a great throb of pity. But for her the mother would have been free. Her eyes filled with tears and she pushed the food from her with sudden loathing.

"Mistress Wilmot," she said abruptly, "I am sorry that I was the cause of ill-feeling betwixt you and your son. 'Twill soon be time for us to go to the place of execution, and then we will be no more. Ere we go I should like to hear you say that you forgive me."

"Peace!" said the woman sternly. "Leave me to commune with my Maker."

Delight shrank back abashed at the repulse, and silence settled upon them. At length the jailer and the sheriff, bearing his staff of office, entered the cell and bade them make ready for death. Touching them with his staff, the sheriff commanded them to step forth.

With dry-eyed apathy the girl obeyed. Mistress Wilmot seemed to have exhausted her tears also. Without

a word they were led from the jail and made to enter the large cart which stood in front of the prison. A number of musketeers, armed and watchful for fear of a rescue, awaited their coming. They were to act as escort to the place of execution, so much precaution was deemed necessary to the safe conduct of the witches.

A man and woman, husband and wife, already occupied places in the rude vehicle. They were the two other victims. The man sat looking straight before him impassively. The woman drooped in an attitude of despair. Mistress Wilmot's head fell upon her breast as she took her place; but Delight, with some lingering interest in the ways of life and men, was conscious of all things on this her last journey.

All the inhabitants of Salem and the countryside had gathered together to witness the hanging. It was full of awful significance to them. A wild terror filled their hearts, for who knew upon which of them the devil would next set his seal? Owing to the fear that oppressed every one there was little demonstration made. Few mutterings were heard. The boys who were wont to call jeeringly after the witches were silent, rendered dumb by the awfulness of an event that was being enacted with alarming frequency.

Slowly the cart made its way through the circuitous and difficult route which led to the place of execution. Delight looked around for Cotton Mather. He was not to be seen, and her heart felt suddenly heavy.

"Would he had been here!" she mused mournfully, for Cotton Mather, firm as he had been in his belief in witchcraft, had not been hostile to Delight.

"There is not one friendly face to sustain me. Dear Lord, be Thou my strength and my refuge."

With step that did not falter she descended from the cart and mounted the ladder which led to the platform of the scaffold. Witches' Hill was the highest elevation in the vicinity of the town, and the spectacle could be witnessed far and near.

As in a dream, Delight's eyes wandered over the sea of faces around her. Presently her glance fell upon a group, which, whether by intent or accident, stood somewhat apart from the multitude. It consisted of her uncle, Elisha English, his daughter Mercy, and several others whom she recognized.

The provost-marshal commanded silence while he read the warrant for the execution of the four. Expectation was intense. Awe, dread, earnestness, and a stern but wild fanaticism were stamped upon all countenances.

Delight was looking intently at her uncle and cousin when her mind was recalled by the voice of one of the witches.

"I am innocent of this dire charge of witchcraft," said the wife of the wizard. "Good people, I grieve not to die if it so be that it will stay the shedding of innocent blood. I pray you, pause in your frenzied search for witnesses and beware of shedding guiltless blood lest God in His Judgment give you also blood to drink."

At last her voice was silent, and the hangman seized them one by one and bound their arms behind them. A hush fell upon the people as he prepared to blindfold the victims before launching them into eternity.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the clatter of

horse's hoofs, and from the forest a horseman dashed among them, crying:

"Hold! hold! in the name of the king!"

"My father!" came in a piercing scream from Delight. "My father cometh to save me!"

Then she lurched forward and fell in an unconscious heap upon the platform.

At that cry the people shrank back, and with blanched faces looked upon the horseman as though a ghost had arisen in the midst of them. It was a very much alive spirit who flung himself from his horse, bounded up the ladder, caught his unconscious daughter in his arms, and turned an angry visage toward them.

"Ye fools! ye dolts!" he cried, shaking his fist at them. "Have ye gone stark, staring mad that ye would murder the innocent?"

"Sir," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Noyes, "you are interfering with the administration of justice."

"Justice!" roared Samuel English, turning on him so fiercely that the minister recoiled. "Do you call such doings justice? 'Tis murder rather."

"But—" began the minister.

"Peace! Yonder comes the governor, from whom ye can take authority. Now, in God's name, bring a leech, lest this prove too much for my little one."

His tone softened. He laid Delight down on the hard boards, and, kneeling beside her, began to chafe her hands. Mistress Wilmot stood looking dazedly about her. The wizard and his wife knelt beside Samuel English and his child. The people murmured and moved restlessly about, wondering what would happen. From the forest rode

a glittering calvacade at whose head was the new governor.

Sir William Phips' temper was never of the best, and now as he mounted the platform his face was purple with rage and his portly form quivered with emotion.

"Ye dolts," he cried; "your zeal hath rendered you daffy and silly! Where are those who accuse my lady wife of being a witch? Have ye lost your senses that people of blameless repute must suffer with the guilty? What hath this girl done? Where is her uncle? Let him stand forth——"

"Nay, your excellency," interposed Samuel English, "leave me to deal with him. There is much to be settled betwixt us."

"As you will. Listen!" the governor turned again to the people. "It hath come to me that many, having private grievances, seize upon the excitement anent witchcraft to glut their spite. Also that many innocent persons have been accused falsely of witchcraft. I do hereby declare the trial court to be dissolved. Further: all cases of witchcraft shall hereafter be tried by the General Court of New England. Still further: persons in prison and condemned to death shall be released until further proof of witchcraft be given."

A mighty shout rent the air. The load of fear that had oppressed their hearts for so long was lifted, and men and women burst into tears or gave vent to their relief in hysterical laughter. The cloud had lifted. The wildest storm that perhaps ever raged in a moral world became a calm. Sanity once more reigned, and never again would superstition hold its blind sway in New England hearts.

"Oh, sir," wept the woman who bent over Delight. "Oh, sir, are we free?"

"Free as the wind, my poor woman," answered Samuel English. "Free, thank God!"

"Father," murmured Delight, opening her eyes at the moment, "Father, is it heaven? Have I died?"

"No, no, my child," wept her father, clasping her close to him. "No, no! I live and you live. Feel me, little one! This is flesh and blood."

He lifted her gently and carried her down from the platform.

The crowd parted. A little aside was Lady Phips, mounted on a black horse. She dismounted and took Delight in her arms.

"Dear child," she said, laughing and crying, as she embraced the maiden. "All is well now. Your trouble is overpast."

# X

## HOW THE COLONISTS LIVED

The witchcraft incident hastened a change that was beginning in the life of New England. The descendants of the stern Puritans who had come across the sea to settle in the wilderness in order to have religious freedom came to have a less serious outlook on life. Many of them had become men of means and they wished to follow the fashions of England and enjoy their wealth. At the same time they laid great stress on education, thereby laying the foundation of a good school system.

At the close of the seventeenth century American history broadened greatly. Canada was now a strong French colony on the borders of the English colonies. France took the part of James II when he was driven from the English throne, and a great war broke out in 1690 between England and France which was felt in America. The French came down from Canada, with their Indian allies, and ravaged the outlying settlements of New England. This war is called King William's War, after King William of England; and another war a few years later was named Queen Anne's War after the ruler who succeeded William.

Then there came an interval of about thirty years of peace. The next conflict that broke out between England and France is known in American history as King George's War. All New England rallied for this struggle, and the first American army sailed from Boston to conquer the Canadian fortress of Louisbourg. Nathaniel Hawthorne

has described New England colonial life and military preparations in *Grandfather's Chair,* from which the following selection is taken.

The story tells how New England went to school, dressed, and fought. The war preparations of those days may make us smile, but we should remember that these colonial soldiers were valiant men and the ancestors of the patriots who won independence in the Revolution.

## IN OLD NEW ENGLAND

From *Grandfather's Chair,* by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Grandfather was telling the children of the old colonial days in New England. They listened eagerly, for he made the past to live and forgotten people to walk and talk.

"Imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room, with a sandy floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At the end of the room is a great fireplace. It burned wood altogether, for no coal was mined then.

"It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! Every few minutes a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles

upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

"Do you see the venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skullcap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

"And now school is begun. What a murmur of tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak as the scholars con over their various tasks. Buzz! buzz! buzz!

"Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and breeches with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions. One will be doctor and administer pills and potions; another shall wrangle at the bar; a third shall preach with great unction and effect and leave volumes of sermons for the benefit of future generations.

"But as they are merely school boys now, their business is to construe Virgil. Poor Virgil, whose verses have been misscanned and misparsed by so many generations of idle school boys. There sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

"Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to

be the merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future period. Some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar and rum and coffee. Others will stand behind counters and measure tape and ribbon and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer or drive the plane over the carpenter's head. Many will follow the sea and become bold, rough sea captains.

"While we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two evil-doers are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Ah! Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial—the sentence quickly passed. Now the judge executes it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In those good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

"What a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of two hundred years. Do not be sorry, little Alice; they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

"Thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch and then puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with impatience.

" 'You are dismissed,' " says Master Cheever.

"The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what

a joyous shout! what a sense of freedom! They shout; they leap; they run on the ice; they snowball.

"Master Ezekiel Cheever died in 1707, after having taught school about seventy years. Almost all the great men of that period, and for many years back, had been whipped into eminence by Master Cheever. Moreover, he had written a Latin book, so that the good old man, even in his grave, was still the cause of stripes to idle school boys."

Grandfather then told them of the fashions and manners which now began to be introduced into the provinces. The simplicity of the old Puritan times was disappearing as the inhabitants grew in number and wealth.

"I wish you could see what splendid dresses the ladies wore in those times, Alice," Grandfather said. "They had silks and satins and damasks and brocades, and high headdresses and all sorts of fine things. They used to wear hooped petticoats of such enormous size that it was quite a journey to walk round them."

"And how did the gentlemen dress?" asked Charley.

"With full as much magnificence as the ladies," answered Grandfather. "For holiday suits they had coats of figured velvet, crimson, green, blue, and other gay colors, embroidered with gold or silver lace. Their waistcoats, which were five times as large as modern ones, were very splendid. Sometimes the whole waistcoat, which came down almost to the knees, was made of gold brocade."

"Why, the wearer must have shone like a golden image!" said Clara.

"Then," continued Grandfather, "they wore various

sorts of periwigs. Their three-cornered hats were laced with gold or silver. They had shining buckles at the knees of their small-clothes, and buckles likewise in their shoes. They wore swords with beautiful hilts, either of silver or of polished steel inlaid with gold."

"Oh, I should like to wear a sword!" cried Charley.

"And an embroidered crimson velvet coat," said Clara, "and a gold brocade waistcoat down to your knees."

"And knee-buckles and shoe-buckles," said Laurence.

"And a periwig," added little Alice, not knowing what it was.

Grandfather smiled at the idea of Charley's sturdy little figure in such a rig. He then went on with the story of the manners and customs of the colonies.

"William Shirley became governor. In 1744, after a peace of more than thirty years, war broke out between France and England. Governor Shirley planned an expedition against Louisbourg, a fortified city on the island of Cape Breton, near Nova Scotia. It was the strongest fortress the French had in America.

"First of all it was necessary to provide men and arms. The legislature sent out a huge quantity of paper money, with which the governor hoped to get hold of all the old cannon, powder and balls, rusty swords and muskets, and everything else that would be of use in killing Frenchmen. Drums were beaten in all the villages of Massachusetts to enlist soldiers for the service. Other provinces agreed to help.

"But there was need of a general, and soldiers were few and far between in America in those days. Governor Shirley fixed upon a wealthy merchant, William

Pepperell, who was well known and liked. As to military skill, he had no more than his neighbors. But as the governor urged him very pressingly, Mr. Pepperell consented to shut up his ledger, gird on a sword, and assume the title of general.

"Meantime, what a hubbub was raised by this scheme! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! The rattle of the drums, beaten out of all manner of time, was heard above every other sound.

"Nothing was so valuable as arms, of whatever style and fashion they might be. The bellows blew, and the hammer clanged continually upon the anvil, while the blacksmiths were repairing the broken weapons of other wars. Doubtless some of the soldiers lugged out the enormous, heavy muskets which used to be fired, with rests, by the early Puritans. Great horse-pistols, too, were found which would go off with a bang like a cannon. Old cannon, with touch-holes almost as big as their muzzles, were looked upon as treasures. Pikes now made their appearance again. Many a young man searched the garret and brought forth his great-grandfather's sword, red with rust and stained with the blood of King Philip's War.

"Never had there been such an arming as this, when a people, so long peaceful, rose to the war with the best weapons they could lay their hands upon. And still the drums were heard, and louder and more numerous grew the trampling footsteps of the recruits that marched behind.

"Now the army began to gather in Boston. Tall, lanky, awkward fellows came in squads and companies

and regiments, swaggering along, dressed in their homespun clothes and blue yarn stockings. They stooped as if they still had hold of the plough handles and marched without any time or tune. Hither they came from the cornfields, from the clearing in the forest, from the blacksmith's forge, from the carpenter's workshop, and from the shoemaker's seat. They were an army of rough faces and sturdy frames. A trained officer of Europe would have laughed at them until his sides ached. But there was a spirit in their bosoms which is more essential to soldiership than to wear red coats and march in stately ranks to the sound of regular music.

"At length, on March 24, 1745, the army gave a parting shout and set sail from Boston in ten or twelve vessels which had been hired by the governor. A few days afterward an English fleet, commanded by Commodore Peter Warren, sailed also for Louisbourg to assist the provincial army. So now after all this preparation and bustle the town and province were left in stillness and repose.

"In every family, when the good man lifted up his heart in domestic worship, the burden of his petition was for the safety of those dear ones who were fighting under the walls of Louisbourg. Day after day and week after week went on. The people grew heart sick with anxiety. It was now daybreak on the third of July.

"But hark! what sound is this? The hurried clanger of a bell. There is the Old North pealing suddenly out! The Old South strikes in. Now the peal comes from the church in Brattle street. The bells of nine or ten steeples are all flinging their iron voices at once upon the morning

breeze. Is it joy or alarm? There goes the roar of a cannon, too. A royal salute is thundered forth. And now we hear the loud exulting shout of a multitude assembled in the street. Huzza! huzza! Louisbourg has surrendered!"

# XI

## THE GREATEST AMERICAN

Colonial life in New England, which was turbulent in the reigns of Charles II and James II, quieted down after the great revolution which made William III king of England. The period from 1690 to 1750 was one of steady growth in nearly all the colonies. New colonies came into existence: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, North and South Carolina, Georgia. The Indians disappeared from eastern Virginia, and the settlements stretched out beyond the head of navigation on the great rivers. The principal man in Virginia in this period was Alexander Spotswood, who was governor of the colony for some years and who led an exploring expedition across the Blue Ridge Mountains into the Valley of Virginia. He and his companions called themselves the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

By far the most important event in Virginia history in the first half of the eighteenth century was the birth of George Washington in 1732. The future "Father of his Country" was born in Westmoreland county on the Potomac River but in early boyhood moved over to the Rappahannock opposite the town of Fredericksburg. The following selection from Mrs. Hugh Fraser's novel, *In the Shadow of the Lord,* tells of Washington's childhood and youth. It gives a picture of him on the threshold of his career.

The story brings out the main traits in Washington's character—his conscientiousness, his desire for self-improvement, his devotion to duty, his obedience to his mother, and, at the same time, his independence and his natural love of adventure and war.

## BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON

From *In the Shadow of the Lord*,[1] by Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

I

George Washington, aged something over eleven, was standing on the top step of the porch in the pale spring sunshine. It was a pleasant home of his. The day was clear and balmy, and everywhere the early flowers were making haste to fill the garden beds that the winter had left empty. On the one side the land rose up to the kindly fir trees, which clothed the hill with a warm yet somber mantle, grateful to the eye when winter had left ash and birch and maple shivering and bare, dark and misty. Beyond the narrow field that bordered the garden ran the Rappahannock, dimpling and flashing in the sunlight and bearing on its bosom a few slow sails of vessels leaving Fredericksburg with the turn of the outgoing tide.

George looked across to the little town, which was the city of his world, the only city he had ever seen.

"I do wish they would build a bridge," he said thoughtfully; "there must be some fine schoolmasters yonder. But I suppose a bridge would stop the ships. We should have to place it higher up, beyond the town, where the river narrows." And glancing along the curving banks, he marked the spot that seemed favorable for the desired undertaking.

"If there were a bridge," said his sister Betty, who was leaning against a pillar of the verandah, "I'd be using it

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for something better than looking for schoolmasters. I'd cross it every morning and stay over there all day, buying ribbons and comfits in Miss Dartry's shop. And then, only think of the races and the dances. La! I wouldn't be much here in Pine Grove, George."

"You are only a girl," said George, with disapproval. "You cannot understand. When I see the other boys at Master Hobby's getting on so fast and leaving me behind, I think I could swim the river every day to find a schoolmaster more to my mind."

"Why, George," cried Betty in amazement, "you are at the top now. What more do you want?"

"If I am at the top 'tis because I have to use my playtime to get there," he said. "The others can do in a minute what it has taken me hours to work out. They seem to cipher without rule or chalk. They must be much cleverer than I, so I ought to have a cleverer master than they. 'Tis but reasonable."

Betty laughed till her little shoulders shook. "You are a blockhead, brother!" she cried. "They cipher without rule, do they? Why Teddy Mason sits beside you and copies out answers in his little spelling-book, and passes it round, and then we all write them down. You work for all the rest, George."

"That is disgraceful!" exclaimed George, flushing up to his hair. "I'll not believe it. Why, they are my friends!" And he squared his shoulders and looked as if he would like to fight it out. Then he remembered that Betty was only a girl and he turned his back on her.

"Believe anything you like, sir," was her quick reply. "My brothers don't do it—I will say that, and Samuel

tried to knock Teddy down when he found it out, but the rest do. As for me, you always used to help me, and I don't see why you shouldn't go on. You are very unkind."

"I don't mean to be unkind," said George, turning round with a distressed expression; "but Betty, this must stop. Promise me you'll not copy answers any more. It's like stealing. What would my father think of you?"

"Is it so bad as that?" asked Betty, dubiously. She had really a great respect for her brother's opinion.

"What are you two wrangling about?" asked Mr. Washington, suddenly coming out of the hall door and standing for a moment looking at his son and daughter. They were a comely pair, straight, tall, blue-eyed children, with a certain ancestral haughtiness of air and feature that said much for the past and future of the Washington family. George wore his blue, silver-laced coat with a kind of martial ease; his strong young limbs, enclosed in knee-breeches and white silk stockings, were clean run as those of a fine colt; his fair hair was curled round his face and was drawn into a queue behind. Also he had a little sword at his side, on which his left hand, emerging from a deep lace ruffle, rested lovingly. Betty, too, was dressed for an outing in a blue satin quilted skirt, dainty flowered gown, draped high at the sides, and high-heeled shoes whose paste buckles were sparkling in the sunshine.

"Mighty fine, 'pon my word," said Augustine Washington, smiling at the little folk; "and what assembly are Miss Elizabeth and Master George about to honor with their presence?"

"Why, don't you remember, papa?" said Betty, opening her eyes in amazement that any one could forget such a fact. "We are going to the christening."

"Oh, of course," replied her father. "Be sure to bring home some christening cake, and tell cousin Thornton how sorry I am not to see the baby."

"Are you not coming, sir?" asked George, stepping to his father's side and looking up at him anxiously.

"No, my boy," replied Augustine, "I shall stay by the fire today." He shivered as if feeling the cold. "Mama will take you, and I will hear all about it when you come home."

"May I stay with you, sir?" asked George, adding politely: "I should enjoy it much more than the christening."

"George!" gasped Betty, feeling that the world was turning round with her. The children had been looking forward to this treat for weeks.

"Pray let me stay, sir," pleaded her brother, taking no notice of her exclamation.

Augustine wavered. It would be pleasant to have his bright, loving boy with him, but he hesitated at accepting the sacrifice. Then Mary Washington came out and joined them, resplendent in her stiff, flowered velvet and pearl-looped laces, half covered by the great furred cloak, which fell away from her fair throat and pale, beautiful face.

"Let him stay with you, dearest," she said, laying her hand on George's shoulder. "It will be a pleasure to him and to you."

So when Mary drove off in state, with Betty sitting

proudly at her side and the other children solemn with the sense of best clothes and a great event, the father and son were left together.

"You are a good boy, George," said Augustine. "Come in, and we will have a talk by the fire."

Then George felt as if he were already a man. He followed his father into the parlor and waited until Augustine was seated before he spoke. His heart was beating with joy. Now, indeed, he would have time to talk out all that he had been storing up there, with no interruptions from brothers and sisters. He realized at once that here was an opportunity which might not occur for months again.

"If you please, sir," he began, standing up very straight, with his hands behind his back, "may I make the talk first? I am so afraid of not having time to say it unless I do."

"Why, George," said Augustine, "you know I am always glad to listen to anything you wish to say to me. You speak as if you had not seen me for months."

"Well," said the boy, "that is how I feel. Of course, sir," he made haste to add, "that must be my fault. I am always so busy with lessons or something, when I get home. And then, mama—." He paused, fearing he might be betraying a confidence.

"Yes," replied Augustine, "and what about mama?"

"I think," said George, "she fears you may be tired with our chatter. You are often tired, I am afraid, sir?" And he looked at his father inquiringly.

"Sometimes—a little," returned Augustine, "but not today, son. So let us have it all, and I will answer to

the best of my ability. Come and sit on the arm of my chair."

George perched himself on the spot indicated, and then slipped off again.

"I cannot see your face so well there," he said. "I like to see what you think, and it will save you some of the talking." And he planted himself squarely on the rug and thought for a moment.

Augustine let him take his time. He knew how carefully the boy sought to place a fact before himself ere undertaking to impart it to others.

"It is first about the school," said George. "I *think* I am too dull for Master Hobby. I should like to have a cleverer teacher."

"That sounds as if you thought him dull rather than yourself," said Augustine, a little puzzled at this sudden announcement.

"He is perhaps a little dull, although he knows so much," replied the boy, "and that is why I don't get on better. The tougher the wood, the sharper should be the ax."

Augustine glanced up quickly, struck by the keenness of the remark. But he answered quietly: "Yes, George, I quite understand. We will speak of that anon. But now tell me why do you feel yourself to be dull? I have excellent reports of you from that same pedagogue."

"He is too easy satisfied," said George, unable to repress a slight tone of scorn. "As long as he getteth an answer, he cares not whether it be a wild guess or words telling that one has reached the answer by knowing or thinking. Father, it is worrying to be shown the out-

side of the problem, and to forego all explaining of the reason of it. Master Hobby does not give reasons for things."

"Why have you never told me of all this before?" asked Augustine. "I am sorry I did not know you were not satisfied with your school. We could have made other arrangements for you, dear boy."

"I wanted to be sure," George replied; "it is the same in everything. I waited till I was certain Master Hobby knew nothing of why water rises alone, why the compass turns to the north, how far from a river bank the first span of a bridge may rest. Oh, there are a thousand things I must know, and I have lost so much time already!"

Augustine mused a moment. He looked at the boy's firm, yet eager face and risked a question. "You are very young for such choice yet, George; but an you were given leave to speak, what would you wish to be?"

"Soldier, sir," replied George, without an instant's hesitation.

"Why?" asked his father. "There must be some other reason than the mere love of braying trumpets and jingling spurs to make a man fit for that trade."

" 'Tis a man's trade," said the boy. "All the others can be done in petticoats, it seems to me."

"What!" retorted his father, laughing a little; "preaching and lawyering, buying and selling, governing, teaching—would you leave them all to the ladies, George?"

"Why not?" the boy answered; "I suppose it sounds ridiculous, but really and truly, sir, is there one of those things that my mother would not do, if she had to? Did

she not show Mr. Mercer, the lawyer, the bad point in that law case he was beaten about? When she doth teach, she knoweth the matter so well you can never forget what she hath said; as to buying and selling, I have heard you say she never makes a mistake in the traffic in horses, or tobacco, or kitchen-stuffs. As for governing, I know nothing about the state: Master Hobby has left that out. But there isn't one here, from me to my servant Billy, who would disobey her and not run away from her afterward. And her sermons are much better than Mr. Marye's and not half so long."

"You ought to be a lawyer," said Augustine; "you have destroyed the case for the prosecution without neglecting a single clause. Well done, young man. Now tell me why your mother would not make a good soldier, too?"

"She would be brave, but she'd never be a good soldier," replied George. "She is ever for peace, and a soldier must like fighting. I like it."

"You have never tried," was the answer; "it is impossible for you to say until you have."

"Then where do the soldiers come from?" asked George, quickly. "How can they tell, except by wanting it, dreaming of it by night, reading what is written of great fights, trying to think how they felt when they were conquering—or being conquered? Oh, pray, let me be a soldier!"

"Have you said anything to your mother?" Augustine asked, divided between pride in the boy and fear of grief for his wife.

"No, sir," replied George, "she would not like it, but

that does not make it less good. I suppose *ladies* never do like fighting." And he sighed over the one defect in his idolized mother's tastes.

"Tell me something else," asked George's father. "If you are only anxious to be a soldier, how is it that you complain of not being taught how to steer a ship or build a bridge? Surely these things have little to do with leading men to battle."

"I don't know," answered the boy. "Perhaps I am mistaken, but I thought that if I wanted to take Fredericksburg with my army here in Pine Grove, we should need a bridge. Ought not a soldier to know almost everything? There be forts to build and navies to give orders to—and all sorts of things I know nothing about—things Master Hobby can not teach me. Won't you have me taught? I'll work so hard!"

"Do you feel too old to sit on my knee?" said Augustine, suddenly leaning forward and stretching out his arms. George, who had been standing before the fire during all this debate, came to his father with a bound, and Augustine drew him close to himself.

"My gallant little man," he said, "I think you have hit upon the cleanest, finest trade in the world. It taketh more virtue to be a good officer than preach fine sermons, and there never was a case taken to the lawyers that the soldier could not have settled more quickly and honorably. But, boy, the soldier is made at home, or he'll never be such on the battlefield. You have thought of fighting, glory. There is another side to the question. Suppose after marches and wounds, stiff, sore wounds, George—after long weeks of starvation and misery and

cold and wet—that you tried your best and were beaten. What would you do?"

George thought a moment over the ugly picture. Then he made a face and said: "I think, sir, I would take one good meal from the enemy, and then I'd try again. I'd have a better chance, because he'd be less afraid of me after beating me once."

"Right," said his father, "and if you ever are beaten, remember that. But a soldier has other difficulties. How about carrying out bad orders from a superior? Would you obey them?"

"Not if I could help it," laughed the boy.

"And if you couldn't help it?"

"I'd obey, I suppose. But I'd find a cleverer man to serve next time."

"And suppose the superior were the king," pursued Augustine. "Loyalty is a soldier's first duty, and there have been monstrous bad kings, you know."

"But they may be good generals," returned the lad.

"I mean bad in every way—bad man, bad ruler, bad general," his father replied. "What would you do, then?"

"Make another king," said George, quietly.

Augustine gazed at his son in amazement. "Upon my word, I believe you would," he exclaimed. "Shake hands, George."

This was the first time such honor had been done the boy, and he flushed with pleasure as he grasped the outstretched hand.

There was silence for a time. Augustine was tired by so much speaking, yet, as he lay back in his chair, he was thinking with great clearness. Living his quiet life,

he had lost sight of public affairs. Life was slipping from him; and though it had brought him happiness and content, he realized with great sharpness that as he had set out on it without ambition so he was leaving it without glory. The boy, avid for action, for difficulties, for success, was already greater than he.

He watched George as he fondled his little sword. "If I live," he said, "I will help you to carry out your wish. If I die, you may always remember that it had my sanction."

"Oh, father, thank you!" cried George.

"Wait a moment," said his father, smiling at his eagerness. "I would have you learn all that goes to making a good officer. But I wish my son to count his country as his first and last and dearest mistress. Also I wish him to know that he must give himself and grudge nothing. The time is coming when she will need help, and the men who help her must be soldiers, legislators, rulers in one."

Augustine sank back in his chair, white and spent, while George went out and brought him a glass of the medicine always kept for these moments of weakness.

II

Years had passed since that afternoon George Washington spent with his father. Augustine had not lived long after that talk, the last that George had with him. George knew the bitterness of losing a loved father, but he had become the intimate friend and helper of his mother, who relied on him more and more. She had sent

him to a better school, and George had drunk in learning with eagerness. He had studied well and made a good record. And now the time was approaching, in the opinion of those days, when the lad should make a choice of his calling in life.

George still held to his old wish of being a soldier, but his mother, kind as she was in most respects, would not give her consent, in spite of Augustine's sanction; and, in obedience to Mary's bidding, George had put out of his life the desire of his heart. But he was disappointed, nevertheless, and after his mother had given a final refusal to his entering the army, George went to the old Washington estate on the Potomac to pay his half-brother Lawrence a visit.

Lawrence was in delicate health, but he offered to argue with Mary. George, however, begged him to do nothing of the sort.

"You know, brother, that she never changes her mind," said the clear-sighted boy, already a better judge of character than his senior. "It will but distress her and do no good. Nor would I take a grudged consent, could you wring it from her. But, for God's sake, Lawrence, find a man's work for me to do, and let it be something she shall not hate. I am ready for work and I lead the life of a child."

Lawrence pondered awhile, following out a thought which had been in his mind for some time regarding his brother's future.

"What should you say to the sea, George?" he asked at last.

George's face lighted up. "It would be glorious," he

said, "but do you believe my mother would consent? 'Tis much like soldiering, Lawrie!"

"I think your mother might be persuaded," Lawrence replied. "You see, George, a midshipman, for all he doth wear the king's uniform, is scarce likely to see much fighting in these waters, and may never be sent to Europe at all. Oh, you may have your own hopes, boy," for George's face had fallen at the uninviting prospect. "War is a child of chance, and leaps on us unexpectedly, but there is no need to remind our mother of that! She hath but happy, kind memories of the sea, as I have often heard her say."

"You are the best brother a man ever had," said George, rather huskily. "Indeed, Lawrence, I cannot thank you, but I'll never forget."

It did not occur to Lawrence to smile at George's description of himself. The tall, broad-shouldered lad, with his level glance and courteous yet independent manner, could already claim equality with his elder's manhood.

When George returned to Pine Grove a week later, Lawrence came with him and stayed for a few days. Mary was much attached to Augustine's eldest son and often turned to him for advice on minor matters. When he brought up the subject of George's future, she frankly told him of her problem, of her son's wish, and of her refusal. Lawrence did not attempt to argue that side of the case, but skillfully laid before her the possibility of a compromise which would satisfy George and which he painted in such sober colors that even Mary's timidity could take little alarm. He had influence enough, he told her, to secure a commission for George on one of the

king's ships in American waters. The lad would see in it the possibility of a life of adventure, but he would be under the care of his superiors and would be permitted to run no unnecessary risks. Would she not think it over and give her consent?

Mary softened and promised to think it over. She had hurt her beloved son and was eager to heal the wound, but in reality she felt scarcely more drawn to this scheme than to the other. Lawrence departed, telling George that he considered the matter hopeful and should take at once the necessary steps for getting a commission.

Mary, frightened at having almost consented to such a step without consulting an older person, wrote to her brother, Joseph Ball, in London, asking his views on the matter. She really dreaded the moment of decision, whichever way it should go, and she could now put it off for six months—the time that must elapse before she could receive Joseph's reply.

Those six months were terribly trying to both mother and son. George had never been so kind, so dutiful, so considerate as now, although he sometimes thought he must die of the suspense he was bearing. To Mary he was dearer every day, her right hand and supporter, her comfort and crown. When her inmost heart told her she could never let him go, it bled at the pain she must inflict by withholding her consent; when her mood was more self-renouncing and she felt that it might be her duty to give up, she quailed at the loss which she must suffer—a loss which seemed unbearable in her widowed life.

Lawrence, meanwhile, obtained the commission—a document beheld by George with joy bordering on madness

—fitted out the youngster with his first uniform, and boldly announced to Mrs. Washington that George must join his ship at once.

Then she yielded and went through a day or two of anguish which brought the first streaks of white into her beautiful hair. George thanked her with tears in his eyes and vowed she should never regret her generosity. And then the letter came, the stupid, narrow-minded letter to which Joseph Ball owes his only place in history and in which he probably did his own understanding scant justice.

The reaction was immediate. Reading his dismal prophecy for the young sailor's future, Mary rebelled. Would she let her beautiful, high-spirited boy go to be treated "like a dog or a slave," cuffed and sworn at, forced to the most menial tasks? No, indeed. It would break his heart and hers.

Lawrence stormed, George became dumb with despair; but Mary Washington would have her way. George's possessions, which had been sent on to the ship, were brought back; and Mary, heedless for once of the suffering she was causing him, commanded George to take off the king's uniform and sink once more into subjection and obscurity.

It nearly broke his heart. Rebellion to her authority was impossible to his honor. Cast in the soldier's mold, his young soul could conceive of no other form of duty but obedience to his only commander. He accepted what seemed the sorrow of a lifetime, with silent dignity, in his ardent, early youth and remained obediently at his mother's side.

Perhaps the year that followed was the hardest and saddest ever passed by mother and son. There was nothing to say. Each was bitterly lonely. George at least was supported by the consciousness of having done right; Mary had not even that comfort. Apparently, she had done wrong; and every time her glance fell on the proud, sad face of her boy the fact was brought home to her. She became shy and timid in her dealings with him and hesitated to express her wishes, knowing that she had given him reason to mistrust her affection and her judgment. When the wind howled in winter, she shuddered at the thought that had he been out at sea at its mercy she would have gone mad with anxiety; she took comfort from the knowledge that he was warm and safe under the parental roof. Then, one night, she entered his room, thinking to break down the barrier between them, at least a little, by some kind talk, some pleasant proposal of a journey. Her heart ached as with another widowhood at the loss of his confidence and friendship.

George was standing at his window, which he had thrown wide open, looking out at the storm and drinking in its splendid, riotous freedom. On his little table a parchment torn across was spread out under the candle. It was his midshipman's commission. He turned and came toward her, a beautiful, upright youth, taller than herself, with two tears on his sorrowful face and eyes that seemed to see in his mother the destroyer of his holiest hopes. Ere he had time to ask her her pleasure, she turned and fled from him, and morning found her in her chamber weeping for his grief and her own.

It was not long after that that George made his own decision as to his life. He came to Mary one day and told her that he had found an occupation of which he trusted that she would approve. His tone was as grave and respectful as ever, but there was a new note in it which warned her that there must be no interference this time. The boy was man now, and looked down from his father's height on his mother.

Mary glanced up in silent fear, but answered as calmly as if she had been awaiting the announcement.

"I am glad to hear it, my son," she said. "What is it that you have decided to do?"

"I have accepted the post of surveyor to Lord Fairfax," he replied; and added, with a touch of bitterness, "the work is not ambitious, but it is at least permissible, and I believe I'm fitted for it. I trust it meets with your views for me."

It is hard for a woman to unlearn the trade of a mother. Before Mary's eyes flashed the perils of long, lonely marches in a country infested with Indians—a country where a man might be lost a thousand times over, to die of hunger and thirst or be destroyed by evil beasts or treacherous enemies. The poor mother heart cried out at the dangers he must run.

"Oh, George, it is a life of peril and privation! Must you go, my dearest? Is there nothing else?"

"Madam," he replied, quite unmoved by her outburst, "peril and privation are accidents which may meet a man everywhere except in Heaven—or the nursery. Having outgrown the one and being as yet unfit for the other, I must accept such things as the inheritance of my sex.

With your permission, I will set out next week for the West."

"I pray that the blessing of God go with you, my son," said Mary, bowing her head.

And thus George Washington began his career of immortal glory.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

## XII

## OPENING BATTLE OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

Washington's first ambition to enter the British navy was given up in obedience to his mother. He decided, instead of following a naval career, to become a surveyor in the backwoods. This was a fateful decision. It seems the ordering of Providence. Washington was taken to the frontier and brought into contact with border life when he was just growing from boyhood into manhood.

The result was that he became a soldier in the little colonial army of Virginia. He began his military career at a critical moment. The French, after La Salle's navigation of the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico, aimed at gaining the whole Mississippi Valley and shutting off the English colonies from spreading toward the west. They built several forts west of the Allegheny Mountains, the most important of which was Fort Duquesne on the present site of Pittsburgh.

This territory was claimed by Virginia and Pennsylvania, and Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent Washington to Fort Duquesne to protest against the French occupation of English soil. Washington made the journey through the wilderness in winter and delivered his message. The French refused to leave. In the following summer, Washington at the head of a small force of Virginia rangers advanced toward Fort Duquesne, and a skirmish occurred in which several Frenchmen fell. This was the first blood shed in the great struggle between England and France and their

allies, known in Europe as the Seven Years' War and in America as the French and Indian War. Shortly afterward Washington was besieged in a rude breastwork, called Fort Necessity, by an overwhelming force of French and Indians and forced to surrender.

England now took up the quarrel of Virginia. The following year, 1755, a small army of regular troops under General Edward Braddock was sent across the sea to capture Fort Duquesne and drive the French from the Ohio River. The following description of Braddock's expedition is taken from B. E. Stevenson's novel, *A Soldier of Virginia.*

The story tells of one of the most important events in American history. As the American riflemen saw the famed regulars beside them fall helplessly slaughtered or flee in panic, they gained a confidence in themselves they had not known before. They came to look on themselves as the equals of any men on earth, and thus they were ready to fight for their rights, twenty years later, against the British army.

## BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

From *A Soldier of Virginia,*[1] by B. E. Stevenson.

### I

This is the story of myself, Tom Stewart, lieutenant in the Virginia rangers. We had come our long way through the forests and now drew near Fort Duquesne. Indeed we camped that night not more than ten miles distant from the fort. The next day would see us before the walls of the French stronghold, and I, for one, had no

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

doubt of the outcome of the conflict. The enemy had no force with which to meet us; we had known for some time that they were about to abandon Duquesne. Therefore, we were merry in the thought that our great labors and hardships were near an end.

That night it so happened that I was placed in charge of one of the rear pickets, and I sat with my back against a tree, smoking lazily and wondering what the morrow would bring forth. Suddenly I heard a horse galloping down the road, and a moment later the sharp challenge of a sentry. I was on my feet in an instant and saw that the picket had evidently been satisfied that all was well, for he had permitted the rider to pass. As the latter reached the edge of the camp, he emerged from the shadow of the trees, and I started as I looked at him.

"Colonel Washington!" I cried, and as he checked his horse up sharply, I was at his side.

"Why, is it you, Tom?" he asked, and, as I took his hand, I noticed how thin it was. He had been absent for some days on account of illness. "Well, it seems I am in time."

"Yes," I said. "The battle, if there be one, must take place tomorrow."

"Why should there not be one?" he questioned, leaning down from his saddle to see my face more clearly.

"The French may run away."

"True," he said, and sat for a moment thinking. "Yet it is not like them to run without striking a blow. No, I believe we shall have a battle, Tom, and I am glad that I am here to see it."

"But are you strong enough?" I asked. "You have

not yet the air of a well man." And indeed his strong, grave face was still pale, and his great, broad-shouldered body was very lean.

He laughed lightly as he gathered up his reins.

"In truth, Tom," he said, "I am as weak as a man could well be and still sit his horse, but the fever is broken and I shall be stronger tomorrow. But I must report to the general. He may have work for me," and he set spurs to his horse and was off.

I turned back to my station, musing on the iron will of this man, who could drag his body from a bed of sickness when duty called and yet think nothing of it. All about me gleamed the white tents in which the grenadiers and provincials were sleeping, dreaming perchance of victory. Alas, for how many of them it was their last sleep this side eternity!

The hours passed slowly and quietly. Presently the moon rose and lighted the camp from end to end. All around stretched the vast forest through which we had come to the Monongahela. In the moonlight the forest seemed immense and unconquerable; we but a handful of adventurers lost in it. Here and there I could see a picket pacing back and forth or an officer making his rounds. At midnight came the relief, and I made the best of my way back to our quarters, crawled into the tent, whose flaps were raised to let in every breath of air stirring, and lay down beside my friend, Captain Spiltdorph. It was only a moment before I was lost to war and war's alarms.

"Wake up, wake up," cried a voice in my ear, and I opened my eyes to see Spiltdorph's kindly face bending

over me. "I let you sleep as long as I could," he added as I sat up, "but the order has come for us to march."

"All right," I said. "I'll be ready in a minute," and I ran down to the brook and dipped my hands and face in the cool, refreshing water. A biscuit and a piece of cold beef formed my breakfast. Our company was striking tents and falling in for the march, and the camp was astir from end to end. The sun was just peeping over the tree-tops, for that fateful Wednesday, July 9, 1755, had dawned clear and fair.

We were soon ready for the road, and while waiting the word Captain Waggoner told me that the advance had begun some hours before. At three o'clock, Colonel Gage had marched with two companies of grenadiers and two hundred rank and file to secure the two crossings of the river we designed to make. It was believed that at the second crossing the French would attack us, unless they intended giving up the fort without a struggle. An hour later, Sir John St. Clair had followed with a working party of two hundred and fifty men, to clear the road for the passage of the baggage and artillery. And at last the word came for us.

The ground sloped gently down to the Monongahela, nearly a mile away. The river here was over three hundred yards in width, and the regulars had been posted to guard against surprise. The baggage, horses, and cattle were all got over safely, for the water was scarce waist-deep at any point, and then the troops followed, so that the whole army was soon across.

Before us stretched a level bottom, and here we were formed in proper line of march, with colors flying, drums

beating, and fifes playing shrilly. The sun s rays were caught and multiplied a thousand times on polished barrel and gold-laced helmet and glittering shoulder-knot. Every man had been instructed to put off the torn and travel-stained garments he had worn on the march and to don his best uniform, and very fresh and beautiful they looked—the Forty-fourth in its red coats with yellow facings, and the Forty-eighth in red coats faced with buff. Nor was the showing made by the Virginia companies less handsome, though perhaps a shade more sober. Nowhere was there visible a trace of that terrible journey through the wilderness. It seemed that this splendid host must have been placed here by some magic hand, alert, vigorous, well-appearing, eager for the battle. I have only to close my eyes to see again before me the brilliant and gallant array.

When we reached the second ford, about one in the afternoon, we found that the bank was not yet made passable for the wagons and artillery, so we drew up along the shore until this could be done. Pickets were posted on the heights, and half the force kept under arms in case of a surprise. Spiltdorph and I went together to the water's edge, and watched the pioneers busy at their work.

"Come," he said presently, "the road is finished."

We took our places and the advance began again. First the Forty-fourth was passed over and the pickets of the right. The artillery, wagons, and carrying horses followed, and the provincial troops, then the Forty-eighth, while the pickets of the left brought up the rear. At the end of an hour the entire force was safe across,

and as yet no sign of the enemy. Our company halted near a rude cabin which stood upon the bank. We had been there but a few minutes when Colonel Washington himself rode up.

"Captain Waggoner," he said, "you will divide your company into four flank parties, and throw them well out to the left of the line, fifty yards at least. See that they get to their places at once and that they keep in touch, lest they mistake each other for the enemy."

He was off as Waggoner saluted, and I heard him giving similar orders to Peyronie's company behind us. It was certain that the general was taking no chance of ambush, however safe the road might seem. We were soon in place. I could see something of the ordering of our force and the contour of the ground. The guides and a few light horses headed the column, followed by the vanguard and the advance party under Gage. Then came St. Clair's working party, two field-pieces, tumbrels, light horse, the general's guard, the convoy, and finally the rear guard. Before us stretched a fertile bottom, covered by a walnut wood, with little underbrush and rising gradually to a higher bottom, which reached to a range of hills two or three hundred feet in height. Here the forest grew more closely and the underbrush became denser.

## II

So soon as the line was formed, the drums beat us forward, and the head of the column, presently, was out of sight among the trees. St. Clair's working party cut

the road as they advanced. We were nearing the tangle of underbrush, which I thought marked the course of a stream, when there came suddenly a tremendous burst of firing from the front, followed by a great uproar of yells. My heart leaped, for I knew that the French were upon us.

"Close up, men," shouted Waggoner. "Bring your party up here, Stewart."

I obeyed the order and the other parties of Virginia rangers joined us in a moment. Scarcely had they done so, when the thicket in front of us burst into flame, and three or four men fell. The others, well used for the most part to this kind of fighting, took at once to the trees, and we gradually worked our way forward, keeping up a spirited fire till we reached the shelter of a huge log, which lay at the edge of the ravine. As I looked over it, I saw that the gully swarmed with Indians, firing at the main body of the troops, who seemed to be wedged in the narrow road. I could see nothing of the French so I judged that they were attacking on the other side.

"We've got 'em now," yelled Waggoner. "Give it to 'em, men!" and we poured a well-directed volley into the yelling mob.

Fifteen or twenty fell, and the others, affrighted at the unexpected slaughter, threw down their guns and started to run. We were reloading with feverish haste, when from the woods behind us came a tremendous volley. We faced about to receive this new attack, for we thought the French were upon us. But we saw with horror that we were being fired at by the British regulars, who had

taken us for the enemy in their madness and were preparing to fire again.

"You fools!" screamed Waggoner. "Oh, you fools!" and white with rage he gave the order to retreat.

Every thought was driven from my mind in my astonishment and horror at the scene before me. Gage's advance party had given way almost at the first fire, just as Burton was forming to support them, and the two commands were mingled in hopeless confusion. The officers spurred their horses into the mob and tried in vain to form the men in some sort of order. The colors were advanced in different directions, but there was none to rally to them, for the men huddled together like frightened sheep. All around them swept that leaden storm, whose source they could not see, mowing them down like grain. They fired volley after volley into the forest, but the enemy remained hidden in the ravines on either side and the bullets flew harmlessly above their heads.

At the moment I joined my company, General Braddock, rode up, storming like a madman, and spurred his horse among the men. I could see him giving an order, when his horse was hit and he barely saved himself from falling under it. Another horse was brought, and in a moment he was again raving up and down the lines.

"What means this?" he screamed, coming upon us suddenly, where we were sheltering ourselves behind the trees and replying to the enemy's fire as best we could. "Are you all cowards?"

"Cowards, sir!" cried Waggoner, his face aflame. "What mean you by that?"

"Mean?" yelled Braddock. "I'll show you what I mean! Come out from behind those trees and fight like men."

"Ay, and be killed for our pains!" cried Waggoner.

"What, sir!" and the general's face turned purple. "You dare dispute my order?" and he raised his sword to strike, but his arm was caught before it fell.

"These men know best, sir," cried Washington, reining in his horse beside him. "This is the only way to fight the Indians."

The general wrenched his arm away and fairly foaming at the mouth, spurred his horse forward and beat the men from behind the trees with the flat of his sword.

"Back into the road, poltroons!" he yelled. "Back into the road! I'll have no cowards in my army!"

Washington and Waggoner watched him with set faces, while the men, too astounded to speak, fell slowly back into the open. Not until that moment did I understand the blind folly of this man, determined to sacrifice his army to his pride.

We fell back with our men, and there in the road found Peyronie, with the remnant of his company, his face purple and his mouth working with rage. All about us huddled the white-faced regulars—the pride of the army, the heroes of a score of battles—crazed by fright, firing into the air or at each other, seeing every moment their comrades falling about them, killed by an unseen foe. I turned sick as I looked at them.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and I realized that it was not the French attacking us at all, but only their Indian allies. Not half a dozen Frenchmen had been

seen. It was by the savages of the forest that the best troops of Europe were being slaughtered. Sir Peter Halket was dead, shot through the heart; and his son, stooping to pick him up, fell a corpse across his body. The ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Horses, maddened by wounds, dashed through the ranks and into the forest, often bearing their riders to an awful death. The Indians, growing bolder, stole from the ravines and scalped the dead and wounded almost before our eyes. I began to think it all a hideous nightmare. Surely such a thing as this could not really be!

All along the line things had gone from bad to worse, and the men were wholly unnerved. Those who were serving the artillery were picked off, and the pieces had been abandoned. A desperate effort was made to retake them, but to no avail. The Indians extended themselves along both sides of the line and sharply attacked the baggage in the rear. The men were crowded into a senseless, stupefied mob, their faces blanched with horror and dripping with sweat, too terrified, many of them, to reload their firelocks. The general rode up and down the line, exposing himself with the utmost recklessness, but the men were long past the reach of discipline. Four horses were shot under him, and even while I cursed his folly I could not but admire his courage. Nor was the conduct of his officers less gallant. Throwing themselves from the saddle, they formed themselves into platoons and advanced against the enemy, but not even by this desperate means could the regulars be got to charge. So many officers fell that at last it was as difficult to find any to give orders as to obey them. When at last the general,

putting his pride in his pocket, yielded to Washington's advice and directed that the troops divide into small parties and advance behind the trees to surround the enemy, there was none to execute the movement, which, earlier in the action, would have saved the day.

It was plain that all was lost, and there was nothing left but to retreat. We no longer had an army, but a mob of panic-stricken men. The hideous yelling of the savages, as they saw the slaughter they were doing and rejoiced in it; the rattle of the musketry; the groans and curses of the wounded who fell everywhere about us; the screams of the maddened horses—combined into a bedlam such as I hope never to hear again. Toward the last the Virginia troops alone preserved any semblance of order. Away off to the right, I caught a glimpse of Peyronie rallying the remnant of his company of rangers, and I looked from them to the trembling regulars and remembered with a rush of bitterness that the regulars had laughed at us a month before.

Of a sudden there was a dash of hoofs beside me, and I saw the general rein up beneath a tree and look up and down the field. Colonel Washington was at his side, and seemed to be unwounded, though he had ever been where the fight was thickest.

"This is mere slaughter!" the general cried at last. "We can do no more, Colonel Washington. Order the retreat sounded."

But there was worse to follow, for scarce had the first tap of the drums sounding the retreat echoed among the trees, when the mob of regulars became a mere frenzied rabble. They rushed from the field, sweeping their

officers before them. I was caught in one edge of the mob, as I tried to restrain the men about me, and flung aside against a tree with such force that I stood for a moment dazed by the blow. Then I saw I was beneath the tree where Washington and Braddock sat their horses, watching with grim faces the frenzied crowd swept past. The soldiers flung away their guns and accoutrements, their helmets, even their coats, that they might flee the faster. They jostled and fell over one another as sheep pursued by dogs. Presently one whom I recognized as Captain Orme emerged from the mob.

"Come, sir," he cried to the general, as he gained his side, "you must leave the field. There is no hope of getting a guard from among these cowards or persuading them to make a stand."

Braddock turned to answer him, but as he did so threw up his hands and fell forward into the arms of his aide. I sprang to Orme's assistance, and between us we eased him down.

"They have done for me," he groaned, as we placed his back against a tree. "They have done for me."

Washington, who had left his horse the instant he saw the general fall, knelt and rested the wounded man's head upon his knee, and wiped the bloody foam from his lips.

"Where are you hit?" he asked.

"Here," and the general raised his left hand and touched his side. "'Tis a mortal hurt, and I rejoice in it. I have no wish to survive this day's disgrace."

He cast his bloodshot eyes at the rabble of fleeing men.

"And to think that they are soldiers of the line!" he moaned.

His eyes closed, but presently they opened again.

"Gentlemen," he said, more gently than I had ever heard him speak, "I pray you leave me here and provide for your own safety. I have but a little time to live at best, and the Indians will be upon us in a moment. Leave them to finish me. You could not do a kinder thing. I have no wish that you should sacrifice your lives uselessly by remaining here with me. There has been enough of sacrifice this day."

We three looked into each other's eyes, and read the same determination there. We could save the general or die defending him. But the situation was indeed a desperate one.

At that moment, a tumbrel drawn by two maddened horses dashed by. One wheel caught against a tree, and before the horses could get it free or break the harness I had sprung to their heads.

"Quick!" I cried, "I cannot hold them long."

They understood in a moment, and, not heeding the general's entreaties and commands that he be left, lifted him gently into the cart. Washington sprang in beside him, Orme to the front, and in an instant I was clinging to the seat and we were tearing along the road. It was time, for as I glanced back I saw the Indians rushing from the wood, cutting down and scalping the last of the fugitives. Orme was suffering from a hurt, and so I took the lines, which he gave up without protest, and held the horses to the road as well as I was able. The tumbrel thundered on, over rocks and stumps of trees, over dead men, to the river bank, where a few of the Virginia troops, held together by Waggoner and Peyronie,

had drawn up. It did my heart good to see them standing there, so cool and self-possessed, while the mob of regulars poured past them, frenzied with fear. The thought came to me that never hereafter would a blue coat need feel ashamed before a red one.

We splashed down into the water and across the river without drawing rein, since it was evident that no chance of safety lay on that side. Scarcely had we reached the other bank, when the Indians burst from the trees across the water, but they stopped there and made no further effort at pursuit, returning to the battlefield to reap their harvest of scalps and booty. About half a mile from the river, we brought the horses to a stop to see what would best be done.

Between us we lifted the general from the cart and laid him on a bed of branches on the ground.

"Rally the men here," he said, setting his teeth to keep back the groans which would have burst from him. "We will make a stand, and so soon as we can get our force in shape will march back against the enemy. We shall know better how to deal with them the second time."

And that was the end of Braddock's defeat, one of the strangest overthrows in war, which gave the French the frontier for a time and delayed the fall of Canada.

## XIII

## THE FRENCH AT THE PEAK OF SUCCESS

The French and Indian War, though it began on the Ohio River, soon involved all of the colonies. Braddock's defeat opened the whole frontier to Indian raids, and from New York to North Carolina the backwoods were the scene of burning, killing, and torture as the savage allies of the French ranged up and down the line of English settlements.

The most important fighting took place along the Canadian border. The great French commander, the Marquis of Montcalm, took Oswego, in New York, in 1756. In the following year, Lord Loudon, the British commander in America, planned to attack Louisbourg but gave up the venture.

Montcalm was more energetic. With an army of French regulars, Canadians, and Indians, he came down Lake Champlain from Canada and laid siege to Fort William Henry on Lake George. The English fort was held by Colonel Munro, and fourteen miles away, at Fort Edward, was another force under General Webb. The following selection describing the fall of Fort William Henry and the massacre that followed is taken from James Fenimore Cooper's novel, *The Last of the Mohicans.* This book is the best of the famous Leatherstocking Tales.

The story shows how formidable the French were and what it meant to conquer them—also why the English colonists hated the Indians so bitterly. If the Americans frequently treated the Indians harshly and failed to spare them in war, it was largely because of such scenes as the massacre of Fort William Henry.

# FALL OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

From *The Last of the Mohicans,* by James Fenimore Cooper.

## I

For four days Fort William Henry had been besieged by Montcalm. His batteries had been served with vigor and skill. Against this assault, the besieged could only oppose the imperfect and hasty preparations of a fortress in the wilderness.

It was in the afternoon of the fifth day of the siege that Major Duncan Heyward of the Royal Americans profited by a truce that had just been made by going to the ramparts of one of the water bastions, to breathe the cool air from the lake and to take a survey of the progress of the siege. The evening was delightfully calm, and the light air from the limpid water fresh and soothing. It seemed as if, with the cessation of the roar of artillery and the plunging of shot, nature had also seized the moment to assume her mildest and most captivating form. The numerous islands rested on the bosom of Lake George as if embodied in the waters, and others appeared to hover about the element in hillocks of green velvet, among which the fishermen of the beleaguering army peacefully rowed their skiffs.

Two little spotless flags were abroad, the one on an angle of the fort, and the other on the advanced battery of the besiegers, emblems of the truce that existed. Behind these again swung, heavily opening and closing in silken folds, the rival standards of England and France.

A hundred gay and thoughtless young Frenchmen were drawing a net to the pebbly beach, dangerously near to the sullen but silent cannon of the fort. Some were rushing eagerly to enjoy the games of the lake and others were toiling their way up the neighboring hills. In short, everything wore rather the appearance of a day of pleasure than of an hour stolen from the dangers and toil of a bloody and vindictive warfare.

It was then that Heyward was sent to meet Montcalm, who had proposed the truce. Fort William Henry, a mere earthwork garrisoned by less than three thousand troops, had little chance of holding out long against Montcalm's army of ten thousand; but there was another English force at Fort Edward near by and Colonel Munro, the commandant of William Henry, trusted that General Webb at Fort Edward would march to his relief. The day was drawing toward a close when Major Heyward brought back a request from Montcalm for an immediate interview with Munro.

To this the British commander gave a reluctant consent.

"I will meet the Frenchman," he said, "and that without fear or delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give him a flourish of music; and send out a messenger to let him know who is coming. We will follow with a small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honor of his king in keeping."

A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files of troops and dispatch an orderly with a flag to announce the approach of the commandant of the fort. When Duncan Heyward had done both these, he led the

guard to the sally-port, near which he found his superior ready, waiting his appearance. As soon as the usual ceremonies of a military departure were observed, the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress, attended by the escort.

They had gone only a hundred yards from the works, when the little array which attended the French general was seen issuing from the hollow way which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort. From the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemy's, his air had been grand and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of Montcalm his eye lighted and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

"Speak to the boys to be watchful," he said in an undertone to Duncan, which was immediately answered when each party pushed an orderly in advance, bearing a white flag, and the wary Scotsman halted with his guard close at his back. As soon as this slight salutation had passed, Montcalm moved toward them with a quick but graceful step, baring his head to the veteran and dropping his spotless plume to the earth in courtesy. He was a handsome man in the prime of life, of rather slight figure and dressed in the fine white uniform and broad sash of a French general. The air of Munro was commanding and manly, but it wanted the ease and polish of that of the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the

interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Duncan and continued with a smile of recognition, speaking in French:

"I am rejoiced, monsieur, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for, in your hands, I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself."

Duncan acknowledged the compliment, when Montcalm, turning to his guard, ordered it to fall back.

Before Heyward would imitate this proof of confidence, he glanced his eyes around the plain and beheld with uneasiness the numerous dusky groups of savages, who looked out from the margin of the surrounding woods.

"Monsieur Montcalm will readily acknowledge the difference in our situation," he said, with some embarrassment, pointing at the same time toward those dangerous foes, who were to be seen in almost every direction. "Were we to dismiss our guard, we should stand here at the mercy of our enemies."

"Monsieur, you have the plighted faith of *un gentilhomme francais* for your safety," returned Montcalm, laying his hand impressively on his heart. "It should suffice."

"It shall. Fall back," Duncan added to the officer who led the escort. "Fall back, sir, beyond hearing and wait for orders."

Munro witnessed this movement with manifest uneasiness, nor did he fail to demand an explanation.

"It is not our interest to betray distrust," retorted Duncan. "Monsieur de Montcalm pledges his word for

our safety, and I have ordered the men to withdraw a little, in order to prove how much we depend on his assurance."

The old man made a gesture of resignation, though his rigid features showed his continued uneasiness. Montcalm waited until this little dialogue was ended, when he drew nigher and opened the subject of their conference.

"I have asked this interview from your superior, monsieur," he said to Duncan, "because I well believe he will allow himself to be persuaded that he has already done everything necessary for the honor of his prince and will now listen to the call of humanity. I will bear testimony that his resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was any hope."

When this opening was translated to Munro, he answered with dignity.

"However I may prize such testimony from Monsieur Montcalm, it will be more valuable when it shall be better merited."

The French general smiled as Duncan gave him the purport of this reply and observed:

"What is now so freely granted to approved courage may be refused to useless obstinacy. Monsieur would wish to see our camp and witness for himself our members and the impossibility of his resisting them?"

"I know that the king of France is well served," returned the unmoved Scotsman, as soon as Duncan ended his translation; "but my own royal master has as many and as faithful troops."

"Though not at hand, fortunately for us," said Montcalm, without waiting, in his ardor, for the interpreter.

"Had I been conscious that Monsieur de Montcalm was master of the English, I would have spared myself the trouble of so awkward a translation," said the vexed Duncan dryly, remembering his by-play with Munro.

"Your pardon, monsieur," rejoined the Frenchman, suffering a slight color to appear on his dark cheek. "There is a vast difference between understanding and speaking a foreign tongue. You will, therefore, please to assist me still." Then, after a short pause, he added: "These hills afford us every opportunity of studying your works, monsieur, and I am possibly as well acquainted with their weak condition as you can be yourselves."

"Ask the French general if his glasses can reach to the Hudson," said Munro proudly; "and if he knows when and where to expect the army of Webb?"

"Let General Webb be his own interpreter," returned the politic Montcalm, suddenly extending an open letter to Munro as he spoke. "You will there learn, monsieur, that his movements are not likely to prove embarrassing to my army."

The veteran seized the offered paper, without waiting for Duncan to translate the speech and with an eagerness that betrayed how important he deemed the contents of the captured dispatch. As his eyes passed hastily over the words, his countenance changed from its look of military pride to one of deep chagrin; his lips began to quiver; and, suffering the paper to fall from his hand, he dropped his head upon his chest like that of a man whose hopes were withered at a single blow. Duncan caught the letter from the ground and without apology

for the liberty he took, read at a glance its cruel purport. Their common superior, Webb, so far from encouraging them to resist, advised a speedy surrender, urging in the plainest language the utter impossibility of his sending a single man to their rescue.

"Here is no deception!" exclaimed Duncan, examining the billet both inside and out; "this is the signature of Webb, and must be the captured letter."

"The man has betrayed me!" Munro at length bitterly exclaimed. "He has brought dishonor to the door of one where disgrace was never known before to dwell, and shame has he heaped on my gray hairs."

"Say not so," cried Duncan; "we are yet masters of the fort and of our honor. Let us, then, sell our lives at such a rate as shall make our enemies believe the purchase too dear."

"Boy, I thank thee," exclaimed the old man, rousing himself from his stupor. "You have for once reminded Munro of his duty. We will go back and dig our graves behind those ramparts."

"Messieurs," said Montcalm, advancing toward them a step, in generous interest, "you little know Louis de St. Veran if you believe him capable of profiting by this letter to humble brave men or to build up a dishonest reputation for himself. Listen to my terms before you leave me."

"What says the Frenchman?" demanded the veteran, sternly. "Does he make a merit of having captured a scout with a note from headquarters? Is that a thing of which to boast?"

Duncan explained the other's meaning.

"Monsieur Montcalm, we will hear you," the veteran added, more calmly, as Duncan ended.

"To retain the fort is now impossible," said the Frenchman. "It is necessary to the interests of my master that it be destroyed, but as for yourselves and your brave comrades there is no privilege dear to a soldier that shall be denied."

"Our colors?" demanded Heyward.

"Carry them to England and show them to your king."

"Our arms?"

"Keep them. None can use them better."

"Our march—the surrender of the place?"

"Shall be made in a way most honorable to yourselves."

Duncan now turned to explain these proposals to his commander, who heard them with amazement and was deeply touched by such unusual and unexpected generosity.

"Go you, Duncan," he said; "go with this marquis and arrange it all. I have lived to see two things in my old age that never I expected to behold: an Englishman afraid to support a friend and a Frenchman too honest to profit by his advantage."

So saying, the veteran again dropped his head to his chest and returned slowly toward the front. Duncan remained to settle the terms of the surrender. It was then openly announced that hostilities must cease—Munro having signed a treaty by which the place was to be yielded to the enemy on the morrow morning. The garrison were to retain their arms, their colors and their baggage, and, consequently, according to military opinion, their honor.

II

The hostile armies, which lay in the wilds of Lake George, passed the night of August 9, 1757, much in the manner they would had they encountered on the fairest field of Europe. While the conquered were still sullen and dejected, the victors triumphed. But there were limits alike to grief and joy; and long before the watches of the morning came, the stillness of those boundless woods was broken only by a gay call from some young Frenchman of the advanced pickets or a menacing challenge from the fort, which sternly forbade the approach of any hostile footsteps before the moment agreed on.

Early in the morning the rival encampments awoke to life. The first tap of the French drum was echoed from the bosom of the fort, and presently the valley was filled with the strains of martial music. The horns of the victors sounded merry and cheerful flourishes, until the last laggard of the camp was at his post; but the instant the British fifes had blown their shrill signal they became mute. In the meantime the day had dawned, and when the line of the French army was ready to receive its general the rays of a brilliant sun were glancing along the glittering array. The signal for the approach was then given, and all the usual preparations for a change of masters were ordered and executed directly under the guns of the fort.

A very different scene presented itself within the lines of the Anglo-American army. As soon as the warning signal was given, it showed all the signs of a hurried and forced departure. The sullen soldiers shouldered their

empty tubes and fell into their places, like men whose blood had been heated and who only desired the opportunity to revenge an indignity which was still wounding to their pride. Women and children ran from place to place, some bearing the scanty remnants of their baggage and others searching in the ranks for those faces they looked up to for protection.

Munro appeared among his silent troops, firm but dejected. It was evident that the unexpected blow had struck deep into his heart, though he struggled to sustain his misfortune with the spirit of a man. Duncan was touched at his quiet and impressive show of grief.

By this time the signal for departure had been given, and the head of the English column was in motion. Two women who had lingered started at the sound and, glancing their eyes around, saw the white uniforms of the French grenadiers, who had already taken possession of the gates of the fort. At that moment an enormous cloud seemed to pass suddenly above their heads, when, looking upward, they discovered that they stood beneath the wide white folds of the standard of France. They at once hastened to join the moving column.

As the confused and timid throng left the protecting mounds of the fort and issued on the open plain, the whole scene was at once presented to their eyes. At a little distance in the right, and somewhat in the rear, the French army stood to their arms. The troops were attentive but silent observers of the march of the vanquished, failing in none of the military honors and offering no taunt or insult to their less fortunate foes. Living masses of the English, to the amount of near three

thousand, were moving slowly across the plain, toward the common center, and gradually approached each other as they converged to the point of their march, a vista cut through the lofty trees where the road to the Hudson entered the forest. Along the sweeping borders of the woods hung a dark cloud of savages, eyeing the passage of their enemies and hovering at a distance, like vultures only kept from swooping on their prey by the presence and restraint of a superior army. A few had straggled among the conquered columns, where they stalked in sullen discontent, attentive though as yet passive observers of the moving multitude.

The advance, with Heyward at its head, had already reached the defile and was slowly disappearing, when the attention of the rear of the column was drawn to a collection of stragglers by sounds of strife. A truant provincial was paying the penalty of straggling by being plundered of those very effects which had caused him to desert his place in the ranks. The man was of powerful frame and too avaricious to part with his goods without a struggle. Individuals from either party interferred; the one side to prevent and the other to aid in the robbery. Voices grew loud and angry, and a hundred savages appeared, as it were, by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a minute before. The mass of women and children stopped and hovered together like alarmed and fluttering birds. But the cupidity of the Indians was soon gratified and the different bodies again moved slowly onward.

The savages now fell back and seemed content to let their enemies advance without further molestation. But, as the female crowd approached them, the gaudy colors

of a shawl attracted the eyes of a wild Huron. He advanced to seize it without the least hesitation. The woman, more in terror than through love of the ornament, wrapped her child in the coveted article and folded both more closely to her bosom. Some one was in the act of speaking with an intent to advise the woman to abandon the trifle, when the savage let go the shawl and tore the screaming infant from her arms. Abandoning everything to the greedy grasp of those around her, the mother darted forward to reclaim her child. The Indian smiled grimly and extended one arm, in sign of willingness to exchange, while with the other he flourished the babe over his head, holding it by the feet as if to enhance the value of the ransom.

"Here—here—there—all—any—everything!" exclaimed the breathless woman, tearing the lighter articles of dress from her person with ill-directed and trembling fingers. "Take all, but give me my babe."

The savage spurned the worthless rags, and perceiving that the shawl had already become a prize to another, his bantering but sullen smile changed to a gleam of ferocity. He dashed the head of the infant against a rock and cast the quivering remains at the woman's very feet. For an instant the mother stood, like a statue of despair, looking wildly down at the unseemly object which had so lately nestled in her bosom, and then she raised her eyes toward heaven as if calling on God to curse the doer of the foul deed. She was spared the sin of such a prayer, for, maddened by his disappointment and excited at the sight of blood, the Huron mercifully drove his tomahawk into her own brain. The

mother sank under the blow and fell, grasping at her child.

At that dangerous moment some savage raised the fatal and appalling whoop. The scattered Indians started at the well-known cry, as coursers bound at the signal to quit the goal; and directly there arose such a yell along the plain and through the arches of the wood as seldom burst from human lips before.

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal and threw themselves across the fatal plain. We shall not dwell on the revolting horrors that succeeded. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspects. Resistance only served to inflame the murderers, who inflicted their furious blows long after the victims were beyond the power of their resentment. The flow of blood might be likened to the outbreaking of a torrent; and as the natives became heated and maddened by the sight, many among them even kneeled to the earth and drank freely, exultingly, hellishly of the crimson tide.

The trained bodies of the troops threw themselves quickly into solid masses, endeavoring to awe their assailants by the imposing appearance of a military front. The experiment in some measure succeeded, though far too many suffered their unloaded muskets to be torn from their hands in the vain hope of satisfying the savages.

In such a scene none had leisure to note the fleeting moments. On every side arose shrieks, groans, and curses. At this moment Munro might be seen moving rapidly across the plain in the direction of the French army. He was, in truth, proceeding to Montcalm, fear-

less of every danger, to claim the tardy escort for which he had before conditioned. Fifty glittering axes and barbed spears were offered unheeded at his life, but the savages respected his rank and calmness, even in their fury. The dangerous weapons were brushed aside by the still nervous arm of the veteran or fell of themselves, after menacing an act that it would seem no one had the courage to perform.

The cruel work went unchecked for some time. On every side the captured were flying before their relentless persecutors. Nor was the sword of death stayed until cupidity got the mastery of revenge. Then, indeed, the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of their murderers grew less frequent, until finally the cries of horror were lost to the ear or were drowned in the loud, long, and piercing whoops of the triumphant savages. With these sounds ringing in their ears, the English column and the few outside of it that remained alive drew slowly away from the spot and were suffered to proceed without further injury.

## XIV

## A PICTURE OF THE COLONIAL SOUTH

The last years of the French and Indian War saw the triumph of the English. In 1759, Quebec, the capital of Canada, was taken after a battle in which both the French and English commanders, Montcalm and Wolfe, fell. At the treaty of peace, in 1763, France gave up all its territory in North America—Canada to England and Louisiana to Spain.

For a short time there was quiet in America, though the efforts of the British Parliament to tax the colonies in order to support an army in America soon brought on the political struggle that ended in the American Revolution. The great event in American history after the French and Indian War was an Indian war in the West, known as Pontiac's Conspiracy. Pontiac organized a league of Indian tribes and attacked the British forts on the border. Several of these were taken, but the Indians failed to capture Detroit. They were at length defeated by Colonel Bouquet, who brought them to submission.

At this time, 1765, Virginia was a great and prosperous colony. There were many large landholders who lived well: they wore the fine European clothes of that period and drove to town or to see their neighbors in coaches drawn by several horses. Their principal pleasures were fox-hunting and racing. Indeed, the whole population of Virginia, small farmers as well as planters, was devoted to sport, especially horse-racing. The following selection, taken from John Esten Cooke's novel, *The Virginia Comedians,* describes a race meeting near Williamsburg in 1765.

The story pictures the light-hearted, pleasure-loving Virginia of that period which yet produced at that very time such great men as Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall.

## SPORT IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA

From *The Virginia Comedians,* by John Esten Cooke.

The races!

That word always produces a strong effect upon men in the South; and when the day fixed upon for the Jamestown races comes, the country is alive for miles around with persons of all classes and descriptions. As the hour of noon approaches the ground swarms with people; Williamsburg and the fishing village of Jamestown turn out in force for the exciting turf.

As the day draws on the crowd becomes more dense. The chariots of the planters roll up to the stand and group themselves around it in a position to overlook the race-course; through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks and diamonds and silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesqueness to the days of the far past. The fine-looking old planters, too, are decked in their holiday suits; their powdered hair is tied in queues behind with black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors. Gay youths, in rich, brilliant dress, dash up to the carriages on fiery steeds to display their horsemanship and exchange compliments with their friends and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-

eyed damsels with little ogles and flirts of fans and rapturous delight.

Meanwhile the crowd grows each moment, as the flood pours in from the north, the south, the east, the west—from every point of the compass and in every species of vehicle. There are parties of farmers and their wives and daughters in carryalls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed; there are barouches and two-wheeled vehicles called "chairs," spring wagons and carts, all full, approaching in every way from a sober walk to a furious headlong dash, all "going to the races."

There are horsemen who lean forward; horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen, urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen, who ride erect and slowly; there are pedestrians of all sorts, old and young, male and female, black and white.

They gather around the stands where drinks of various sorts are sold; and nearby all varieties of edibles are set out and attacked. Ale foams, and healths are drunk. Some of the people congregate around the tables where a dozen games of chance are going on; here they amuse themselves until the races begin. The crowd is all in a buzz, which at times rises to a shout; it undulates like a stormy sea; it rolls and murmurs and rumbles and laughs. In a word, it has come to see the races.

The hour at last arrives. A horn sounds from the judges' stand, and the horses are led out in their blankets and head coverings, just as they are at modern races. They are walked up and down before the crowd by their trainers, who are for the most part gray-headed negroes, born and raised on the turf. The riders are noble scions

of the same stock, averaging three feet and a half in height and fifty pounds in weight. All of them, or nearly all, are slaves. They are clad in ornamental garments, wear little, close-fitting caps, and, while they are waiting, sit huddled on the grass talking about the horses.

The great event of the day is the two-mile race, to be run in three heats, unless three horses should win separately in the three, when another heat would be necessary. Horses are bred for "bottom" in colonial Virginia, for to run the same horses six miles within a short period of time is not a modern custom.

There are three objects of interest. Mr. Howard enters the bay horse Sir Archy, out of Flying Dick, by Roderick.

Mr. James enters Fair Anna, a white mare, dam Virginia, sire Belgrave.

Captain Waters enters the Arabian horse, Selim, descended, he says, from Al Borak, who carried Mahomet to heaven, though this pedigree is not vouched for.

There are other entries, but not much attention is paid to them. The race will be between Sir Archy and Fair Anna, and perhaps the outlandish horse will not be "distanced."

The horses are stripped, and the excited spectators gather around them. The odds of two to one are offered on Sir Archy; he takes every eye; he is a noble animal. His training has been excessive, and the sinews web his limbs like cords of steel woven into network; he strides like a giant, his eyes blaze, he bites at his groom.

Fair Anna is a beautiful little creature, as slender and graceful as a deer, with a coat of milky whiteness; she

steps daintily, like a kitten. Those who have seen her run know that she has extraordinary speed and bottom.

The Arabian horse is unknown, and offers few signs of speed or strength. The ladies say he is lovely, however, and the old jockeys scan the animal attentively and discover some unusual points. But the ladies, for the most part, admire the white mare, while the planters prefer Sir Archy.

Captain Ralph Waters rides by on a roan and draws up beside Mr. Lee's chariot. He is a soldier who has seen much service in the wars of Europe and he is dashing and handsome.

"Ah, good day, my dear ladies!" he says, with a French bow; "how is the betting, pray?"

"I have bet against Selim," replies the fair Henrietta Lee; "I know he'll be beaten."

"Ah, you think so?" says the captain, pleasantly. "Well, I do not agree with you."

"He has found his match," says Henrietta, with a mischievous sparkle of her brilliant eye.

"So have I," replies the captain, with a look that makes Henrietta blush.

She endeavors to rally.

"Will you bet?" she asks.

"I will bet that ringlet you are fondling against the contents of this box," replies the soldier, holding up a small velvet case.

"What is it?" asks Henrietta.

"I deny your right to ask," he replies. "Will you accept my conditions?"

Henrietta twines around her beautiful jeweled hand a glossy curl which reposes on her cheek.

"I accept," she says. She takes the case from the captain and hands it to her sister Clare to keep. "I suppose I may retain the curl until it is won," she says, satirically.

The soldier laughs. "What is our bet?" he asks.

"I bet that Sir Archy or Fair Anna will beat Selim the first heat," she replies.

"I close," says Captain Ralph.

An order rings out from the judges' stand opposite, "Prepare the horses!"

Captain Ralph leaves the ladies with a gallant bow and pushes his way through the swaying and excited crowd toward the spot where the animals are being saddled. A tremendous hurly-burly reigns there. Men of all classes —boys, negroes, gentlemen, indented servants, all are intensely excited. The dignified grooms endeavor to keep back the crowd. The owners of the horses give their orders to the tiny monkeys who are to ride. Mr. Howard, a fine-looking, somewhat haughty-looking person, says to his rider: "Jake, trail on a tight rein the first mile, press gradually on the second, and win the heat by half a length. If you are an inch before that, I'll murder you."

"Yes, massa," replies Jake, with a satisfied smile and great cheerfulness. "I gwine to do dat very t'ing, I is."

Mr. James is a solemn-looking Napoleon of the turf and impresses upon his rider a whole volume of instructions, with gravity and an affecting earnestness.

"Feel Sir Archy, and if it appears that the mare has got the heels of him, come in half a head before him. If the mare fails to get her speed in the first brush, don't

push her. It is a matter of no importance to win the first heat. But be sure you come to me before the second."

Captain Ralph says to his rider: "Give me your whip. Good! Now take off those spurs! Very well. Remember to keep silent. Don't speak to your horse; don't tug at the rein. Simply aim to keep on the inside. If there is danger of being distanced in the first heat, whistle in the horse's ear, but make no effort to win this heat."

The riders were raised by one leg into the saddles; they gather up the reins; the drum taps; they are off like lightning.

The course is a mile and they go around it before the excited crowd can look at them a dozen times. They whirl past the stand and enter on the second mile.

Sir Archy leads; Fair Anna trails on a hard rein; the Arabian is two lengths behind, but he is not running.

They thunder up the quarter stretch. Sir Archy is bounding far ahead in spite of his owner's cries; the Arabian has come up and is running neck and neck with the mare. Sir Archy whirls past the stand and wins the heat by a hundred yards. The crowd utters a shout that shakes the surrounding forest.

The owner of Sir Archy looks with ominous meaning at Jake. That youth begins to tremble and says that he could not hold the horse. Mr. Howard turns to the horses. Sir Archy's eyes glare; he does not sweat at all; his coat is covered with a dry, dusty oil and he pants dreadfully. He is over-trained.

Fair Anna is as wet as if she had just swam a river; she looks like an ivory statue in a fountain. She breathes regularly. The Arabian's coat is merely glossier; a faint

moisture bathes it. His breathing is calm. The horses are again enveloped in their hoods and blankets.

Captain Ralph turns to the Lee carriage.

"You've won," he says. "I am very unhappy."

Henrietta laughs triumphantly. "Any more betting?" she asks, satirically.

"Assuredly," replies the captain. "I am ready to take the field again."

"Well, sir?"

"I will stake the horse, Selim, against your curl, your gloves, and the knot of ribbon you wear—all that Selim wins the race."

Henrietta reddens. "Well, if you insist," she says. "I shall at least have the pleasure of returning your noble horse to his master."

The second heat is about to take place. The jockeys have been instructed much after the first fashion. They take their positions on the course; the signal is given; the horses dart from their places.

Sir Archy again leads. This position he does not hold through the first mile, however. He gradually falls behind and when the field whirls past the judges' stand he is fifty yards in the rear. His owner tears his hair.

The second mile is between Fair Anna and the Arabian. They lock in the middle of it; but the Arabian gradually takes the lead and when they flash up to the winning post he is ten yards ahead. Sir Archy is distanced and withdrawn.

It would be difficult to describe the excitement of the crowd, the tremendous effect produced on them by this

reversal of all their hopes and expectations. They shout, they rumble, they groan and growl like a stormy sea.

The horses are the objects of every one's attention. The race now lies between Fair Anna and Selim. Fair Anna pants; her coat is drenched; her mouth foams; she tosses her head.

The Arabian is wet all over, too; but he breathes regularly and his head is calm. He has commenced running. Mr. James tells his rider to use whip and spur—to take the lead at the start and keep it. Captain Ralph merely says to his jockey: "Rein free."

The boys mount; the crowd opens to let them go to the track; the drum taps, and the animals are off like lightning. Fair Anna passes around the first mile like a flash of white light; but the Arabian is beside her. For a quarter of a mile beyond they run neck and neck, while the rider of Fair Anna lashes and spurs desperately. They come to the last quarter stretch at a tremendous gait. The spectators rise on their toes and shout as the horses pass them like the shadows of darting hawks. The Arabian crosses the finish line first.

Cries, shouts, applause, laughter—every sound fills the air. The crowd is wild with the excitement of the unexpected result. Captain Ralph wipes Selim's neck with his white handkerchief, and the panting animal raises his head and whinnies. Then, mounting his roan, he goes off to claim his wager from the mortified Henrietta. She takes off her gloves and hands him the ribbon, with a jerk that shows some ill-humor.

"Please leave my curl," she says.

"Oh, of course!" says the captain. "But I will come to claim it some day."

Other races follow in due course. Then come the concluding exercises of the day. First a number of stalwart countrymen enter a ring armed with stout cudgels. These they brandish after the manner of the outlaws that followed Robin Hood, for in the year 1765 the old English quarter-staff play is still in vogue in Virginia. The victor in this awful game is to have a hat worth twenty shillings, and the hat with a handsome feather is hung on a pole.

The signal is given, and the brave combatants close and rain down a shower of blows, which rattle like hail on opposing quarter-staffs and make the crowd shout with delight. One after another is knocked down or outpointed until but one contestant is left. He perches the hat on his head and marches off amidst great applause.

Next comes a wrestling match, and the prize of the victor is a pair of velvet buckles. After a hardy contest a countryman named Junks wins the trophy.

Then comes a running match, the prize for which is a pair of handsome shoes, with rosettes of ribbon. As running is an amusement which may be indulged in without fear of a cudgel blow or a fall, many contestants enter the lists. A person named Bill Lane wins the race.

Another running match comes. It is between "twelve youths, twelve years old, to run one hundred and twelve yards, for a hat worth twelve shillings." A rush of bare legs follows, and the hat is handed over to a lad, who sticks it over one eye and goes off grinning.

Now the herald holds up a handsomely bound volume, fluttering with ribbons and glowing with gilt, and pro-

claims that the best singer among the divine sex will take the prize, the said volume being a quire of ballads with accompanying musical notes.

A dozen blushing maidens advance and alternately sing such ballads as they fancy, in fluttering voices and with downcast eyes. The last who performs sings "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and her song is received with great applause. She is unanimously declared victor, and the beautiful volume is duly presented to Miss Donsy Smith, who receives it blushingly and retires into the throng, who greet her with two rounds of applause. Her bright, cheerful face has gained her a host of friends.

Then comes the great contest of fiddlers. They are many in number, for old Virginia is a land of fiddlers; and they use instruments which range from backwoods construction—emitting awful sounds like bulls roaring and pigs squealing—to excellent violins, worn and discolored with time and full of melodious power. The prize for the best performer is a fine new instrument, direct from London; and, in addition to this, the victor is to have the privilege of presenting a pair of silk stockings to the "prettiest country maiden on the grounds."

The fiddlers stand "all in a row" and tune their instruments. At a given signal, they play, one after another, such pieces as they fancy, exerting their best powers to win the prize. They roar, they crash, they storm, they pour a whirlwind of rapid, glittering notes on the air, deafening the ears and setting the crowd to dancing almost; or else they link the sweetness and draw it out long and slow like a golden ribbon or a stream of moonlight. The air is filled with harmony, the crowd applauds,

the happy artists hold out their hands. Nineteen hands are withdrawn abruptly; the twentieth receives the violin, over which are hung the silk stockings.

One Lanky is the victor. Lanky blushes and scratches his head; then he twitches the string of his prize and starts with joy at its excellence. He places the stockings on the end of his bow and makes a dive into the crowd, and the silk stockings leave the bow and elegantly repose, in a straddling position, around the neck of Miss Donsy Smith.

The day is wound up with a profuse banquet, at which the feasters refresh themselves with excellent roast beef and turkey and a variety of wines. The crowd has begun to disperse in every direction. After the banquet, the chariots and chairs and barouches drive up and the planters and their families depart for home. Such is a day of sport in old Virginia.

# XV

## FIRST TRIUMPH OF THE REVOLUTION

From 1765 to 1775, the American colonies were engaged in a political conflict with the British government which resulted in war. In 1765, the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act, which required the people of America to put stamps on newspapers and legal documents. In this way, England would raise money in America.

Patrick Henry began the opposition to the Stamp Act by getting the Virginia legislature to pass resolutions denouncing it. The other colonies followed Virginia, and Parliament repealed the law. But soon new taxes were laid on paper, lead, glass, and tea brought into the colonies. The Americans at once opposed them, and in Boston harbor a body of men in disguise one night boarded a tea ship and threw the cargo overboard. There was a similar event in Maryland. In other colonies, also, signs of resistance appeared.

The British government sent troops to Boston, the center of trouble. In 1770, these troops fired on a mob, killing several people. In North Carolina, in 1771, a force of patriots called Regulators was attacked and dispersed by Governor Tryon. In 1772, some Rhode Island sailors burned a British revenue cutter, the *Gaspee*. These men were ordered to be sent to England for trial, but the Rhode Island government failed to obey.

England next closed Boston as a port for ships, thinking to break the resistance in this way. The excitement only increased. Finally, in April, 1775, war came. A force of British troops was sent by night to destroy some military

stores gathered by the patriots at Concord. Paul Revere, learning of their mission, rode through the countryside ahead of them, to warn the people. When the British reached Lexington next morning, they found a small band of militia drawn up to oppose them. They fired on the militiamen, killing and wounding a number. This was the first blood shed in the Revolution. Reaching Concord, the regulars destroyed a few supplies, but on the way back to Boston they were attacked by the farmers. Emerson thus speaks of the fight which began at the bridge at Concord:

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

From trees and fences all along the road, the New Englanders fired on the marching British until the retreat almost became a rout.

The New Englanders now laid siege to Boston, though it was held by an army of British regular troops. The following description of the battle of Bunker Hill, which was the feature of the siege, is taken from James Fenimore Cooper's novel, *Lionel Lincoln.*

The story tells how the farmers behind their rough breastwork drove back the finest soldiers in the world. The lesson of Bunker Hill was never lost: amidst all the defeats that followed, stout-hearted patriots never lost hope that America would conquer in the end.

# BUNKER HILL

From *Lionel Lincoln,* by James Fenimore Cooper.

## I

Lionel Lincoln, Boston-born but officer in the British army, looked out of his windows in that June morning of 1775 upon the surrounding scene. The roar of artillery which had awakened him from sleep, was now quick and heavy; and Lionel cast his eyes around to find the cause of this unusual occurrence. It had been the policy of General Gage to await the arrival of reinforcements before he struck a blow; and the Americans were well known to be too scantily supplied with munitions of war to waste a single charge of powder. A knowledge of these facts gave an added interest to the curiosity with which Major Lincoln sought to penetrate the mystery of so singular a disturbance.

Window after window in the nearby buildings soon showed, like his own, the faces of wondering spectators. Here and there a half-dressed soldier or townsman was seen hurrying along the silent streets. Women began to rush wildly from their dwellings, and then as the sound broke on their ears with tenfold heaviness in the open air they shrank back into their houses in dismay. As Lionel left his own door, an artillerist hurried past him.

"What means the firing, sergeant?" demanded Lionel.

"The rebels, your honor, the rebels!" returned the soldier; "and I go to my guns!"

"The rebels!" repeated Lionel. "What can we have to

fear from a mob of countrymen in such a position?"

The townspeople now began to pour from their dwellings in scores; and Lionel imitated their example and took his course toward Beacon Hill. He toiled his way up the steep ascent and in a few minutes stood on the little grassy platform, surrounded by a hundred interested gazers. The sun had just lifted the thin veil of mist from the bosom of the waters. Several vessels were moored in the channels of the Charles and Mystic; and as he beheld the column of white smoke that was wreathing about the masts of a frigate among them, Lionel was no longer at a loss to understand whence the firing came. While he yet looked, clouds of smoke suddenly burst from the side of a ship of the line, which had also opened her cannon. Presently her example was followed by several floating batteries and lighter vessels, until the whole range of hills that circled Boston rocked to the echoes of a hundred pieces of artillery.

"What can it mean, sir?" exclaimed a young officer of his regiment to Major Lincoln.

But Lionel could tell him nothing.

Suddenly a voice beside him spoke. "There goes a gun from Copp's. The Bay-men will keep the hill!"

Every eye was turned toward the speaker, and Lionel saw that he was a simpleton who had made himself useful on occasions by running errands.

"Where are the Bay-men?" asked Lionel.

"There!" replied the simpleton, pointing over the low roofs of the town in the direction of the opposite peninsula. "They dug their cellar on Breeds', and now they are fixin' the underpinnin'."

The instant the spot was named, all those eyes which had hitherto gazed at the vessels were turned on the green eminence that rose a little to the right of the village of Charlestown, and every doubt was at once removed. The high, conical summit of Bunker Hill lay naked and unoccupied; but on the end of the lower ridge, which extended within a short distance of the water, a low bank of earth had been thrown up. This redoubt, small as it was, commanded by its position the whole inner harbor of Boston and even endangered the town itself. It was the sudden appearance of this mound, as the mists of morning dispersed, which had roused the slumbering seamen; and it had already become the target of all the guns of the ships in the bay. Major Lincoln saw at a glance that this step on the part of their adversaries would bring the siege to an instant crisis. The British must take the earthwork.

The morning wore on. Cannon rattled over the rough pavements, followed by ammunition wagons, and officers and men of the artillery were seen accompanying them. Aides rode furiously through the streets carrying messages; and here and there an officer might be seen issuing from his quarters. Now and then the strains of martial music broke through the windings of the crooked avenues, and bodies of troops marched by on their way to the point of embarkation. The last battalion that passed Lionel recognized as his own regiment. Turning at the sight, he pursued his way to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

The gate of Province House was thronged with military men, some waiting for admittance and others

entering and departing with the air of those charged with the execution of important duties. Lionel, on presenting his name, was almost immediately shown into an apartment where a council of war had just been held. The room was filled with officers of high rank, though here and there was to be seen a man in civilian attire. From out of a group, the unpretending person of General Gage advanced to meet Lionel, forming a marked contrast by the simplicity of his dress to the military splendor around him.

"In what can I oblige Major Lincoln?" he asked, taking the young man by the hand cordially.

" 'Wolfe's Own', my regiment, has just passed me on the way to the boat," said Lionel, "and I have ventured to intrude on your excellency to inquire if it were not time for its major to resume his duty."

The general answered with a friendly smile, "It will be no more than an affair of the outposts and must be quickly ended. Should I grant the request of every brave young man to take part in the attack, too many lives would be sacrificed in capturing a pile of earth."

"But may I be permitted to say that the family of Lincoln is of the province, and its example should not be lost on such an occasion?"

"The loyalty of the colonies is too well represented here to need the sacrifice," said Gage, glancing his eyes carelessly about. "My council has decided on the officers to be employed, and I regret that Major Lincoln's name was omitted: valuable lives are not to be unnecessarily exposed."

Lincoln bowed in submission and turned away. He

found himself near another officer of high rank, who smiled and, taking him by the arm, led him from the room with a freedom suited to his fine figure and easy air.

"Like myself, Lincoln, you are not to battle for the king today. Howe has the luck of the occasion, if there can be luck in so vulgar an affair. But go with me to Copp's as a spectator, since they deny us parts in the drama, and perhaps we may pick up materials for a comedy."

"Pardon me, General Burgoyne," said Lionel, "if I view the matter with more serious eyes than yourself."

"Ah! I had forgotten you were at Lexington," returned the general. "We will call it a tragedy then, if it better suits your humor. Clinton is joining us. He too is for Copp's, where we can all take a lesson in arms by studying the manner in which Howe handles his battalions."

A soldier of middle age now joined them, whose stout frame, while it wanted grace, bore a martial look to which the appearance of the quiet and domestic Gage was a stranger. This was Sir Henry Clinton. Followed by their several attendants, the party went to Copp's Hill.

The drums no longer rolled along the narrow streets, though occasionally the shrill strain of a fife was heard from the water. Over all was the unending roar of the artillery, which had not ceased to rumble since daylight. As the party went into the lower passages of the town, it appeared deserted by everything having life; the open windows and neglected doors showed the urgency with which the population had hastened to places where the drama might be seen. Quickening their pace, Lionel's

party soon emerged from the houses into an open and unobstructed view.

The whole scene lay before them. Nearly in front was the village of Charlestown, with its deserted streets and silent roofs, looking like a place of the dead. On the opposite point of the peninsula, and at the distance of a thousand yards, the ground was already covered by masses of human beings in scarlet, with their arms glittering in the noonday sun. Between the two, the rounded edge of Breed's Hill rose abruptly from a flat that was bounded by the water, until at an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet it swelled to a little crest, where lay the breastwork that had caused all the commotion. Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hills; and the whole population of the country, for many miles inland, had gathered to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Beacon Hill rose from the town of Boston like a pyramid of living faces; and men hung on the yards of the ships, or were suspended on cornices, cupolas, and steeples, while every other sense was lost in the interest of the scene. While battalion after battalion landed on the peninsula, cannon balls glanced along the sides of the earthwork, and black and smoking bombs hovered over the spot before exploding.

II

Notwithstanding these preparations, the stout husbandmen on the hill, throughout the long morning, had never ceased their steady efforts to hold the post they had so

daringly seized. In vain the English used every means to annoy them: the pick, shovel, and spade continued to ply, and mound rose on mound amidst the din and danger of the cannonade.

The Americans had made a show, in the course of that fearful morning, of returning the fire of their enemies by throwing a few shot from their light field-pieces, as if in mockery of the tremendous cannonade they sustained. But as the moment of crisis approached, the same awful stillness that had fallen on the deserted streets of Charlestown fell over the redoubt. A recently arrived reinforcement hastily threw the rails of two fences into one and covered the whole with new-mown grass; behind this frail defence they posted themselves. These were bodies of husbandmen from the neighboring provinces of New Hampshire and Connecticut. The American line ran from the shore to the base of the ridge, where it ended several hundred feet behind the work, leaving a wide opening between the fence and the earthen breastwork. A few hundred yards in the rear of this rude fortification the naked crest of Bunker Hill rose unoccupied and undefended; and the streams of the Charles and the Mystic, sweeping around its base, approached so near each other as to blend the sounds of their rippling. It was across this low and narrow isthmus that the royal frigates poured a stream of fire that never ceased, making it dangerous for reinforcements of Americans to come up.

In this manner Gage had thrown his power, in a great degree, around the peninsula, and the bold men who had planted themselves under the muzzles of his cannon were unsupported and without food. Including men of all ages

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

and conditions, there might have been two thousand of them; but as the day advanced small bodies of their countrymen braved the fire of the warships and passed the peninsula in time to join in the bloody business of the hour.

On the other hand, Howe led more than an equal number of chosen troops, who continued to receive reinforcements throughout the afternoon as boats passed over from Boston to the Charlestown peninsula. The troops formed with beautiful accuracy, and the columns took their assigned stations along the shore. The force was in some measure divided. One part was to attempt the toilsome ascent of the hill; and the other, moving along the beach and through the meadows, was to take the earthwork in the flank. The advance of the royal columns up the ascent was slow and measured, giving time for the field-guns to add to the uproar of the cannonade, which broke out with new fury at this moment. Presently the whole gallant array spread out glitteringly under the bright sun.

"'Tis a glorious spectacle," murmured Burgoyne.

The advance of the British line, so beautiful and slow, resembled rather the ordered steadiness of a drill than the approach to a deadly struggle. The flags fluttered; and there were moments when the music of the bands was heard rising on the air and tempering the ruder sounds of the artillery. As the line moved in open view of the little redoubt and began to gather around its different faces, cannon after cannon became silent and artillerists and sailors lay at length on their pieces gazing at the spectacle.

"They will not fight, Lincoln," said Burgoyne. "The military front of Howe has chilled their hearts, and our victory will be bloodless."

"We shall see, sir—we shall see," replied Lionel.

The words were scarcely uttered, when platoon after platoon of the British delivered their fire. The blaze of musketry flashed swiftly around the brow of the hill and was followed by heavy volleys from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye as they moved into the white cloud of smoke which their own fire had created.

"They are cowed, by heavens—the dogs are cowed!" once more cried Burgoyne. "Howe is within two hundred feet of them unharmed!"

At that instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke, like lightning playing in a cloud, while in one report the sound of a thousand muskets shattered the air. Lionel imagined that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill waver, as if the trained soldiers it enveloped faltered before this discharge of the colonials. Ten minutes flew by like a moment of time, and the bewildered spectators on Copp's still gazed intently on the scene. Then the bright lines of the royal troops were seen issuing from the smoke, waving and recoiling before the still vivid fire of their enemies.

"Ha!" said Burgoyne; "'tis some feint to draw the rebels from their hold."

"'Tis a palpable and disgraceful retreat!" muttered Clinton.

The smoky veil, which clung around the brow of the

eminence, was lifted by the air and sailed heavily away to the southwest, leaving the scene of the bloody struggle open to the view. Lionel witnessed the grave and meaning glances which the two generals exchanged as they turned their field glasses from the fatal spot; and, taking the one offered by Burgoyne, he read their explanation in the number of the dead who lay in front of the redoubt. At this instant, an officer from the battlefield held an earnest conversation with the generals, when, having delivered his orders, he hastened back to his boat.

"It shall be done, sir," said Clinton. "The artillery have their orders, and the work will be accomplished without delay."

Lionel waited a moment for an explanation. Then burning balls were seen passing through the air and falling among the roofs of Charlestown. In a few moments, a dense, black smoke arose from the deserted houses, and flames played along the shingles. The whole town seemed on fire.

Meanwhile the disordered ranks of the British had been arrested at the base of the hill and were again forming under the eyes of their leaders, with admirable discipline and great care. Fresh battalions from Boston marched into line, and everything showed that a second assault was at hand. When the moment of stupid amazement, which succeeded the retreat of the royal troops had passed, the batteries poured out their wrath with tenfold fury on the earthwork. Shot plowed across the hill-top, while shells exploded all around the spot where were the heroic farmers.

All lay quiet within the low mounds of earth, as if

none there had a stake in the issue of the bloody day. For a few moments only the tall figure of an aged man was seen moving slowly along the summit of the rampart calmly regarding the English. Lionel soon heard the name of Prescott of Pepperell passing through the crowd in low murmurs and so learned the identity of the daring American.

All eyes now turned to watch the advance of the battalions, which once more approached the redoubt. The right of the British again swerved into the orchard, and the column in front of the redoubt again opened with exact discipline.

"Let him hold his fire," murmured Burgoyne, "and he will go in at the point of the bayonet."

But the trial was too great even for the courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few moments they had again curtained their ranks behind the misty screen of their own smoke. Then came another terrible flash and roar from the redoubt, and the smoke from the two sides met and enveloped the combatants in its folds.

The result of the conflict was soon known. The heavy bank of smoke was broken in fifty places; and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their foes in wild confusion. The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to arrest the torrent, nor did the flight cease with many until they had reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston, like the rush of wind, and men gazed in each other's faces with amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped from some unguarded lip, and many an eye

gleamed with triumph that could no longer be concealed. Until this moment Lionel had felt pride in the valor of his countrymen, but now, losing all other feelings in his military spirit, he turned to see that Clinton was in the act of entering a boat. Quicker than thought Lionel was on the shore, crying as he flew to the water's edge.

"Hold! Remember the Forty-seventh is in the field, and that I am its major."

"Receive him," said Clinton, with the grim satisfaction with which men acknowledge a valued friend in moments of great trial. "And then row for your lives, or, what is of more value, for the honor of the British army."

The whole village of Charlestown was bursting into flames. The air seemed filled with whistling balls, and the sides of the warships poured out sheets of fire. Amid this tumult, the English general and his companions sprang to land. The former rushed into the disordered ranks and by his presence and voice recalled the men of one regiment to their duty. But loud and long appeals to their ancient fame were necessary to restore confidence to men who had been thus rudely repulsed and who had lost great numbers of their comrades. In the midst of the faltering troops stood the stern and unbending Howe, but of all those gay and gallant youths who had followed him that morning from Province House not one remained. He alone seemed undisturbed in that disordered crowd; and his commands went, calm and determined. At length the panic subsided, and order was once more restored as the high-spirited and mortified officers regained their lost authority.

The leaders consulted, and preparations were at once made for another attack. Military show was no longer attempted, but the soldiers laid down all useless things and many even cast aside their coats under the heat of the broiling sun. Fresh companies were placed in the columns, and most of the troops were withdrawn from the meadows. When everything was ready, the final signal was given.

Lionel had taken post in his regiment, but, marching on the skirt of the column, he had a view of most of the scene of battle. In his front moved a battalion, reduced now to a handful by its losses. Behind these came a body of marines, and then followed other troops. Similar columns marched on the right and left, encircling three sides of the redoubt.

A few minutes brought him in full view of that humble and unfinished mound of earth, for the possession of which so much blood had that day been spilt in vain. It looked, as before, as if none breathed within its bosom, though a row of dark tubes lay along its top, following the movements of the approaching columns.

The advance of the whole became quick and spirited, and presently Lionel found himself close to the redoubt. He even fancied his comrades in possession of the work, when a terrible stream of fire suddenly flashed in the faces of the front rank. But it was the last volley of the Americans. They had exhausted their ammunition, and now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at the foe. The cry of "Forward, Forty-seventh" rang through the ranks, and in its turn the veteran battalion mounted the rampart. As company after company passed into the

defenseless redoubt, the Americans fell back, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay with clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole body issued into the open ground at the back of the earthwork, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions, which were now gathering around them on three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the mêlée rendering the use of firearms nearly impossible for some minutes. Presently the mass of retreating Americans came to the peninsula. The shouting regulars followed, pouring in fruitless and distant volleys; but on the summit of Bunker Hill their tired ranks were halted, and they beheld the throng of husbandmen move fearlessly through the fire as little injured as though most of them bore charmed lives. The battle was over; the day was at an end. Nothing remained for the royal generals to do but to go and mourn over their victory.

## XVI

## WASHINGTON PLUCKS VICTORY FROM DEFEAT

Just before the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the various colonies had sent delegates to Philadelphia to discuss the situation. This body was called the First Continental Congress. In May, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met. It was only a body of delegates, but it became the government of the league of colonies and elected George Washington commander-in-chief of the colonial army. Washington went to Boston and took command of the New England forces soon after the battle of Bunker Hill. Reinforcements arrived from other colonies, and the army became the army of America.

Washington forced the British to sail away from Boston. They then turned on New York, which they wished to make the center of their power in America. Washington opposed them, but was defeated in the battle of Long Island. Fort Washington, just north of New York, soon after surrendered with a large body of patriot troops.

These disasters almost overthrew the patriot cause. On July 4, 1776, the colonies had declared themselves independent of the mother country and taken the name of the *United States of America;* but as the year 1776 drew to an end the prospects of winning independence seemed small. Washington retreated across New Jersey to the Delaware River with a little army which dwindled away at every step. The English thought that the war would be over in a few weeks. The following description, taken from Paul Leices-

ter Ford's novel, *Janice Meredith,* describes the Christmas celebration of the German troops in the British army and Washington's great victory over them.

The story shows how Washington's soul rose indomitable above defeat and disaster and made the very cold and gloom of winter the means of winning a triumph that changed the history of America. This battle was the main turning-point of the war.

## TRENTON

From *Janice Meredith,*[1] by Paul Leicester Ford.

### I

Over in Trenton the Hessian troops were celebrating Christmas with merry-makings. In the afternoon, after dinner, the three regiments of Anspach, Lossberg, and Rahl, and the light horse, with beating drums and flying colors, paraded from one end of the town to the other, ending with a review in front of Rahl's headquarters. Following this, the regimental bands played a series of airs which the now disbanded rank and file joined in vocally. Then, as night and snow set in, a general move was made indoors, at Rahl's quarters to the parlor, where a tall spruce tree, brilliant with lighted tallow candles and decorated with bits of colored paper, red-tinted eggs, and plunder from the town, drew cries of admiration from the people present.

After a due enjoyment of the tree's beauty, the gifts were distributed; and then the company went to the

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company.

dining-room, where the table sagged with the best that barnyard and pantry could produce, plus a perfect forest of bottles. The sight of such goodly plenty was delightful and the cheer and merriment grew apace. Presently the fun grew until it began to verge on the riotous. Just as the uproar was at its greatest came a thundering at the door, and when it was opened a becloaked dragoon, white with snow, entered and gave Rahl a despatch. The noise ceased for a moment as every one paused to see what the despatch was about.

The commander was by this time so fuddled with drink that he could not so much as break the seal, much less read the contents; and another officer came to his assistance and read aloud as follows:

Burlington, Dec. 25, 1776.

Sir: By a spy just in I have word that Mr. Washington, being informed of our troops having marched into winter quarters and having been reinforced by the arrival of a column under command of Sullivan, meditates an attack on some of our posts. I do not believe that in the present state of the river a crossing is possible, but be assured my information is true, and in case the ice clears I advise you to be on your guard against a sudden attack on Trenton.

I am, sir, your most obed't h'ble serv't,

James Grant, *Major-General.*

"Nein, nein," grunted Rahl, tipsily, "I mineself has vort dat Washington's mens hass neider shoes nor blankets und die mit cold und hunger. Dey vill not cross to dis side, mooch ice or no ice, but if dey do ve make prisoners of dem."

And once more the toasting and merry-making was resumed.

At the same hour that the Hessians were parading through the village streets a horseman was speeding along the river road on the opposite side of the Delaware. As he came opposite the town, the blare of the horns sounded faintly across the water, and he checked his horse to listen for a moment and then spurred on.

A hundred rods brought the rider within sight of the cross-road at Yardley's Ferry just as a second horseman issued from it. The first hastily unbuckled and threw back his holster flap, even while he pressed his horse to come up with the new arrival. The latter, hearing the sound of hoofs, halted and twisted about in his saddle.

"Well met, Brereton," he called when the space between them had lessened. "I am seeking his excellency, who, I was told, was to be found at Mackonkey's Ferry. Canst give me a guidance?"

"You could find your way, Wilkinson," replied the handsome young staff officer addressed, "by following the track of Mercer's brigade. For the last three miles I could have kept the route, even if I knew not the road, by the bloody footprints of the Virginians. Look at the stains on the snow."

"Poor fellows!" responded Wilkinson, feelingly.

"Seven miles they've marched today, with scarce a sound boot to a company, and now they'll be marched back with not so much as a sight of the enemy."

"You think the attack impossible?" asked Wilkinson.

"Impossible!" said Brereton. "Look at the rush of the ice, man. 'Twould be madness to attempt a crossing.

The plan was for Cadwallader's brigade to attack Burlington at the same time we made our attempt, but I bring word from there that the river is impassable and the plan abandoned."

"I thought the game was up when my general refused the command and set out for Philadelphia," remarked Wilkinson.

"Gates is too good a politician and too little of a fighter to like forlorn hopes," sneered Brereton. "He leaves Washington to bear the risk and sets off to make favor with Congress, hoping, I have little doubt, that another defeat will serve to put him in the saddle."

A half hour brought the two officers to their destination, a rude wooden pier used to conduct teams to the ferry-boat. Now, however, ice was drifted and wedged in layers and hummocks some feet beyond its end; and outside this rushed the river, black and silent, save for the dull crunch of the ice-floes as they ground against one another in their race down stream. On the end of the dock stood a tall and majestic figure, draped in a cloak, watching a number of men, who, with pick and ax, were cutting away the lodged ice that blocked the pier. Already a variety of boats being filled with men could be seen at each point of the shore where the ground ice made embarkation possible. Along the bank groups of soldiers were clustered about fires of fence rails wherever timber or wall offered the slightest shelter.

Dismounting, the two aides walked to the dock and gave their letters to the tall man, who was no other than George Washington, commander of the American army. The disasters of the campaign had left their marks on his

grave, strong face, but it was still calm and confident, even at this moment when the cause seemed on the point of utter breakdown. Taking the papers, Washington gave a final word to the sappers and miners: "Look alive there, men. Every minute now is worth an hour to-morrow"; and, followed by Brereton, he walked to the ferry-house that he might find light with which to read the dispatches. By the aid of a smoky lantern, he glanced hastily through the two letters. "General Gates leaves to us all the honor to be gained tonight. Colonel Cadwallader declares it impossible to get his guns across," he told his aide, without a trace of emotion in his voice. Then his eyes flashed with a sudden exultation as he went on: "It seems there are some in our own force, as well as the enemy, who need a lesson in winter campaigning."

"Then your excellency intends to attempt a crossing?" asked Brereton.

"We shall attack Trenton before daybreak; and as we are likely to have a cold and wet march, stay you within doors and warm yourself after your ride. You are not needed and there is a good fire in the kitchen."

Brereton, with a shake of his head, stepped from the hallway into the kitchen. Only one man was in the room, and he, seated at the table, was occupied in rolling cartridges. It was a friend, McClure, a preacher.

"Ho, parson, this is new work for you," greeted Brereton.

"Yes, making cartridges with the leaves of Watts' Hymns."

"Good! No danger of those cartridges getting wet, for Watts will never be anything but dry."

"Tut, tut," reproved the clergyman. "Dry or not, he has done God's work in the past, and, with the aid of Heaven, he'll do it again tonight."

The rumble of artillery at this point warned the aide that the embarkation was actually beginning, and, hastily catching up the cartridges already made, he unbuttoned the flannel shirt he wore and stuffed them in. Throwing his cloak about him, he hurried out.

II

The ice had finally been removed and a hay barge dragged up to the pier. Without delay two 12-pounders were rolled upon it, with their men and horses; and, leaving further superintendence of the embarkation to Generals Greene and Knox, Washington and his staff took their places between the guns. Two row-galleys having made fast to the front, the men in them bent to the oars, and the barge moved slowly from the shore. Its start was the signal to all the other craft to put off.

The instant the shelter of the land was lost, the struggle with the elements began. The wind, blowing savagely from the northeast, swept upon them, and, churning the river into foam, drove the bitterly cold spray against man and beast. Masses of ice, impelled by the current and blast, were only kept from colliding with the boat by the artillerymen, who, with the rammers and sponges of the guns, thrust them back, while the bowsmen in the galleys had much ado to keep a space clear for the oars to swing. To make it worse, before fifty yards had been covered the air was filled with snow, now sweeping one way and

now another, shutting off all sight of the shores and making the rushing current of the black, sullen river the sole means by which direction could be judged."

"What horrible weather!" said Brereton.

Washington turned to him. "Be thankful you've something between you and the river, my boy. Twenty-four years ago this very week I was returning from a mission to the French on the Ohio, and to cross a river we made a raft of logs. I was poling, and the current threw the raft with so much violence against the pole that it jerked me out into ten feet of water, and I was like to have drowned. This wind and sleet seem warm when I remember that; and had Gates and Cadwallader been there the storm and ice tonight would not have seemed to them such obstacles. 'Twas my first public service," he added after a slight pause. "Who knows that tonight may not be my last?"

" 'Tis ever a possibility," spoke up Webb, "since your excellency is so reckless in exposing yourself to the enemy's fire."

Washington shrugged his shoulder but gave no answer.

Departure had been taken from the Pennsylvania shore before ten; but ice, wind, and current made the crossing so laborious and slow that a landing of the first detachment was not effected until nearly twelve. Then the boats went back for their second load, the advance meanwhile huddling together wherever there was the slightest shelter from the blast and hail that was now cutting mercilessly. Not till three o'clock did the second division land, and another hour was lost in the formation of the column. At last, however, the order to march was given, and the

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

twenty-four hundred weary, soaked, and well-nigh frozen men set off through the blinding storm on the nine-mile march to Trenton.

At Yardley's Ferry the force divided, Sullivan's division keeping to the river turnpike, intending to enter Trenton from the south, while the main division took the cross-road, so as to come out to the north of the town, the plan being to place the enemy thus between two fires.

Owing to the delay in crossing the river, it was daylight when the outskirts of the town were reached, but the falling snow veiled the advance, and here the column halted temporarily to permit of scouting. While the troops stood at ease, an aide from Sullivan's detachment reported that it had arrived on the other side of the village and was ready for the attack, save that their cartridges were too wet for use.

"Very well, sir," ordered Washington. "Return and tell General Sullivan he must rely on the bayonet."

"Your excellency," said Colonel Hand, stepping up, "my regiment is in the same plight, and our rifles carry no bayonets."

"Here are some dry cartridges," said Brereton, unbuttoning his shirt.

"Let your men draw their charges and reload, Colonel Hand," commanded Washington.

In a moment the order to advance was given, and the column opened out on the post road leading toward Princeton. The first sign of life was a man in a front yard, engaged in cutting wood. The commander-in-chief, who was leading the advance, called to him:

"Which way is the Hessian picket?"

"Find out for yourself," retorted the chopper.

"Speak out, man," roared Webb, hotly; "this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you, sir!" shouted the man. "Follow me and I'll show you," he added, starting down the road at a run. As he came to the house, without a pause, he swung his ax and burst open the door with a single blow. "Come on," he shrieked, and darted in, followed by some of the riflemen.

Leaving them to secure the picket, the regiments went forward, just as a desultory firing from the front showed that the alarm had been given by Sullivan's attack. Pushing on, they gained a sight of the enemy—a confused mass of men some three hundred yards away, but in front of them two guns were already being wheeled into position by the artillerists, with the obvious purpose of checking the advance until the regiments had time to form.

"Capture the battery!" came the stern voice of the commander.

"Forward, double quick!" shouted Colonel Hand.

Brereton, putting spurs to his horse, joined in the rush of the men as the regiment broke into a run. "Look out, Hand!" he yelled. "They'll be ready to fire before we can get there, and in this narrow road we'll be cut in pieces. Give them a dose of Watts."

"Halt!" roared Hand, and then in quick succession came the order, "Take aim! Fire!"

"Hurrah for the hymns!" cheered Brereton, as a number of the gunners fell, and the remainder, deserting the cannon, fell back on the infantry. "Come on," he roared, as the Virginia light horse, taking advantage of an open

field, raced the riflemen to the guns. Barely were they reached, when a mounted officer rode up to the Hessian regiments and cried, "Vorwärts!" waving his sword toward the cannon.

"We can't hold the guns against them!" yelled Brereton. "Over with them, men!"

In an instant the soldiers with rifles and the cavalry with the rammers that had been dropped clustered about the cannon, some prying and some lifting. Before the foe could reach them the two pieces of artillery were tipped over and rolled into the ditch. The Americans scattered the moment the guns were made useless to the British.

This gave the Continental infantry in the rear their opportunity and they poured in a scathing volley, quickly followed by the roar of Captain Forrest's artillery, which unlimbered and opened fire. A wild confusion followed, the enemy advancing until the American regiments charged them in the face of their volleys. Upon this they broke and, falling back in disorder, tried to escape to the east road through an orchard. Stevens' brigade and Hand's riflemen headed them off. Flight in this direction made impossible, the enemy retreated toward the town, but the column under Sullivan blocked this outlet. Forrest's cannon were pushed forward. Washington rode with them, utterly unheeding of both the enemy fire and of the protests of his staff. Showing the new position for the guns, he ordered them loaded with canister.

Captain Forrest himself stooped to sight one of the cannon, then cried, "Sir, they have struck!"

"Struck!" exclaimed Washington.

"Yes, their colors are down and they have grounded their arms."

Washington cantered toward the enemy.

"Your excellency," shouted an officer, "the Hessians have surrendered. Here is Colonel Rahl."

Washington rode to where, supported by two sergeants, that officer stood, his brilliant uniform darkened by the blood flowing from two wounds, and took from his hand the sword the Hessian commander, with bowed head, due to both shame and faintness, held out to him.

"Let his wounds have attention," the general ordered. Wheeling his horse, he looked at the three regiments of Hessians. "'Tis a glorious day for our country," he said, the personal triumph already forgotten in the greater one.

## XVII

## WINNING OF THE WEST

Most of the fighting of the Revolution took place in the East, near the seaboard. In the year 1777, the Americans lost Philadelphia, the capital, after the defeats of Brandywine and Germantown. This disaster was offset by the victory of Saratoga, when an American army captured General Burgoyne's army on the Hudson River. This success led France, the old enemy of England, to enter the war on the American side, and a treaty of alliance was signed between the United States and the French king: this was partly the work of the American minister to France, Benjamin Franklin.

The alliance was formed in 1778. The English, at Philadelphia, fearing a French naval attack on the Atlantic coast, gave up the city and retreated to New York. As they marched across New Jersey, Washington fell on them at Monmouth and one of the most stubborn battles of the war took place. The British escaped to New York, though with heavy losses.

In this same year, 1778, George Rogers Clark, a young Virginian, formed a plan to take a force down the Ohio River and capture the British posts in what is now the Middle West, which was then a vast unsettled prairie held by the enemy. Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia, gave what aid was possible, which was not much. With two hundred men, Clark floated down the Ohio River and captured the British post at Kaskaskia. Vincennes also submitted to him. But the British commander at Detroit,

Hamilton, recaptured the latter place and held it with a force. It was then, in the winter of 1779, that Clark determined to march on Vincennes and take it, in spite of the cold weather, the long distance, and the fewness of his men.

The following story, taken from Maurice Thompson's novel, *Alice of Old Vincennes,* tells how the determination of one man changed the course of history and the destiny of America. Clark's march to Vincennes is one of the finest feats in history. It won for the United States the vast country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River.

## CLARK AT VINCENNES

From *Alice of Old Vincennes,*[1] by Maurice Thompson.

### I

On the fifth day of February, 1779, Colonel George Rogers Clark led an army across the Kaskaskia River and camped. This was the first step in his march toward the Wabash. An army? Do not smile. Fewer than two hundred men answered the roll-call; but every name told off by the company sergeant belonged to a hero, and every voice making response struck a full note in the chorus of freedom's morning song.

We look back with a shiver of awe at the three hundred Spartans who fought and died gloriously at Thermopylæ. That was Greek. The one hundred and seventy men, who, led by the backwoodsman, Clark, made conquest of an empire's area in the West, fought and lived gloriously.

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

That was American. Our heroism has always been of life rather than of death; our heroes have conquered and lived to see the effect of conquest. The dominant element in American character is heroic efficiency. From the first we have had the courage to undertake, the practical common sense which overcomes the lack of technical training, and the vital force which never flags under the stress of adversity.

Clark's enterprise was one that called for all that manhood could endure, but not more. With the genius of a born leader he measured his task by his means. America was no more than a promise on the horizon in 1779. The men who bore its burdens were mostly stalwart striplings who, before the hair sprouted on their chins, could swing an ax, drive a plow, close with a bear, kill an Indian. Clark was not yet twenty-seven when he made his famous campaign. A tall, brawny youth, rather redfaced and already somewhat bald, he marched on foot at the head of his little column and was the first to test every opposing danger. Was there a stream to wade or swim? Clark shouted: "Come on!" and in he plunged. Was there a lack of food? "I'm not hungry," he cried. "Help yourselves, men!" Had some poor soldier lost his blanket? "Mine is in my way," said Clark. "Take it; I'm glad to get rid of it."

The march before them lay over a magnificent plain, mostly prairie, rich as the delta of the Nile, but very difficult to cross. The distance was one hundred and seventy miles. All the flat lands were flooded at this time; often leagues of prairie were covered by water ranging in depth from a few inches to three or four feet.

Snow and sleet fell from time to time, and ice formed on the water. By day progress meant wading ankle-deep, breast-deep, with an occasional stretch of swimming. By night the brave fellows had to sleep on some island that rose above the water, in soaked clothing under wet blankets. They went on, however, cheerfully encouraging one another by joke and challenge, defying all the bitterness of weather, all the pangs of hunger, all the toil, danger, and hardship of a trackless wilderness, looking only forward and following their commander to one of the greatest victories in American history.

Just seven days after the march began, the little army camped for the night at the edge of a wood and here, about nightfall, when the fires were burning merrily and the smell of broiling buffalo steaks filled the air, a small old man suddenly appeared. He looked like a live mummy, bearing a long rifle on his shoulders and walking actively if somewhat stiffly. It was Uncle Jason.

"Well, here I am," he cried, approaching the fire at which Colonel Clark and some of his officers were cooking supper.

Clark looked inquiringly at him.

"I smelt your fat a-fryin'," said Uncle Jason. "So I jest thought I'd drap in on you."

"Your looks are against you," replied Clark, with a dry smile. He had at last recognized the old man. "I suppose, however, we can let you gnaw our bones."

"Thank'ee," said the old man. "When a man's as hungry as I am, he can gnaw bones and be thankful."

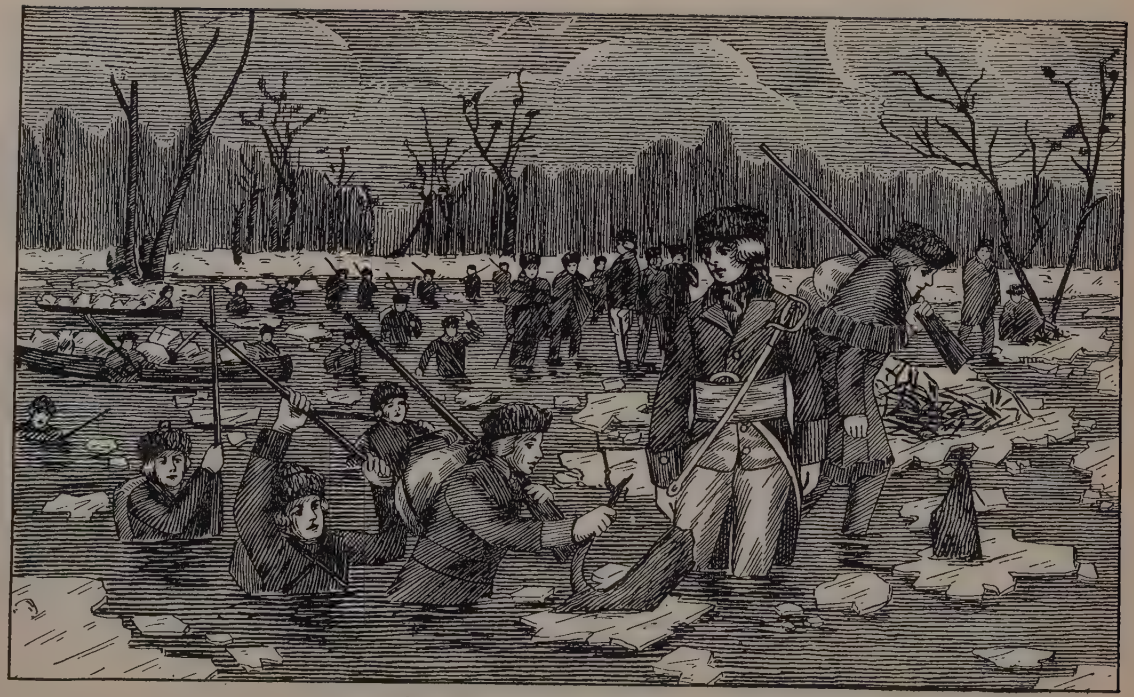
Clark laughed and ordered some meat to be brought Uncle Jason.

The latter's story turned out to be interesting. He had much to tell about the situation at Vincennes, toward which the army was marching. It was a French settlement, and the people there were well disposed toward the Americans. (The French had not forgotten the conquest of Canada by the English, and therefore aided the Americans.) The Indians, too, were lukewarm toward the British commander, Hamilton. Everything that Uncle Jason said confirmed Clark in his belief that the capture of Vincennes was possible.

Next morning the march was resumed at daybreak, but a swollen stream caused some delay. In this time young Lieutenant Beverley arrived from the rear, a haggard and unkempt figure: he had been following the army for three days. Clark went to meet him as soon as he came in. He hugged the gaunt lieutenant with genuine joy, while Uncle Jason capered around them. The whole command set up a wild shouting.

Beverley was feasted without stint and furnished with everything that the scant supply of clothing on the pack-horses could give. He asked for a place in his company and showed his joy when Clark willingly assented.

The expedition was sadly lacking in equipment. It had no means of carrying supplies. The few pack-horses carried only a little extra ammunition, some clothing, a few cooking utensils, and such tools as were needed for making rafts and canoes. The result was that the army sometimes feasted and sometimes starved. If they killed buffaloes and deer they had plenty; but toward the last, when game gave out, they starved. Beverley was a great aid to Clark, for now the commander had a trusted sub-



THE MARCH TO VINCENNES

ordinate who helped him in urging the men forward through the miles of drowned prairie.

Toward the end of the march a fall in temperature added ice to the water through which the patriots had now to swim for miles. The wind shifted, bringing a searching chill. The weaker men began to show signs of exhaustion just at the time when a final spurt was needed to carry them to their object. They struggled on heroically, but nature was nearing the limits of endurance.

Standing nearly waist-deep in freezing water and looking out on the muddy, sea-like flood that stretched far away to the channel of the Wabash, Clark turned to Beverley and said in low tones so as not to be overheard:

"Is it possible that we are to fail with Vincennes almost in sight?"

"No, it is not possible," was Beverley's firm response. "Look at that brave child. He sets us all an example."

Beverley pointed to a boy but fourteen years old, who was using his drum as a float to bear him up while he swam beside the men. Clark's clouded face cleared up.

"You are right," he said; "come on! We must win or die!"

"Sergeant Dewit," he added, turning to an enormously tall and strong man nearby, "take that drummer and his drum on your shoulder and lead the way. And, sergeant, make him pound that drum for all he's worth."

The huge soldier caught the spirit of his commander's order. In a twinkling he had the boy astride his neck with the drum resting on his head, and then the rattling music began. Clark followed, pointing onward with his sword. The half-frozen soldiers sent up a shout that

went back to where Captain Bowman was bringing up the rear with orders to shoot every man that straggled.

Now came a time when not a mouthful of food was left. A whole day they floundered on, starving, growing fainter at every step, the weather turning colder, the ice thickening. They camped on high land; and next morning they heard the sunrise gun at Vincennes boom over the water.

"One-half rations for the men," said Clark, looking sadly in the direction whence the sound had come, "and I'll have Hamilton and his fort within forty-eight hours."

"We shall have the provisions, or I will die trying to get them," said Beverley.

They had made some canoes in which to carry the weakest of the men.

"I will take a dug-out and some picked fellows," went on Beverley. "We will go to the wood yonder and we shall find some game which has been forced to take shelter there from the high water."

Clark grasped the hand extended by Beverley, and they looked in each other's eyes. Presently the little craft with its crew set out for the wooded island.

"Bring the meat to the hill yonder," shouted Clark, pointing to a distant ridge beyond the creeping flood. "We'll be there ready to eat it."

He said this for the ears of his men. They heard and answered with a shout of approval. The soldiers crossed the rolling current of the Wabash by ferrying and at last found themselves wading in backwater up to their armpits, breaking ice an inch thick as they went. It was the closing struggle to reach the high, wooded lands. Many

of them fell exhausted, but their stronger comrades lifted them, holding their heads above the water, and dragged them on.

Clark, always leading, always inspiring, was first to set foot on dry land. He shouted triumphantly, waved his sword, and fell to helping his men out of the freezing flood. Then he ordered fires built, but there was not a soldier of them all whose hands could clasp an ax handle, so weak and numbed with cold they were. He was not to be baffled, however, If fire could not be had, exercise must serve its purpose. Hastily pouring some powder into his hand, he blackened his face with it.

"Victory, men!" he shouted. "Come on! We'll have a war dance and a feast, as soon as the meat arrives I've sent for. Dance, you brave lads, dance!"

The strong men, understanding their colonel's purpose, took hold of the delicate ones; and the leaping, the capering, the sound of voices, the stamping of moccasins must have frightened every wild animal in sound of them. Clark's energy and spirit worked a charm on his almost dying companions in arms. Their trust in him made them believe that food would be forthcoming. The thought drove them into a fury of motion and shouting which soon warmed them thoroughly. The danger that they would freeze to death thus passed.

II

It is said that fortune favors the brave. Just when Clark halted his starving command in sound of Vincennes, a party of his scouts brought in the haunch of a

buffalo captured from some Indians. The scouts were Beverley and his party. And with the meat, they brought the Indian kettle in which to cook it.

With his usual forethought, Clark took steps to prevent his men from doing themselves injury by bolting their food or eating it half-cooked. Broth was first made and served hot; then small bits of well-broiled steak were given out, until by degrees the fine effect of nourishment set in and all the command felt the fresh courage of healthy reaction.

Once more the men were lined up, the roll-call gone through, and the question put:

"Are we ready for another plunge through the mud and water?"

The answer came in a ringing shout. The weakest heart began to beat time to the charge. Again Clark and Beverley clasped hands and took the lead. When they reached the next high ground they gazed in silence across a slushy prairie plot to where, on a slight elevation, Vincennes lay in full view.

Fort and town, swimming in a mist, were silent and still. Save the British flag waving above Hamilton's headquarters, nothing showed that the place was not deserted. Presently darkness fell, and a thin fog began to drift above the water. Not a sound save the stir of the camp broke the wide, dreary silence. A little later Clark found Beverley.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "The march has begun. Bowman and Charlville are moving. Come; there's no time to lose."

Clark's plan of approach showed masterly strategy.

Lieutenant Baily, with fourteen regulars, made a show of attack on the east, while Captain Bowman led a company through the town on a line near where Main street in Vincennes is now to a point north of the stockade. Charlville, a brave creole, who was at the head of some daring fellows, by a brilliant dash got position under cover of a natural terrace at the edge of the prairie, opposite an angle of the fort. Lieutenant Beverley, in whom the commander placed highest confidence, was sent to look for a supply of ammunition and to gather all the Frenchmen in town who wished to join in the attack. Uncle Jason and ten other men went with him. They all made a great noise when they felt that the place was completely invested. Nor can we deny the strong desire for vengeance which raised those shouting voices and nerved those steady hearts to do or die in an undertaking that looked desperate. The remembrance of smouldering cabin homes in Kentucky and of women and children murdered by Hamilton's Indians added to patriotism the urge of that dark passion which clamors for blood to quench wrath. The opportunity had come for paying back the terrible wrongs they had endured, and the thought was very stimulating.

When the troops reached the thick of the town, there was a strange stir in the dusky streets. Men were slipping from house to house, arming themselves and joining their neighbors. Clark had sent an order earlier in the evening forbidding any street demonstration, but he might as well have commanded the wind not to blow. The running men joined Beverley's force until it had doubled its numbers, while its enthusiasm and ability to make noise increased ten-fold. They now took position near the northeast

corner of the stockade and began firing, though in the darkness there was but little opportunity for marksmanship.

Citizens brought ammunition to Beverley's men; they greatly needed it, as their powder had got wet in the watery march. By nine o'clock the fort was completely surrounded, and from every direction the riflemen and musketeers were pouring in volley after volley. Beverley and his men took the cover of a fence and some houses about sixty yards from the stockade. Their fire was briskly returned from the loopholes of the block-houses.

Clark, in passing from company to company around the line, stopped for a little while when he found Beverley.

"Keep up the firing and the noise," he said. "The fort will be ours in the morning."

"What's the use of waiting until morning?" Beverley demanded with impatience. "We can tear that stockade in pieces with our hands in half an hour."

"I don't think so," returned Clark. "It's better to play for the sure thing. Keep up the racket, and be ready for them if they rush out. We must not fail to capture the British general."

He passed on, with something cheerful to say whenever he found a squad of his devoted men. He knew how to humor and manage those independent and undisciplined yet heroically brave fellows. To them an order was an insult, but a suggestion pleased and captured them. Theirs was the conquering spirit of America—the spirit that has built up our independence.

Beverley submitted to Clark's plan with what patience he could, and all night long fired shot for shot with the

best marksman in his squad. It was tiresome, with apparently little result beyond forcing the garrison now and again to close the openings, thus silencing the cannon.

The firing went on all night. In the early morning a runner came from Clark with an order to cease firing and let a returning party of British scouts enter the fort unharmed. A strange order it seemed to both officers and men; but it was at once obeyed. Clark's genius here made another fine stroke. He knew that if he did not let the scouts enter the fort they would take to the woods and possibly rally the Indians against him, while if he let them in they would be captured when the fort fell.

At nine o'clock an order was passed to cease firing, and a flag of truce was seen going from Clark's headquarters to the fort. It was a demand for unconditional surrender. Hamilton refused, and fighting was fiercely resumed from behind rude breastworks meantime erected. Every loophole and opening of whatever sort was the focus into which the unerring backwoods rifles sent their deadly bullets. Men began to fall in the fort, and every moment Hamilton expected to see an assault in force on all sides of the stockade. This, if successful, would mean a massacre. Clark had warned him of the terrible consequences of holding out till the worst should come.

"For," said he in his note to the governor, "if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a murderer."

When Hamilton read this, his heart sank within him. Cold drops of sweat broke out on his forehead and a shiver went through his body.

During the truce Clark's weary men enjoyed a good

breakfast prepared for them by the dames of Vincennes. The women brought baskets filled with roasted ducks and warm wheat bread, while girls bore jugs of coffee, fragrant and steaming hot.

Hamilton refused Clark's first demand of surrender, but as the day wore on he weakened. He sent a proposal to Clark to meet him before the main gate of the fort, but Clark insisted on the church. Thither at last the British governor consented to go. It was a short interview, crisp as autumn ice. Colonel Clark had no respect for Hamilton, to whom he had applied the imperishable term, "hair-buyer general," because of the scalps he bought. On the other hand, Hamilton could not conceal his contempt for the backwoods colonel.

The five officers, Clark, Hamilton, Helm, Hay, and Bowman were not diplomats. They went at their work rather after the hammer-and-tongs fashion. Clark bluntly demanded unconditional surrender. Hamilton refused. They argued the matter. The parties separated without reaching an agreement; but the end had come. The terror in Hamilton's soul was doubled by a wild scene enacted under the walls of the fort. A party of Indians returning from a scalping expedition in Kentucky and along the Ohio were captured on the outskirts of the town by some of Clark's men, who killed and scalped them in full view of the garrison and threw their mangled bodies into the river.

If Hamilton needed anything further to end his hesitation it was furnished by the marshaling of the American forces for a general assault. His spirit broke completely, so that it looked like a godsend to him when Clark

finally offered terms of honorable surrender. He accepted promptly, appending to the articles the reasons for his action:

"The remoteness from succor; the state and quantity of provisions; the unanimity of officers and men in its expediency; the honorable terms allowed; and, lastly, the confidence in a generous enemy."

It was in this way that the conquest of the Middle West was made.

## XVIII

## THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN THE SOUTH

George Rogers Clark's conquest of the West is one of the principal events in our history. After the battle of Monmouth the British gave up the effort to conquer the Northern states. They turned their attention to the South, where the population was thinner and where the sea-power of England gave them a great advantage; for they could carry troops from point to point more easily by sea than the Americans could march by land to oppose them.

The British had been defeated in an attempt to take Fort Moultrie in Charleston harbor in 1776. They did not return to the South until the end of 1778. Then a force landed at Savannah and captured that place. Late in the summer of 1779, a French fleet and army came to the Southern coast and the French and Americans, together, tried to retake Savannah, but failed with heavy loss.

Early in 1780, Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in America, sailed to the South with a considerable army. He laid siege to Charleston, which was defended by General Lincoln. Charleston finally fell; this was the worst blow the patriots had received in the war, for one of the principal seaports on the Atlantic and an army were lost. Clinton sailed back to his headquarters, New York, leaving Earl Cornwallis in command in the South with a small but excellent army. Cornwallis overran North and South Carolina and would have conquered them but for the heroism of a few brave souls, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, and others. These soldiers, when they could no longer meet the British

in the open field, took to guerrila warfare, surprising small parties of the enemy.

The plight of the South led the Continental Congress at Philadelphia to send General Horatio Gates, the victor of Saratoga, to the help of the Carolinians. The following selection from William Gilmore Simms's novel, *The Partisan,* tells of Gates in the South.

The story vividly describes the overthrow of the American army at Camden and of Marion's exploits, which continued to keep the patriot cause alive in this black hour.

## THE SWAMP FOX

From *The Partisan,* by William Gilmore Simms.

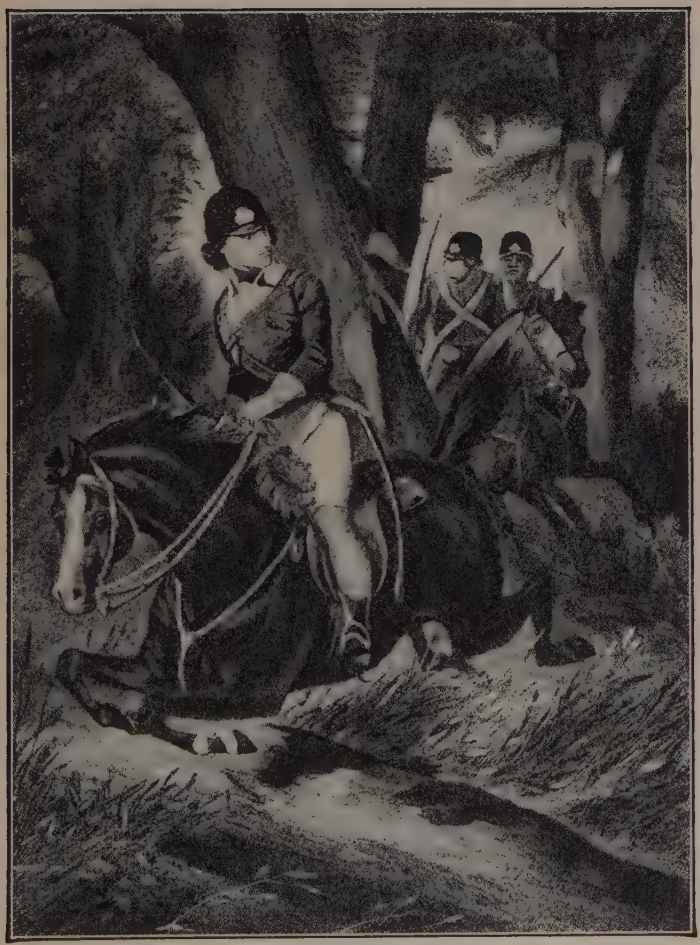
The stars were yet shining when the slumbers of the camp were broken. Marion's refuge was a wooded island in the Santee. Here his followers, without tents and lying around fires, passed the night. Presently the partisans were stirring all about, rousing from sluggish dreams and filling the woods with bustle; and the shrill voice of Marion himself, brief and emphatic, was heard in accents of command. The Swamp Fox suffered nobody to surprise his people but himself; he beat up their slumbers often enough. He was preparing now for one of his rapid movements. His policy was here today, tomorrow where? Not to be traced; not to be pursued; not to be found by his enemies except at moments when his presence was least desired.

Major Singleton, Marion's favorite officer, who had just come to camp, soon understood what lay before the troop and was on his feet and ready in the twinkling of an eye. Horses were heard approaching from the upper edge of the swamp; steeds were in motion elsewhere. Above all other sounds, wild, shrill, and sudden, came the whistles of the scouts coming in. Soon the bugle sounded and Singleton hastened to join his commander.

"You are prompt, major, as I would have it," said Marion, courteously, himself prepared for the march.

There was little in the appearance of the famous guerrila to mark him from his followers. His equipment was not superior to theirs; it was old and worn. His person was small, even below the middle stature, and lean and slender. He still suffered pain in one of his limbs from a recent hurt and he limped in walking.

His dress was unusual for a commanding officer. It consisted of a close-bodied jacket of deep crimson color and coarse texture. The tight-fitting breeches showed to disadvantage his thin and badly formed limbs; they were of blue stuff, plainly made and without other ornament than the frog of his sword, which hung low at his side. His uniform, if it could be so called, was completed by a white handkerchief, wound loosely about his neck, and a round leathern cap, which he had used when an officer in the Second South Carolina regiment. He wore no plume, but in its place a white cockade, which was likewise worn by all his men, in order that they might be more readily recognized in their night engagements with the Tories. Such was the garb and figure of the far-famed Swamp Fox of Carolina.



MARION

His face did not ill accord with his garments. His skin was dark and swarthy; his eyes black, piercing, and quick; his forehead high, full, and commanding; his nose aquiline; his chin bold and projecting; his cheek sunken and deeply lined with thought. He was now in the vigor of manhood, hardened by toil and privation and capable of enduring every sort of fatigue. Cool and steady, immovable, unshrinking, never surprised, never moving without his object and usually accomplishing it, Marion was, perhaps, of all the brave men engaged in the war of American liberty, the one best fitted for the career of a partisan. Never despairing of the cause, he was always cheerful amidst dangers and elastic in defeat. His mind rose, with renewed vigor, from the press of necessity and every new trial only drove him to more successful efforts.

Marion greeted Singleton as a valued lieutenant. "Make your own men ready," he said. "Keep their command until all arrangements have been made and put them into a column of advance. Horry is just coming in with his troop. Our scouts are all in, and one brings me a courier with news from the army. De Kalb is now on the way, in rapid march from Salisbury, with two thousand Continentals; Colonel Porterfield, with Virginia horse, is moving to join him, and General Caswell, with the North Carolina militia, is arming. We must not hesitate to show ourselves among them. General Gates will doubtless bring a force with him; and it will be hard if our boys, ragged though they be, win not some laurels."

Alas! for those fond estimates of Congress generals!

De Kalb's force consisted of only one instead of two thousand regulars, and Gates joined his command without bringing any troops. But Marion, not knowing this, set out with high hopes to join the army. One of his military virtues was celerity. He roused his followers with a view to making a junction with the Continentals while they were yet on the march and within the limits of North Carolina. He had a wild region to pass through, and he lost little time in putting his force on the march. An hour later, and the silence of the grave was over the island in the swamp of the Santee, lately so full of life and animation. The fires were smouldering, and the wild cat might be seen prowling stealthily around the encampment, looking for scraps of the soldiers' breakfast.

Meanwhile the hero of Saratoga, Gates, a man who at that time almost equally with Washington divided the good opinion of his countrymen, arrived from Virginia and took command of the southern army. The arrival of Gates was a relief to the brave foreign soldier, Baron de Kalb, who previously had the command. The situation of the army was most embarrassing. It lay at Deep River, in North Carolina, in a sterile country. The government of the hard-pressed state had been able to do little to aid the Continental troops. Food was obtained with difficulty, and the militia, which was commanded by Caswell, came in slowly and in small numbers.

A new hope sprang up in the bosoms of the Continentals on the arrival of a commander so highly distinguished as Gates. Nor was De Kalb, to whom General Gates gave the command of the Continentals, or regulars,

without influence on the troops. He had been a soldier all his life in the French service, and Congress had made him a major-general. Yet Gates's command was really a shadowy one. Besides the thousand Continentals, it consisted only of a small force of artillery and a handful of cavalry under the command of a Frenchman, Colonel Armand. The militia which came in was of little value because it had had no experience in war and hardly any drilling. But this was to be expected, for it was made up largely of older men and boys, as the well-trained militiamen had long since joined the service and had perished or were far away.

Yet Gates, who had beaten Burgoyne at Saratoga, was confident. He would not listen to the advice of De Kalb and Colonel Otho Williams, the adjutant-general, who wished him to march into South Carolina farther to the westward, where the country was friendly to the American cause, instead of through the hostile and sterile country ahead. Gates, overruling them, decided to march straight on and engage the British as soon as possible.

The morning after the decision was made the journey began. The army set forth with but half its baggage and with no present prospect of provisions. Gates, however, seemed confident. At noon the army came to a halt, and they were joined by an officer bearing advices from Marion. After a brief delay, which the men employed in ransacking their knapsacks for the scraps and remnants of food they contained, the march was resumed; the wagons with provisions were not yet in sight.

The country through which the army made its way exceeded in poverty all the descriptions given of it. Few

settlements were to be seen, and these were commonly deserted by the inhabitants on the appearance of the soldiers. The distresses of the latter increased with every day's march. None of the provisions and stores promised by the general came to their relief. The soldiers, driven by hunger, plucked green ears of corn from the fields and boiled them with the lean beef of cattle found in the swamps. Green peaches were used in place of bread. The result was that the army was enfeebled by sickness and the men reduced to shadows long before they saw the enemy.

II

On the third day of August the little army crossed the Pedee and was met by Colonel Porterfield with a small detachment of troops. A few hours after, and while the army was enjoying its usual noon-day halt, the little partisan corps of the Swamp Fox rode into camp.

Marion's presence created some sensation, for his reputation had been spreading; but the miserable and wild appearance of his little force was the object of immense merriment on the part of the Continentals. The partisans made a mirthful spectacle, all well-mounted but in wretched attire, an odd assemblage of men and boys and negroes, with little or no equipment and arms of the most strange and various sorts.

Marion was at once taken to the tent of the general, but his troops remained exposed to the jest and laughter of the Continentals. The fierce Carolinians did not bear this banter long with patient temper. As they sauntered

among the groups of soldiers who crowded curiously around them, squabbles occurred that were only restrained by the efforts of the officers.

Gates partook largely of the spirit of his army. The uncouth accoutrements, the bare feet, and tattered garments of the motley assemblage of men and boys, half-armed, which the Swamp Fox brought with him provoked his mirth. The personal appearance of Marion himself was as little in his favor. Diffident even to shyness, there was little of attractiveness in the Swamp Fox's manner. He was awkward and embarrassed; and, though singularly cool in the presence of danger, was hardly the man to win the approval of one so used to judging by appearances as Gates. The very contrast in physique between the two men was striking. Built on a superb scale, Gates, in his look and bearing, bespoke the conscious great man. Marion, on the other hand, small in person, lame in walk, with a downcast eye and hesitating air, was a cipher in the opinion of the imposing personage who looked down on him. And then Marion's coarse clothes offended the nice taste of one careful of his uniform. Nothing but the politeness of a man of the world kept the general from laughing outright at the new force brought to his assistance.

Yet he did not scruple to lay before Marion his objection to using his followers on this very ground. The shallow mind could not see that the very poverty, the rags, and motley arms of Marion's men were the best pledges that could be given for their fidelity. Why should they fight in rags for a desperate cause, without pay or promise of it, but that a high sense of honor and of patriotism

was the motive? The truth must be spoken: the famous partisan of Carolina, the very stay of its hope for so long a season—he who, more than any other man, had done so much toward keeping alive the fire of liberty—was very civilly bowed out of the Continental army by its general and sent back to his swamps on a service almost nominal.

"Our force is sufficient, my dear colonel," was Gates's conclusion, "quite sufficient; and you can give us little, if any, aid directly. Something you may do, indeed, by keeping to the swamps and furnishing us information and picking off foragers."

"My men are true," was Marion's calm reply. "They desire to serve their country. It is the general opinion that you will need all the aid that the militia of the state can afford."

"The general opinion, my dear colonel," returned Gates, "errs in this, as it does in a majority of cases. We shall have force enough for our objects as soon as a junction can be formed with General Caswell. If you could get arms and necessary equipments—proper clothes, for example—you might attach your force to his."

"I understand, your excellency," was the simple answer, as Gates hinted his true objection in the last sentence; but, save the slight compression of his lips, which were usually parted, no sign of emotion appeared on Marion's face.

"My men," he went on, "are, some of them, of the best families in the country; homeless now, they have been robbed of all by their enemies. They do not fight less earnestly on that account, nor will their poverty and rags

hinder them from striking a blow against the invader to whom they owe their sufferings."

Gates was sufficiently tactful to see that the pride of Marion was touched by the unjust estimate that had been made of his men and he strove to remove the impression by a show of frankness.

"But, my dear colonel," he said, "though your men may fight like very devils, nothing can keep the Continentals from laughing at them. We can't supply your people; and so long as they remain as they are they will be a laughing-stock—so long there will be uproar and trouble. We are too near the enemy to risk anything with the army. To deny the men to laugh is to force them to rebel. We can only remove the cause of the laughter, and in this way defeat the bad discipline which undue merriment would certainly bring."

Gates had made the best of his case, and Marion yielded to the opinion to which he did not assent. He simply stated that it was the desire of his men to serve the country in the best possible way.

"Any increase of force would be unnecessary after my junction with the troops I daily look for," Gates replied. "Caswell will bring the North Carolina militia and Stevens a strong body of Virginians. My force will then be little short of seven thousand men, and quite sufficient for the purpose. We shall, therefore, need no aid from your followers."

"I hope not, general," answered Marion. "Have I your excellency's permission to retire?"

"You have, Colonel Marion; but I trust you will continue operations on the Pedee and Santee Rivers. One

service I will require at your hands: that is, that you will employ your men in breaking up all the boats you can find on the Wateree. We must not let my Lord Rawdon escape."

It was now Marion's turn to smile, and his dark eyes kindled as he heard of the anticipated victory. He knew that Rawdon could not and would not try to retreat. Such a movement would lose him the country. It would raise the hopes of the patriots; it would crush the Tories by withdrawing the army that was their prop. But Gates was too self-satisfied to notice Marion's bitter amusement, and he bowed the Swamp Fox out of his tent, leaving him to the attention of the old soldier, De Kalb.

The veteran did not share Gates's optimism. He was gloomy and did not scruple to pour out his melancholy forebodings into the ears of Marion, to whom he had taken a liking. When they were about to separate, with a broad smile he reminded Marion of the employment Gates had given him, that of destroying boats.

"You need not hurry in its execution, friend," he said. "It is a sad waste of property, and I fear an unnecessary waste."

They parted—never to meet again. The partisan led his rejected warriors toward his swamp dwelling on the Santee, while De Kalb went back with heavy heart to his duties in the camp.

On the fifth of August, in the afternoon, Gates received a dispatch from General Caswell notifying him of an attack he intended to make on a post of British on Lynch's Creek, about fourteen miles from the militia encampment.

This increased Gates's anxiety to advance, as he feared that Caswell would involve himself in ruin; and the general eagerly pressed forward the regulars. At length, on the seventh of August, he made the long-delayed junction with Caswell about fifteen miles east of the enemy's advanced post on Lynch's Creek.

The army was now refreshed, for Caswell had secured plenty of provisions and even luxuries. On the next day, the troops, pressing forward, found the field their own. The enemy had left it, retiring to a much stronger position within a day's march of their main post at Camden. There Rawdon commanded in person, with a force already strong and hourly increasing from the influx of troops from all the minor posts around.

Still the American army pressed forward, ignorant of its course and uncertain of the next step to be taken. Finding the British holding a strong position on a creek, Gates turned to the right. This movement forced the British commander at Clermont to fall back with his garrison on Camden.

The movements of Gates had been closely watched by the enemy. The measures taken by Rawdon were judicious and timely. But the command was now about to be delivered into yet abler hands, for Lord Cornwallis had arrived. The latter knew how greatly the fortunes of the colony depended on the present contest. Marion was even then busy along the Santee, and so well did he guard the river crossings that Cornwallis, though commanding a fine body of veteran troops, was compelled to take a roundabout route in order to reach Camden. Sumter too was in active motion and watched the

Wateree River with the keenness of a hawk. On the success of the impending battle everything turned, for its loss would mean the loss of the Carolinas. Cornwallis knew this and he hoped for an early battle before Gates's troops were rested and the militia could come to his aid. At the very same hour, Gates moved out of his encampment to attack Camden, and Cornwallis left his camp to seek Gates. Yet Gates did not even know that Cornwallis had reached Camden. He had refused the help of Marion's troops, which could have brought him every information of the enemy's movements. A delay of a few days would have given the army a great superiority of numbers over the British. Provisions would soon have been plentiful, and the native militia would have crowded the camp. But Gates rushed impatiently on his fate.

On the fifteenth of August, he held a council of war. As he came out of the council, Colonel Williams, the adjutant-general, presented him with a full return for the army as it was then. The general took the paper and with clouded brow examined it.

"How! What is this? What is this figure, Colonel Williams?" he asked, dashing his forefinger hurriedly upon the paper.

"A three, sir," was the reply.

"A three? And you mean to say that there are only three thousand and fifty-two men, rank and file, fit for duty?"

"I do, your excellency."

"Impossible! There are no less than thirteen general

officers, and our estimate gives not a man less than seven thousand."

"My report is correct," Williams insisted, firmly.

"Three thousand! That is certainly below our estimate. But they are enough—enough for the purpose."

Gates then gave orders to prepare for advance upon the enemy. De Kalb, presuming on his age and services, protested; but Gates rebuked him. The baron went back to his men, pained and justly offended. The troops marched at ten o'clock at night, with the purpose of surprising the enemy. But the British were also in motion, and the result was that the two armies met at midnight. There was considerable firing and confusion on both sides. The British, seemingly no less astonished than the Americans, fell back at the first shock, and both parties ceased fighting for the night. The news of the presence of the enemy astonished Gates, who immediately called a council of war.

After telling the generals what had been learned from prisoners taken, Gates asked a question that implied some hesitation on his part.

"What now is to be done, gentlemen?"

For a few moments all were silent, until General Stevens put his own answer in the form of a query.

"Is it not too late *now* to do anything but fight?"

Another pause followed, which, as it seemed to give assent to the words of Stevens, Gates himself interrupted.

"Then we must fight. Gentlemen, be pleased to go to your posts."

They all moved to their stations with the promptness of soldiers and with the feelings of men who found noth-

ing consoling in the prospect before them. They could not hide from themselves the shadow of disaster that hovered over them.

### III

If everything was uncertain in the camp of Gates, it was very different in that of Lord Cornwallis. That able commander knew his ground, his men, and the weakness of the Americans. His own force numbered less than three thousand men, but, unlike Gates's array, it was made up of veterans of the British southern army. When the encounter occurred, Cornwallis drew in his advance, which was being pressed by Colonel Porterfield's Virginians. Dismounting beneath a clump of trees, the earl then called a council of his officers.

His tall, portly form arose in their midst with a quiet, cool dignity that showed the habit of command. His face was one of much expression and spoke a character of resolution and firmness. His cheeks were broad and full, his nose was prominent, his forehead rather broad and high, his lips not thin but closely fitting. Standing erect, with his hand lightly resting on the hilt of his sword, his presence was majestic and noble. Yet there was something in his features indicating the indifference to human life that had marked too many of his doings in the South.

Beside him, notable though neither tall and commanding, stood one to whom Cornwallis spoke with great familiarity. His person was of middle size, rather slen-

der than full but well made and in its movements marked alike by ease and strength. The face was one to be remembered. It was rather pale and thin but well chiseled; and the mouth was small and beautiful. Its expression was girlish and might have been taken to indicate effeminacy but for its even quiet, its calm indifference of expression. The nose was good, but neither long nor large; it was in harmony with the mouth. It was the eye that spoke, and its slightest look was earnestness. Every glance seemed sent forth on some special mission—every look had its object. His hair was light and unpowdered. His steel cap with waving plume was carried in his hand; and he stood, silent but observing, beside Lord Cornwallis, as Lord Rawdon, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Webster and other officers, came up. The warrior we have described was one whose name awakened in the Southern patriots an equal feeling of dread and hate. He was the noted Colonel Tarleton, a person striking in appearance, gentle in manner, calm of temper, but fierce in battle and passionate in victory, delighting in bloodshed. Webster, equally brave with Tarleton and an even better officer, bore a much better character for mercy.

"The enemy is in force before us," said Cornwallis, abruptly. "So our prisoners tell us. The rebels come, as we could wish them, fairly into our clutches. Yet the odds seem much against us if the reports are true. The enemy army is five thousand strong, ours not three."

"But quite enough, my lord," was the prompt comment of Tarleton. "The rebel militia are mere carrion, half starved; and their force, De Kalb's Continentals ex-

cepted, will not stand a second fire. We shall ride over them."

"Tarleton, you will ride over them when our bayonets have first given you a clear track,'" said Webster.

"Which you will soon do," was the other's cool response. "They have come into our clutches, to use your excellency's phrase, and it will be our fault if we do not close our claws on them. This is the first trial with two-thirds of this hodge-podge army. We must see that they never get a second."

"There spoke the saber," said Rawdon, playfully.

"It should never speak twice," responded Tarleton, without a smile. "Dead men don't bite."

"Our wish is to fight," put in Cornwallis. "My own opinion is for it. They outnumber us, but I am satisfied we can outfight them. We gain everything by immediate battle; delay increases their force; it does not help us. Tarleton's suggestion is also important. The rebels are half-starved and are suffering from disease. We should not give them a chance to get food and rest. This is my opinion."

"And mine," said Tarleton, letting down his saber, which rattled in the sheath. The same opinion was expressed by the others; the resolve for battle was unanimous. Cornwallis then proceeded to arrange his army for the engagement. Though arrayed at midnight, so perfectly drilled and experienced were the soldiers that it was the movement of machines rather than of men.

The American army was formed with similar precision and at the same hour. Gates's arrangements have been much criticised. He put a body of militia on the left,

where it came opposite the enemy's right, composed of veteran troops. A better course would have been to put the Continentals on the left, by which means the best men of both armies would have met.

With the dawn of the day the British were discovered in front and on the advance. The adjutant-general, Williams, soon distinguished the British uniform about two hundred yards before him. Immediately ordering the batteries to open on the enemy, he rode to Gates and told him of what had been done. Gates heard him attentively but gave no orders, seemingly disposed to await the progress of events. Upon this the adjutant-general presumed to make a suggestion.

"Does not your excellency think that if the enemy were attacked briskly by Stevens, while in the act of opening out into line, the effect——"

"Yes," said Gates, hurriedly interrupting him; "that's right. Let it be done, sir."

These were almost the last orders given by the unhappy commander. Quick as thought, Williams acted, and Stevens, readily obedient, advanced with his brigade to the charge. But the movement came too late; the enemy were already in line and prepared to receive the attack. Indeed, they were coming on.

"Courage, my men, and charge," cried Stevens. "Charge home! You have bayonets as well as they."

His words were lost in the loud cheers of the advancing British, who fired as they came on with their pieces at rest for the bayonet charge. The militia were seized with panic, and, in spite of the efforts of the gallant Stevens, could not be persuaded to stand the charge. A

few only stayed with their leader. The great majority, throwing away their guns, fled in every direction, involving in their flight other bodies of militia nearby. Yet they should not be blamed too hastily. They were almost entirely untrained and nearly starved, and they were called on to oppose the best troops of Europe.

In vain did Stevens and Caswell make every effort to stem the torrent. The fugitives were not to be restrained; they sought in flight the safety that flight seldom gives. Panic is one of those things which cannot be explained. Gates was sufficiently experienced in war to understand his danger. His blind vanity had led to the disaster. It no longer deceived him as to its consequences. He had only the native courage of his heart to fall back on; he could only seek now to put himself in the thick of danger. Through the crowd, with head uncovered, he darted, and his voice arose over the sounds of battle as he strove to arrest the flood and bring back the broken battalions to their duty.

He might as well have spoken to the winds. The men heard not; they heeded not his cries and his entreaties. He threw himself among the fugitives, smiting fiercely among them with his bared sword, and all in vain. The torrent bore the unfortunate general along with it; the rush of numbers was no longer to be resisted. Despairing at last of bringing back the men, Gates turned with the intention of throwing himself into the thick of battle and perishing. A sergeant, who was hurrying away with the rest, with one splash of his saber cut the reins of the general's horse, which set the animal free. It followed the flying mass as madly as the rest. Gates was borne

from the conflict which no generalship now could possibly save.

Meanwhile, the struggle raged fiercely in certain portions of the field. The British were not suffered to sweep the plain without paying the price of victory. Their course was arrested by the steady front and unyielding courage of the Continentals under De Kalb. The main battle was yet to be fought. Accustomed to war, the brave division led by the baron had too often smelled gunpowder to be greatly moved by a flight of militiamen; and their courage rose with danger. They beheld the rout with no emotion save that of indignation. The panic touched them not. As for the sturdy veteran at their head, it only brought out his best resources. He saw that the field before him was his last conflict, that it would be impossible for his small force to make head against the whole British army, but he was firm in his decision to stand his ground to the last. A regiment of North Carolina militia, which gallantly remained in its place, now moved into junction with a Maryland regiment of brave regulars that formed the end of De Kalb's line.

De Kalb, meanwhile, took his place in the ranks, and with clear voice and outstretched sword, he gave command for his last movement. He had resolved to charge the British rather than to await a charge. The men caught his spirit. Without a moment's hesitation, the whole line advanced as a single man. The little space that separated them from the enemy's left, commanded by Rawdon, was soon covered; and once more the opposing forces were mingled in the shock of battle. The rival

muskets crossed, the bayonets linked, and for a few seconds the enemies reeled to and fro.

"On! on!" shouted De Kalb. "Cold steel! Give them the cold steel!" It was the last command of De Kalb, who was already severely wounded. In that moment the fierce onset of the Continentals was arrested. A murderous fire from the right halted them. This was from Webster. Having thoroughly defeated the American left, he was now free to turn his strength upon the Continentals. This movement of Webster's on their flank first stopped the Americans. They reeled back from the shock but held their ground. As they sought to close up, under their officers' entreaties, the shrill voice of Tarleton was heard upon the left. Then came the rush of his dragoons; the sweeping saber darted a terrible light on every hand. The Continentals, assailed in front, rear, and flanks, were completely overwhelmed and driven from the field—that is, the small number of survivors.

De Kalb was down and dying. Eleven wounds testified to the reckless courage with which the baron had done battle. The struggle ceased with his fall. It had been hopeless long before. Tarleton led his cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives, marking his progress for twenty-two miles with blood. The victory was complete in all respects. The army of Gates was scattered to the winds. Yet so fierce had been the resistance of the brave Continentals, fighting without hope and at great odds, that the enemy's loss was also heavy. Of the thousand men who fell on the field, a third of them were British.

IV

It was a fine afternoon in August several days later. The Santee River ran smooth and shining like a polished mirror in the sunlight, and the hum of insect life was lulled in the warm repose. The river was very wide at this point, not including the swamp, which in some places stretched to a width of three or five miles. From the dead level of swamp, it was only now and then that the banks of the river rose to any height. On one of these hillocks lay one of Marion's scouts.

He was on special duty. The men of Marion were all around him in the swamp on the southern side of the river. The partisan chief was full of anxiety, and his scouts were spread out on every side. He looked hourly for news from Gates. Not that he hoped for much, if anything. Gates, he had soon discovered, was swollen with conceit—a disease which rejects advice. How should he receive advice who is already perfect? Marion therefore returned to his camp, anxious on the score of approaching events.

He had partly carried out the duties given him. He had moved along the Santee and Pedee, breaking up boats and dispersing little bands of Tories and further adding to the overthrow of that feeling of security on the part of the British which was first shaken when he rose in arms. He had now brought his troop back to the Santee, where he would the sooner receive news.

Marion's advanced scout, much on the alert, suddenly saw the reeds wave and a man emerge on the opposite side of the river. His appearance was miserable. His

garments were tattered and dirty. He had no arms, and his movements seemed those of one greatly fatigued. He threw himself on the bank of the stream with an air that bespoke exhaustion. Presently he rose, dragged several rails down to the stream and lashed them together. Then, using the rails as a support, he launched himself in the river. But the river was wide and the current strong, and it was soon evident that the feeble swimmer would drown unless help was given him. The scout, going down to the water, pulled into sight a concealed canoe and without hesitation leaped in and paddled swiftly out into the stream. He was just in time to save the stranger. As the man was about to let go the rails and sink, the scout, leaning over, caught hold of him and in a moment more had him safely in the boat. He then carried the poor fellow without delay to Marion.

The man was a fugitive from Camden. He had seen the first and last of the battle and had been fortunate enough to reach a swamp, where he found shelter until the battle and pursuit were over. He gave a full account of the great disaster. He had also seen a British guard march off with the Continental prisoners in the direction of Charleston. That guard, he told the partisan, had taken an upper road and would probably cross the Santee at Nelson's, a few miles higher up the river.

Burdened with baggage and prisoners, the British might not yet have reached the river; and with this hope Marion collected his men, resolved to attack the detachment. The rescue of one hundred and fifty Continental soldiers would be an important stroke, and such a blow

so soon after Gates's defeat would go far toward restoring the fading confidence of the patriots.

Dividing his force into three parties, Marion gave one to Colonel Hugh Horry, another to Singleton, and the third he led in person. The signal sounded; the men rose from their hiding-places and gathered around their different leaders. In a brief space the partisans had mounted their fleet horses and were riding along the river to the point where they expected to find their enemies.

At Nelson's, Marion learned that the British had not yet crossed the river but had marched to the Great Savannah, a little above it. Marion now crossed the river and pushed on to the Great Savannah. He thought that the British would lie that night at the public house kept at the edge of the Savannah. Accordingly he sent Horry in one direction and Singleton in another, while he held with his own men both sides of the road above the tavern. Thus a cordon of men was stretched around the advancing force, cutting it off on all sides.

Unsuspectingly, the British guard marched on; and duly informed of their progress at every step, Marion suffered them to reach the public house where they were to stop for the night. A scout of the partisans looked in the window, unobserved. He saw the soldiers eat supper and noted what was done with the prisoners.

A little before daylight, while it was yet dark, an officer carried from Marion to Horry orders to attack. Promptly advancing, Horry led his men up to the house and had almost reached it without being noticed, when, as he threw open a little gate in the garden fence, he made a noise and was challenged by a sentinel. As Horry did

not advance or answer, the soldier fired his gun, and was immediately cut down.

The alarm was given, however, and the surprise, though effective, was incomplete. A pile of arms before the door was seized; but the body of the enemy, partly armed, made their escape through the front entrance and to the road.

It was then that Singleton charged them. He was promptly met. The British guard rallied with coolness, and his small force was compelled to give back before them. Horry now came up and joined in the fray. The British, slowly moving down the road, held their way unbroken. They were still in force too great for the parties opposed to them.

While they fought, the guard divided and a part reached the cover of the Savannah and escaped, bearing off a few prisoners. But by this time, Marion's men had come up and they soon settled the contest. The remaining part of the British guard was overpowered. Many of them were killed; many were made prisoners. One hundred and fifty Continentals were set free. It was a striking success for a small body of guerrilas to gain over regular troops, flushed with victory. Indeed, the affair, skirmish though it was, was of great importance. It inspired the despairing people of the Carolinas with new hope; it told the British that in conquering Gates they had not conquered the country. Marion, Sumter, and their comrades were yet to be reckoned with; these men showed the difficulty of conquering a people determined to be free. The British might take cities, as they did Savan-

nah and Charleston; they might win battles, as they did Camden; but until they could put down the partisans they could not conquer. Marion thus stood for the spirit that led to the final success of the patriot cause and to liberty.

## XIX

## A GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

The Revolutionary War was won as a result of Lord Cornwallis's marching north to attempt to conquer Virginia. An effort of his to subdue western North Carolina and South Carolina with an army of Tories, or Americans siding with England, failed at the battle of King's Mountain, when the borderers from Tennessee and the Carolinas cut the royal army in pieces. Cornwallis's principal lieutenant, Tarleton, was caught by Daniel Morgan at Cowpens, in South Carolina, and routed. Cornwallis, himself, on marching into Virginia and taking up a position on York River near Chesapeake Bay, was besieged by a French fleet and Washington's army and forced to surrender. This was in October, 1781. Two years later the British government recognized the independence of the United States.

The United States, however, had a weak government for some years. The Continental Congress had little power. In 1787, the American Constitution was framed by a convention of delegates at Philadelphia, and it was accepted by the states. In 1789, George Washington became the first President of the United States.

After Washington's administration, the country was divided into two great political parties—the Federalists, who believed in a strong central government and the rule of the well-to-do; and the Democratic-Republicans, who upheld states' rights and favored giving the mass of people more power. The latter party won in the election of 1800 and Thomas Jefferson became President and Aaron Burr, Vice

President. These two men, belonging to the same party, were tied for President; Alexander Hamilton, the leader of the opposing party, the Federalists, brought about the election of Jefferson, whom he preferred to Burr. (See page 372.)

This made Burr a bitter enemy of Hamilton. Burr and Hamilton were also rivals in New York politics. Finally, in 1804, Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel, which is described in the following selection from Acton Davies' and Charles Nirdlinger's novel, *The First Lady of the Land.*

The story deals with one of the worst customs of the time. Men were accustomed to fight duels over politics, love affairs, and everything else about which men differ. The tragic outcome of the Burr-Hamilton duel was the beginning of a movement to end the custom that at length succeeded. No longer do men in most civilized countries practice this terrible and foolish method of settling quarrels.

## BURR AND HAMILTON

From *The First Lady in the Land*,[1] by Acton Davies and Charles Nirdlinger.

It was at the annual banquet of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which Hamilton was president and Burr one of the most prominent members, that the two men met in public life for the last time. In spite of all the gossip in and out of the newspapers, no one outside of their seconds had the least idea that a duel between Burr and Hamilton was about to take place.

At the dinner each of them seemed to lay himself out to dispel any suspicion lurking in the public mind. Before the banquet started both of them stood chatting, not to

[1] Copyright, 1912, by The H. K. Fly Co.

each other but to mutual friends in a group of five or six awaiting the summons to dinner in the smoking room. Neither man addressed any direct remark to the other, but there was nothing in their bearing to denote that they were not still on the most friendly terms. Hamilton, who was known to have been ill for some time, looked unusually pale and haggard. There were dark circles under his eyes, but, as though to avert suspicion from his appearance, his spirits seemed unusually high. His closest friends remarked afterward that they never remembered seeing Hamilton in a more reckless and brilliant mood.

Burr, on the other hand, was more quiet than was his wont. He drank nothing during the dinner, while Hamilton, quite unlike his custom, quaffed bumper after bumper of wine. His was, by far, the harder part to play, for as chairman, or rather president, the whole responsibility of the dinner lay upon his shoulders. He met the ordeal gallantly. His speech, which was entirely impromptu, sparkled with wit. Hamilton was on his mettle; never had he appeared in public to greater advantage.

Presently, as the feast wore on, there were cries from all parts of the table of "The Drum! The Drum!" This was an old war song which Hamilton had sung in his boyhood days at Washington's headquarters with his two closest chums, Lafayette and young John Laurens. Originally they had sung this song as a trio; but, after Laurens had come to his untimely end and Lafayette had returned to France, Hamilton continued to sing it as a solo for old times' sake, when old cronies gathered around a campfire or at some general rendezvous.

It was the only song that Hamilton had ever been heard to sing, and tonight, in spite of all the urging, he seemed strangely averse to singing it. But the banqueters had made up their minds that they would have "The Drum" and nothing else. There was no denying them. So, finally, exclaiming laughingly, "Very well, then, you shall have it!" Hamilton mounted his chair and, with one buckled foot upon the table, he sang the old ditty for the last time:

THE DRUM

"Kiss me goodby, my dear!" he said;
"When I come back we will be wed."
Crying, she kissed him, "Goodby, Ned!"
And the soldier followed the drum, the drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, each true man;
Living or dying, strike while you can!
And the soldiers followed the drum, the drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

Proudly and firmly march off the men;
Who had a sweetheart thought of her then;
Tears were coming, but brave lips smiled when
The soldiers followed the drum, the drum,
The echoing, echoing drum.

While he was singing, Burr, who was near the center of the table, sat leaning his face upon his hands, with his eyes fixed upon Hamilton's face. He was the only man

present who, when the song was finished, did not join in wild applause. While the other guests were clapping and demanding a repetition, Burr summoned one of the waiters and called for a fresh cigar.

During the week following both men were busied with settling their affairs. Each in his own peculiar way was putting his house in order. The night before the duel took place Hamilton dined at the Grange with his family. Afterward, for a short time, he attended a ball at the house of one of his oldest friends.

On his return home, his daughter Angelica, his two elder sons, and his wife were awaiting him. At his request Angelica played to him on the piano. In the course of half an hour both women kissed him goodnight and at once retired. For a time he sat chatting with his boys, and they, having both kissed him goodnight, went to bed also. His will he had already executed, so he was free to devote the hours of this final night to writing personal letters to his friends. In the one which he wrote to his family he begged them to see that his debts were paid in full.

In the paper which he prepared as an explanation of his taking part in the duel, Hamilton admitted that he shrank from the coming interview. His duty to his religion, his family, and his creditors forbade it. He should hazard much and could gain nothing by it. He was conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr apart from political opposition, which he hoped had sprung always from pure and upright motives.

Burr, meanwhile, had spent the entire day and evening alone in his library at Richmond Hill. In the letter which

he wrote to his son-in-law, Joseph Alston, he said: "If it should be my lot to fall, yet I shall live in you and your son. I commit to you all that is most dear to me—my reputation and my daughter."

Burr did not go to bed at all that night. Just as the dawn was coming, as was so often his custom in his old military days, he threw himself upon a couch in his library and fell asleep. An hour later his staunch friend, John Swartwout, entered the room and found him sleeping as peacefully as a child. He awoke Burr and told him that all was in readiness. Van Ness, who was to be his second, and his friend, Matthew L. Davis, arrived. The four of them went in silence to the river's bank, where a boat awaited them.

The spot chosen for the dueling ground was about two miles and a half above the city of Hoboken—almost directly opposite what is now West Forty-second Street. At this point the heights reached an elevation of at least a hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson. These heights rose steep and sheer and were covered with small trees and bushes. Under the heights there was a grassy ledge about six feet wide and eleven paces long. This was the spot on which, five years before, Aaron Burr had met John B. Church, Hamilton's half-brother-in-law. It was also the spot on which, only a short year before, Hamilton's son, Philip, had been killed in mortal combat.

The pistols used in the duel between Burr and Hamilton that day were the same which had been used by Church and Burr in their duel. Naturally Burr knew the spot well, and when the boat grated on the shore he was the first to leap out. In his hand he carried a small axe with

which he at once began to attack the undergrowth, which, in the course of the past year since the last duel had been fought there, had made approach to the dueling ground almost impassable. Burr was still chopping away lustily with his axe when Hamilton's barge hove in sight.

There was a heavy swell on the river and Nathaniel Pendleton, Hamilton's second, had been so seasick on the passage up the river that Hamilton had had to hold his head. With Hamilton in the barge was a lifelong friend of both men, Dr. William Hosack. A mist lay over the river, the sign of a hot and glaring summer's day. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, ten full paces were measured off and a Spanish milled dollar was tossed for the choice of positions. Hamilton won the toss and, much against his second's protest, chose the west station, which placed his back to the cliff and put the sun full in his eyes. Again the Spanish dollar was tossed and once more Hamilton won. This time it was his second's right to call the word, "Fire!"

While the preparations were proceeding, Hamilton, deadly pale and looking as though he had just arisen from a sick-bed, stood chatting with Dr. Hosack. Burr, meanwhile, sat on a stone smoking a cigar.

The pistols were loaded; the principals took their places —Hamilton looking over the river towards the city, and Burr facing the heights. Pendleton then explained to the principals the rules which had been agreed upon with regard to firing. After the word, "Present" had been spoken, each was at liberty to fire as soon as he pleased.

The seconds withdrew out of range. At this moment old Dr. Hosack suddenly threw up his hands and rushed

toward the river. He had left his case of surgical instruments in Hamilton's boat.

Before he returned there was desperate work for him to do.

"Are you ready?" cried Pendleton.

Both combatants answered, "Yes."

There was a moment's pause.

"Fire!" came from Pendleton's lips.

Burr raised his pistol and took aim. At that instant, Hamilton seemed to step a trifle forward. Burr fired. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement. His pistol went off and dropped from his hands as he reeled toward the heights, then fell forward upon his face and remained motionless.

The ball from his discharged pistol struck the branch of a tree seven feet above the head of his opponent and four feet wide from him. Burr, hearing the ping of the bullet, looked up and saw where it had severed a twig; then, turning hastily, he saw Hamilton falling. He sprang toward him with an expression of horror and pain upon his face; but before he could reach Hamilton, Pendleton had the stricken man in his arms. As Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman, at the sound of the pistols came hurrying up the rocks, Van Ness, with rare presence of mind, seized Burr and started to drag him away. In his hand, Van Ness carried a huge cotton umbrella such as in those days was used to protect people from the midday sun. He opened it and thrust it over Burr's head in order to shield him from observation. Without a word being spoken, he hurried Burr down the rocks and into the waiting boat, which was rowed swiftly back to Rich-

mond Hill, where Burr's friend, Swartwout, awaited him.

Pendleton, meanwhile, was holding the stricken Hamilton in his arms. As Dr. Hosack rushed up, he found Hamilton with the ashy hue of death already on his face but perfectly conscious.

"This wound is mortal, doctor," gasped the stricken man and sank into a swoon.

Ripping his clothes apart, Dr. Hosack discovered that the ball had entered the right side and penetrated the stomach. A single glance proved to the doctor that Hamilton had diagnosed his own case correctly. Unconscious, they carried him down the rocks and placed him as tenderly as possible in the boat and set off for the city. The fresh breeze from the river and the doctor's medicines revived Hamilton in a short time. His eyes wandered from right to left without fixing upon any object.

Presently his pulse quickened, his breathing became more regular, his sight cleared. He was taken to Mr. Bayard's house, which stood close to the river's bank where is now the foot of Desbrosses Street. Here his family came to tend him. He lingered thirty-one hours, dying at two o'clock the following day.

By nine o'clock on the morning of the duel, the news of the tragedy had begun to be noised about the city. Bulletins soon appeared in front of the newspaper offices and the Tontine Coffee House. Never had New York, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, been so stunned and shocked by a piece of news. Hamilton's death on the following day only served to increase the angry tumult. Dueling from that day to this, in all Northern states, has been under a ban.

Hamilton's funeral two days after his death was the most memorable event in the history of the city. Not even at the death of Washington had there been so universal a display of grief. The funeral procession, which marched from the Bayard residence to Trinity Church, included all the magnates of the city, and representatives of every corporate body of men, followed behind his bier Almost the only able-bodied man in New York who was not present at Hamilton's funeral was Aaron Burr.

For eleven days Burr awaited at Richmond Hill the consequences of his act. The newspapers shrieked aloud for vengeance on him. The coroner's jury found him guilty of murder, but the hub-bub was too violent at the outset to last. Before Hamilton's body had been in the grave a week, there were many, even in Hamilton's stronghold, New York, who began to view the matter in a fairer light and with more leniency toward Burr. Burr, however, was ruined so far as a further political career in the United States was concerned; and it was in this dark hour following the death of his great rival that he began definitely to form the plan which led to his expedition down the Ohio River, his arrest, and his trial for treason.

## XX

## THE UNITED STATES BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI

Burr was ruined politically by the duel. When his term of office as Vice President of the United States expired, he went into some scheme for conquering Mexico or separating the West from the United States—nobody knows just what. The West of those days—that is, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio—which had been discontented for some time because Spain controlled the mouth of the Mississippi River, was gratified by the purchase of the vast territory on both sides of the river by President Jefferson in 1803. This Louisiana Territory, first owned by France, had been turned over by France to Spain and then returned by Spain to France. Finally, Napoleon, the ruler of France, sold it to the United States for $15,000,000. Out of this territory have come Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, and parts of other states.

At the time of the purchase, this region was almost uninhabited except for Indians, and the American government did not know what it had bought, for most of the country was unexplored. Two expeditions were sent out to penetrate the unknown land: one, the Lewis and Clark expedition, went to the northwest and reached the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River. The other, under the command of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, went west as far as Denver and then turned to the south. The discovery of

Pike's Peak is described in the following selection from Robert Ames Bennet's novel, *A Volunteer with Pike.*

The story gives a vivid picture of the days when all of the United States west of the Mississippi River was a vast stretch of prairie and mountain, uninhabited except by Indians and buffaloes, and waiting for the thousands of settlers who were to turn it into one of the finest regions on the globe.

## PIKE'S PEAK

From *A Volunteer with Pike,*[1] by Robert Ames Bennet.

The expedition of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike into the Louisiana Territory, which I, John Robinson, M. D., accompanied as a volunteer, had now passed through the country of the Pawnees, west of the Mississippi River, and had ascended the Arkansas River for two weeks. Since the second day after leaving the Pawnee encampment, we had met none of the savage inhabitants of the prairies. We seemed to be in a country utterly deserted or never inhabited by man.

On the fifteenth of November, a day ever memorable to us, we were riding along, when, two hours or so after noon, as we topped one of the numerous hills, the lieutenant abruptly drew rein and pointed off to the right.

"Indians?" I demanded, looking to the priming of my rifle.

"No," he replied. "Wait!"

At the sight of his leveled spyglass, I too stared off a little to north of west, and at once made out what ap-

[1] Used by special permission of the author.

peared to be a faint, half-luminous point of cloud. Its color was a silvery blue, much like that of the moon when seen in the daytime. Before I could utter the word that sprang to my lips, my friend forestalled me.

"'Tis a mountain! The Mexican mountains, John!"

I caught the spyglass which he thrust out to me and fixed it upon that distant peak with burning eagerness. The Mexican mountains, the fabled sierras of New Spain! Had we at last sighted the snowy crest of their nearest peak? Was this one of that sierra of which I had heard, the great Barrier of Rock, the Sangre de Cristo of the Spaniards, or Blood of Christ?

We rode on, too overcome to speak, held in throbbing suspense between delight over our discovery and dread lest it should prove to be some deception of cloud and light. But within another two miles there came an end to all doubt. Before us, as we looked from one of the higher hill-tops, there stretched out along the western horizon an enormous barrier of snowy mountains, extending to the north and south farther than eye or glass could see. My heart gave a great leap at that wonderful sight. I knew that before me upreared the great barrier of the continent, of which men knew almost nothing.

While the air yet rang with the last of our wild cheers, our commander faced about, with upraised hand, and called in resolute tones: "Men, we have toiled; we have undergone dangers. We know not what dangers lie still before us. Winter is at hand; our horses are fast failing; we are fitted out only for summer travel. Yet what of that? We have braved the Pawnees; we have traversed this vast desert; before our eyes uprear the unknown

mountains of the West—mountains upon which our countrymen have never before set eyes, of which no American has heard except in the vague and misleading reports of the Spaniards. Men, we will not turn back with the goal of our toilsome marches in view!"

"No! no! Lead us on, sir!" shouted Sergeant Meek, and every man caught the cry. "Lead us on! lead us on! No turning back!"

Our commander flushed, and his blue eyes sparkled. "Ah, my brave men, I was certain of your mettle. We will ascend these mountains; we will explore the utmost boundaries of Louisiana, and if the Spaniards seek to check us——"

"We'll raise a little dust, sir!" cried young Sparks, flourishing his musket.

"Perhaps!" returned the lieutenant, looking about at us with a shrewd smile. "If it comes to that, they will not find us backward. But do not count too much on hostilities. We are here, not to fight but to explore the limits of the territory. The Spanish settlements must all lie south of yonder great peak. Santa Fé is rumored to have a mild climate; hence it must lie to the south of our present position. Therefore we must explore the sources of the Arkansas. By tomorrow night we should be encamped at the foot of that Grand Peak."

The lieutenant's prediction that the following evening should see us encamped at the foot of the Grand Peak was not borne out by the event. Notwithstanding our many days on the prairies, we were yet far from realizing the deception of distances in this high altitude and clear, dry atmosphere.

The next day we lost many hours following a fork of the river. But the following morning we set out, confident that we should reach the Grand Peak within a few hours. Our astonishment was great when, after marching twenty-five miles, we found ourselves at evening seemingly no nearer the mountains than at sunrise. Yet we had confidently thought to encamp at their base that night.

The following two days we spent in hunting buffalo and jerking the meat. The marrow bones gave us a feast fit for a king—fit even for citizens of the Republic. By noon of the second day after this we came to the third large southern branch of the Arkansas River, immediately beyond which a fork on the north bank ran off about northwest toward the Grand Peak, which we had first sighted so far out on the prairies. As the peak seemed now only a day's journey distant, the lieutenant decided to attempt its ascent with a small party. But first we joined in erecting a breastwork—the first American building in all this vast wilderness, the first structure south of the Missouri and west of the Pawnee country to float the glorious Stars and Stripes!

Shortly after noon of the following day, Pike marched for the peak with Miller, Brown, and myself. Instead of reaching the foot of the peak by nightfall, as we had expected, we were compelled to camp under a cedar tree out on the bleak prairie. Severe as was the cold, we felt still greater discomfort from the lack of water. Again we marched for the great mountain, in the fond expectation of encamping that night upon its summit. Instead, we hardly reached the base of the lofty rise. Fortunately

we there found a number of springs and succeeded in killing two buffaloes.

Still untaught by experience, we foolishly left our blankets and all other than a pocketful of provision at our bivouac and set off for the mountains at dawn, certain that we could reach the top by noon and descend again by nightfall. Almost at the start I brought down a deer of a species unknown to us, it being larger than the ordinary animal and with ears much like those of a mule.

Made impatient by the delay, we began our climb with a will, determined to reach the summit even earlier than we had planned. In this, however, we were to be sadly disappointed. After clambering up the steep slopes and precipices all day without arriving at the crest, we were forced to take refuge for the night in a cave. While preparing to creep into this cheerless shelter, our discomfort over the lack of blankets, food, and water was for the moment forgotten in the curious sensation of standing under a clear sky and gazing at a snowstorm far below us down the mountain.

Morning found us half famished with thirst and hunger and bruised by our rocky beds, but we needed no urging to resume our laborious ascent. The view from our lofty mountain side was the grandest I had ever seen. Above us arched the clear sky in a limitless dome of purest sapphire, rimmed before our upturned eyes by gaunt, jagged rocks and fields of dazzling snow. Behind and below us the vast desert of prairies stretched away to east and north and south, far beyond the reach of human eye, its tawny surface closely overhung by a sea of billowy white clouds. Far to the south, at least a hundred miles

distant, we noted a vast double or twin peak, which stood out from and overtopped the heights of the front range even as our Grand Peak dwarfed its neighbors.

But we did not linger to gaze at this sublime prospect. Though our thermometer registered well below zero, we struggled upward through the waist-deep snow to the first of the summits which rose before us. An hour found us close upon what we took to be the goal of all our efforts.

At last, panting from our exertions and the rarity of the air, we floundered up the final rise to the crest. In this wild, scrambling rush Brown dropped to the rear, while the lieutenant, though physically the least robust of the party, forged ahead even of myself, upborne by his zealous spirit. He, the leader of the expedition, should be—must be—the first to set foot upon the summit of the Grand Peak.

With a final rally of his wiry strength, he uttered a shout and dashed up over the thin, hard-crusted snow of the summit to the crest—only to stop short and stand staring off beyond in bitter disappointment.

"Look!" he cried. "The Grand Peak!"

"The Grand Peak!" I shouted back, too excited to perceive the meaning of his tone and bearing. "The Grand Peak! We'll name it for you—for the first American to sight it; the first to mount its crest; the first——"

My exultant cry died away on my lips. I halted and stood gaping in speechless amazement at the peak that loomed skyward over beyond the lesser height we had mounted. What we had taken for the Grand Peak was

no more than a satellite that had masked the Titan from our view. As we gazed from our hard-won crest, there uprose before us, grander than ever, the vast bulk of the mighty mountain, its sublime summit glittering with eternal snows. But the nearest ridge of its stupendous pyramidal base was yet a full sixteen miles distant.

I turned and shouted the discovery to Miller and Brown, who toiled up beside us to stare at the awesome beauty of the peak in dull wonderment.

At last Pike regained his usual firm composure.

"We will begin the return march," he ordered, without betraying a trace of his keen disappointment either in look or voice.

"Let us go and make the attempt," I urged.

"Thanks to you, John," he exclaimed. "But it would be madness, sheer madness. Through these snows we could not reach the base short of a day's march; and look at that ascent! I doubt if any man could scale those heights at this season of the year. It is enough to have ascended this peak, without our being so mad as to attempt the impossible."

"Then the sooner we reach the plain the better," I said, pointing to the mountain side behind us.

While we stood viewing the indescribable grandeur and sublimity of the peak and the snow-clad sierras which stretched away in savage majesty to north and south of their mighty chieftain, the clouds below us were rolling upward, covering the entire mountain on which we stood. Fearful of being lost in a snowstorm upon these bleak heights, we descended rapidly down a cleft and regained

our bivouac at the foot of the mountain just as the snow began to fall.

In such manner we discovered the Grand Peak, the matchless summit, which justly bears the name of Pike's Peak in honor of our dauntless leader.

# XXI

## WHY THE WAR OF 1812 OCCURRED

Napoleon sold the Louisiana Territory to the United States because he was on the verge of a great war with England—a war that lasted from 1803 until 1814 and, in reality, only ended with the battle of Waterloo in 1815. In his terrible struggle, the English swept the French navy from the seas while the French held the entire coast of Europe from Sweden to Portugal. England attempted to keep supplies out of France, and France sought to prevent British goods from going to Europe.

The United States was a neutral power seeking to trade with both countries. Its ships were seized by both France and England. Both of the warring powers injured America, but the English added another grievance. The British navy, in which the pay was small and the discipline harsh, had difficulty in finding enough sailors. English sailors enlisted on board American merchant ships. The British government attempted to stop this practice by taking English seamen from American vessels and forcing them to serve in the British navy. Presently, going beyond this, the English seized American-born sailors on American ships and dragged them off to English warships. This wrong awakened intense indignation in the United States. The following selection from Joseph A. Altsheler's novel, *A Herald of the West,* describes the escape of an impressed seaman from the British warship, *Guerriere,* in 1811.

The story shows why the younger generation of America had its blood so stirred that it was ready to go to war with the greatest power on earth.

# AN IMPRESSED SEAMAN

From *A Herald of the West*,[1] by Joseph A. Altsheler.

## I

It was a ridiculous quarrel into which I had fallen at the theater with Mr. Van Steenkerk, whom I had accidentally jostled. He had insisted, however, on challenging me to a duel and I was forced to accept. I had sought to get out of it, because I, Philip Ten Broeck, of Kentucky, clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, was in New York this summer day of 1811 on a special mission for Secretary Gallatin; but the small, fiery Van Steenkerk would not accept the excuse. So I was forced to fight the duel.

We awoke early on the morning appointed for the interview with Van Steenkerk, and my friend, Courtenay, went out to the shops to buy some things he said he needed. He returned presently with two or three bundles, but I did not ask him about them, having the business with Van Steenkerk on my mind. Then, at Courtenay's suggestion, we ate a good, solid breakfast.

"A general always likes to feed his soldiers before going into battle," said Courtenay, "and Mercer and I will do that much for you. We can't afford to let this fop, Van Steenkerk, beat you."

Then we three—Courtenay, Mercer, and I—went out for a short stroll through the town before going over to the meeting place, Courtenay carrying a long, black

[1] By special permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.

bag under his arm. But with such a serious business on our hands we soon tired of sightseeing and, taking the ferry, we crossed over to Brooklyn, going thence to the chosen spot, a quiet, open place near the sea and beyond the Narrows. We found no one there to meet us, and Courtenay, looking at his watch, informed us that we were at least three-quarters of an hour ahead of time. At his suggestion we walked on a bit.

Passing through some trees, we saw two large ships anchored near the shore. They were warships, for the muzzles of guns in tiers looked at us. Over both floated the British flag. A small schooner, a trading vessel which flew the American colors, was anchored between them, and a boat containing men in the British uniform was passing from her to the smaller of the two warships.

"What ships are those?" asked Mercer of a farmer who was leaning against a tree looking at the frigates.

"Don't you know?" he replied. "I thought everybody knew those two ships."

"We are strangers here," said Mercer.

"The ship farthest out," said the farmer, "is the British fifty-gun frigate *Leander,* and the other is the thirty-eight gun frigate *Guerriere.* They are here to find out where all American vessels are going, or from what place they come—also they search them to take out of them any sailors who may be of British birth, and at the same time any American sailors they want. See, they've been going through that schooner now, and I guess they've taken a man out of her, for there's one in the boat that has no uniform on."

The group ascended the deck of the *Guerriere* and we

could see plainly that the man who wore no uniform was a prisoner, probably an American, for the New England men were fine sailors, better than the English, and the British captains took them wherever they could. We had been hearing for years of these high-handed things, but we never thought that we should witness such a disgrace.

I noticed the *Guerriere* carefully. She was the most active of all the British ships in overhauling our vessels and in kidnaping our sailors, and her captain entered the name of his ship as a kind of defiance on the log books of the vessels she had searched. She was a fine frigate that the English had taken from the French, and fitted up in perfect style. Her prow, of white and gold, was turned slightly toward us and her carved figurehead rose and fell with the gentle lap of the water.

The kidnaped sailor was taken upon the deck of the *Guerriere* and what became of him I know not. The little schooner turned her sails to the wind, and her prow cutting the blue water, passed out to sea. It was a bright spring morning in a time of official peace; meanwhile a British fleet kept close watch at the entrance of every American port and exercised all the power of an overwhelming victor in war with its European neighbors.

The two ships swung placidly in the water. Their spars and masts, tapering and graceful in their outlines, formed a black tracery against the sky. The bright uniforms of British officers could be seen upon the decks and we were near enough to hear now and then a word of command from them.

We walked back toward the spot at which we were to

meet Mr. Van Steenkerk and his companions, and saw them approaching, all dressed in the extreme fashion of the day and looking fresh and natty.

"Good morning," said Mr. Van Steenkerk, very politely. "Have you been taking a view of the sea?"

"We have been watching the British blockading the port," said Courtenay.

Van Steenkerk did not reply. I noticed that his friend, Knowlton, also carried a black bag under his arm, though it was smaller than Courtenay's.

"Well, gentlemen," we are assembled for serious business," said Knowlton.

"Certainly," said Courtenay. "We can soon settle the preliminaries and then have the duel."

"That suits us exactly," said Knowlton. "There is no reason for delay."

"Are you agreed, Mr. Ten Broeck?" asked Courtenay.

"Yes," I replied.

"And you, Mr. Van Steenkerk?"

"Yes."

I took back some of the bad opinion I had formed of the little man. He certainly seemed no coward.

"Then there is nothing else to do," said Courtenay, "but to produce the weapons and fight. Of course, we being the challengers have the choice of weapons."

"Of course, of course," said Knowlton; "but thinking that you would not be provided, I brought the weapons along with me, and very good ones they are."

He opened his bag and produced two handsome small swords, exactly alike.

"Not at all," said Courtenay. "We do not choose

swords, since our man has never used one. We choose better weapons; we choose these."

He opened his own black bag and took out two heavy, long-barreled rifles, such as we use in the West for bear or buffalo shooting and Indian fighting.

"Why, what do you mean by those?" exclaimed Knowlton.

"I mean that your Mr. Van Steenkerk and our Mr. Ten Broeck are to fight with these at ten paces," replied Courtenay, as if surprised.

"But one of our principals or both will get killed," protested Knowlton.

"We have an idea in the West and South that when two men fight a duel it is because they want to kill each other; therefore, we give them a chance to do it," replied Courtenay.

Knowlton looked irresolute. Van Steenkerk had turned slightly pale and was looking at the rifles, which were lying side by side on the grass. They were certainly weapons of a formidable appearance, heavy of stock, with a long, slender, blue barrel, from which a half-ounce ball went unerringly to the chosen mark.

"At ten paces," said Knowlton, in a hesitating tone. "Why, we might as well begin digging the graves for both men. It's murder."

"You don't like ten paces?" asked Courtenay.

"No."

"Then make it five."

Knowlton whispered for a moment with one of his comrades.

"Such conditions are monstrous, barbaric," he said. "You cannot insist on them."

"But we do," replied Courtenay.

II

Just then the report of a musket shot came from the sea, its sound doubled in the clear, calm morning.

"Is some one fighting before us?" exclaimed Mercer.

"No, that shot came from the boats," said Knowlton.

It was but a step through the trees, and all of us took it, eager to see the cause of the shot.

"Look," said Courtenay, who was first, "that shot came from the *Guerriere.*"

A marine standing on the deck of the *Guerriere* was holding a gun in his hand and looking intently at the surface of the water. A wisp of smoke rising from the muzzle of his musket floated upward and lost itself in the spars and rigging of the ship.

"What is that on the water?" asked Van Steenkerk.

"A man's head," replied Courtenay.

A man was swimming from the ship toward the shore, all but his head submerged. A bloody streak across the side of his head showed where the musket ball had passed. Even at the distance the face expressed agony, wildness, hope.

"A deserter!" exclaimed Mercer.

A second marine appeared on the deck of the *Guerriere* and, raising his musket, fired at the swimming man. The bullet struck the surface of the water within six inches of the head, dashing water over it. The man swam on.

I felt a curious sickening sensation. I had never before seen a human head used as a target for bullets.

"Pretty poor marksmanship," said Courtenay. "I hope the poor devil will escape."

Several more shots were fired from the *Guerriere* at the swimmer, but none touched him. Once he turned his head slightly to look back and then seemed to swim with increased effort. I could see his face distinctly and despair showed on it. There was foam on his lips.

"That man must have good reason for seeking to escape," I said.

A boat was swung from the side of the *Guerriere,* and oarsmen and marines leaped into it. A young officer in bright uniform took command. Under the strong arms of the rowers, the boat sped over the water toward the weakening swimmer.

The fugitive was splashing water as his strokes grew wilder. I felt the fear of death for him, but the men in the boat did not fire, as they seemed sure of taking the swimmer alive.

"I never saw that man before," said Courtenay, "but I'd be willing to help him escape if I could."

The fugitive reached shallow water and ran ashore. Not far away stretched the woods, a tempting shelter to a hunted man. But he did not go there. Instead he ran to us.

"Save me, my friends; for the love of God, save me from that ship!" he cried.

He was a young man of good natural frame, but wasted. His clothes seemed to hang on bones only. I had

never before heard a man beg for mercy and the thrill was painful.

"We can do nothing for a British deserter," I said. "But run for the woods and maybe you can escape."

"I can go no farther," he said; "my strength is gone. I am not an Englishman, but an American like you. Help me! Will you let me be taken back to that ship and the torture of the lash?"

His face was full of appeal.

"He speaks the truth," cried Courtenay. "This man is no Englishman, but an American—one of us. Listen how he drops his r's and softens his vowels. No Englishman ever spoke with that accent. It belongs to us Southerners. What are you, man?"

"A Marylander," replied the seaman. "I was impressed from the *Sally Jones* seven years ago."

Then he begged us again to help him. He looked at us with increasing appeal in his eyes, and his face was that of one who had suffered.

Courtenay was excited—much excited. All his hot South Carolina blood flamed up.

"Comrades," he cried, "we would be disgraced forever if we let them take this man back. Will you not help me to defend him?"

"I will, for one," I said, unable to resist such an appeal. "But we are not properly armed."

"You forget the rifles," said Courtenay.

They were still lying on the ground side by side, and he snatched them up, handing one to me and keeping the other himself. The men in the boat were landing. I heard footsteps beside me, and a voice said:

"Please consider me your friend and ally in this."

I looked around and saw that little woman-man, that tiny whipper-snapper, Van Steenkerk, by my side. He held one of the rapiers in his hand, ready for a thrust. He looked ridiculous with his puny figure in his exaggerated clothes, but I recognized the brave man nevertheless.

Knowlton held the other sword, and Mercer had drawn a pistol from somewhere in the interior of his coat. The man stood behind us, panting alike with exhaustion and excitement.

Six men, a lieutenant at their head, landed from the boat and advanced toward us, arms in their hands. I noticed the lieutenant closely. He was a young man, almost as young as myself. They approached us, and stopped in a stiff, military fashion at ten feet.

"We wish to take that man behind you," said the lieutenant. "He is a deserter from his majesty's ship *Guerriere,* which you see there."

I suppose he spoke to me because I was the biggest. He looked suspiciously at us. There was enough to arouse his suspicions, for at least five of us showed arms.

"I do not see what claim you have upon an American sailor," I said.

"What do you mean?" snapped the lieutenant.

"This man is an American sailor, impressed by your countrymen seven years ago."

"I know nothing of that," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have been on the *Guerriere* but a year, and I found him there when I came. He is rated as a British seaman. He must go back with us."

The sailor said nothing, as if, his tale once told, he trusted in its effect upon us. Suddenly I remembered a story I had heard in Baltimore of an impressed seaman. This might be he.

"The man is an American, born and bred," I replied. "I think I know him. Is not your name Patterson?" I asked the fugitive.

"Yes, Patterson—Henry Patterson."

"Is not your father a blacksmith in Baltimore?"

"Yes, on the Washington road."

"You hear," I said to the lieutenant. "This man is an American. I know that."

"I care nothing about that," he answered. "Such things are for the captain of the *Guerriere* or the admiralty. I have no time to waste. I must take this deserter back to the ship."

"You shall not do it, sir," cried Mr. Van Steenkerk. "Listen to me. I love England and respect her, but I will not suffer this wrong to be committed."

"I have six men armed," said the lieutenant, "and I say that this deserting British sailor shall go back with us."

"I have seven men, at least five of whom are armed," I said. "This American sailor shall not go with you. He is on his own soil, and here he shall stay."

The lieutenant looked at me, and I looked at him. I could see that he was at a loss.

"We do not wish bloodshed," said the lieutenant.

"Neither do we," said I.

An appearance of irresolution showed on his face.

"I shall complain to your government about this," he said.

It was an acknowledgment of defeat.

"Do so," I said.

"We shall have him back," he said.

He marched his men to the boat, and they rowed toward the ship. The sailor began to thank us warmly until we stopped him.

"Come," I said. "You will be safer out of sight of that ship."

We walked swiftly, not stopping until we were deep in the woods behind the little town of Brooklyn and the spars of the vessels were far out of sight.

"We don't know what will be said about this," remarked Courtenay. "We must smuggle him into town somewhere, and then to his home. After that the American and British governments can settle the matter between them."

Van Steenkerk had put up his sword and was standing near. I went up to him.

"Mr. Van Steenkerk," I said, "you and I came out here to fight."

"Is that so? I have no recollection of it," he replied.

"I'm afraid it's true," I said.

"Then, if you insist upon it, it is true and the duel has been fought," he answered.

"Mr. Van Steenkerk," I said, "I was mistaken in you. You are a brave and true man."

"If I have said anything offensive to you, Mr. Ten Broeck, I take it back and apologize."

"Then let us shake hands and be friends," I urged.

We shook hands with the best good will. Yet I was careful about my grip, my hand was so much larger and stronger than his.

We went back to the city, taking the rescued sailor with us. We concealed him that night, and Van Steenkerk put him on the road home the next morning.

"I think we came out of that affair very well," said Courtenay that night.

"I think so, too," I said; "but I am glad the duel with rifles at ten paces didn't come off."

"I never thought it would," he replied.

## XXII

## AMERICA BECOMES A NAVAL POWER

The United States finally declared war on England in June, 1812. It was an exceedingly bold act under the circumstances. The American Republic had only a few small warships, while the British navy was by far the largest and best the world had ever seen. It had hundreds of ships of all sizes, manned by seamen who had been trained for years in fighting the French. Few people thought that the American warships would have a chance against their opponents.

They forgot that John Paul Jones, in the Revolutionary War, had taken the British warship, the *Serapis,* and that the Americans had gained the advantage in other sea-fights. The American sailors were the best in the world. American warships were in the habit of having target practice. American seamen and officers were picked men. It thus happened that while the British ships outnumbered the American about ten to one and blockaded the American coast, the war on the water resulted in a great surprise. American ships, running the blockade, went to sea and defeated the English in a series of fights.

The first important victory was that of the *Constitution* over the *Guerriere.* This is described in the following selection from E. L. Bynner's novel, *Zachary Phips.*

The story tells of one of the most soul-stirring events in American history. For years cautious people had been saying that the United States could do nothing against the English at sea, that it must submit to whatever treatment might

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be meted out. The American people themselves were anything but confident of their prowess on the water. They were ashamed of themselves, too, for enduring the wrongs they suffered. They have never been ashamed of themselves since that ever-memorable day when the *Guerriere* struck its flag to the Stars and Stripes.

## CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE

From *Zachary Phips*,[1] by E. L. Bynner.

### I

Zachary Phips had just heard that war had been declared. Knowing that a government frigate was lying at Annapolis, he left Washington and after walking a day and night he arrived at dawn of the second day in the sleepy seaport of Maryland. Without waiting to refresh himself, he made his way to the docks and there beheld the object of his search. His heart beat fast as he gazed upon her clean-cut outline, her tapering spars, her trim rigging, and her portholes bristling with guns.

Reluctantly, he tore himself away to go to the city tavern for his breakfast. A party at a table near him drew his attention. Seated at the head of the board was a stout, florid man in uniform whom all seemed to treat with great respect. Inquiring of the waiter, Zach learned with a thrill that this was the captain of the frigate himself.

After breakfast he watched his chance and, with his

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

heart in his mouth, spoke to the great man whom he looked upon at that moment as the controller of his destinies. The officer looked him over with a glance at once shrewd and good-natured.

"Join the navy, eh? What do you want to be, pilot or cook?"

"I want to be a midshipman," faltered Zach, amazed at his own boldness.

"Humph! how old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"You seem a trim, likely boy. Can you read and write?"

"They say I can, first rate."

"They ought to know, if they say so. Ever been to sea?"

"Yes, two years before the mast."

"Why do you want to join the navy?"

"I want to help lick the Johnny Bulls."

"Good! I guess you'll do. Lieutenant," he said, turning to a young officer at his side, "here's a new middy for you; see that his papers are made out."

A midshipman! With cold hands, a stuffed feeling about the heart, and an overwhelming sense of responsibility, Zach came forth from the inn. An hour later he stepped on the ship's long boat to be rowed over to the frigate.

"The *Constitution,* forty-four guns, Captain Isaac Hull." Zach read the description on a poster in the tavern; but little did he dream when he set foot on the deck that he was entering a scene of heroic deeds.

As little did any of the ship's company, from Captain

Hull down to the lowest of his four hundred and fifty seamen, dream that within a very few days the eyes of the whole country and of all the world would be fixed in breathless interest on them and their vessel.

One hot July morning, they weighed anchor and sailed down the bay. Zach, who was watching the receding shore, was aroused from his musing by a call to duty. Incessantly, morning, noon, and night, the crew were exercised. Mind and body alike were trained. Far from being chiefly physical, this drill was in the highest sense moral. Discipline, loyalty, confidence in themselves and in each other were its results.

A week passed without seeing a sail—a week in which a mob of recruits was quickly changed into a disciplined crew. The interval was all too short. Every precious moment of that preparatory time was needed and improved, for the ordeal was close at hand.

Sailing northward one afternoon along the coast, the lookout suddenly announced, "four sail on the northern board, heading to westward." The sensation caused by the report had hardly died down when a fifth sail hove in sight in the northeast. In the blinding light of the setting sun, shining on a dead level with their eyes, the character of the strangers could not be made out.

The situation was in the highest degree dramatic, while, as if to complete and prolong the suspense, night fell like a curtain on the scene. Presently through the gathering darkness there sounded the fierce roll of the drum calling the men to quarters for action. Heard for the first time, it had a blood-curdling sound, and Zach felt his pulses beat and his muscles grow limp. It proved,

however, only a measure of caution. Nothing definite was yet known of the fifth stranger, the nearest. She might prove a friend. To clear up the uncertainty, signals were frequently shown by the *Constitution,* but without result.

At daylight the solitary vessel was only half a mile distant on the port tack. The others had disappeared. Hardly, however, had the lookout announced this before the squadron reappeared in the offing and exchanged signals with the solitary stranger! All doubt was now at an end: they were all members of the same fleet. Clear, too, was the situation. Like a pack of hounds hot on the scent, five of the best cruisers of the British navy were trimming sail to run down and destroy one poor Yankee frigate. It was to be a race for life.

For life! How vastly greater was the issue! It was a race for a nation's honor, a people's welfare, a race run over a boundless course, with no hope of succor from heaven or earth save in the resources of one stout-hearted man!

When Hull's plan was laid, the orders came quick and sharp. A twenty-four pounder was brought up from the main deck and run out aft, reinforced by two long guns thrust through the cabin windows. The whole formed a bristling row of teeth against the bold enemy who should press too near.

Then there fell a calm. All life and motion died out of sea and sky. Pursuers alike stood impotent, stock-still on the glassy sea, though frantic with eagerness to go on. It was not for long. The watchful Hull, with a sweeping glance at the sky, ordered out the boats to go

ahead and tow. Zach had command of one of the boats. Hour after hour, the rowing sailors strove like galley-slaves to drag their vessel from the sea-hounds' pursuit. They were spurred on from time to time by the boom of cannon behind, which showed that the enemy were on their track. For all their toil, the heavy frigate moved but at a snail's pace.

At last there is an order from the vessel; the boats are called alongside; a breeze is coming. Gladly the weary sailors obey the signal. The alert captain has the studding-sails already spread when they come up the sides.

Alack! it proves a false alarm. The breeze is but a puff. Instantly the order comes and the sails are furled. The whole thing has been like the opening and shutting of an umbrella.

Again—for there is no help for it—the exhausted sailors are ordered into the boats. It is a struggle against great odds, and despite every effort the enemy begins to gain. Zach looks on with anguish in his heart. He glances with despair at the captain. That stout official is not yet at the end of his resources.

"Run out a kedge—quick!" is his order to the sailing-master.

The thing is done as if it had been rehearsed. In a trice an anchor is carried far ahead and then dropped in the sea. It drags the ship up to the spot where it lies. It is then raised, carried ahead once more, and dropped again. Each time it draws the vessel ahead some distance. They regain lost ground, and Hull, as he glides away, resists not firing a salute at his pursuers.

His joy is too soon. The watchful enemy quickly catch

the trick and fail not to follow suit. They, too, row, and tow, and kedge, putting the whole force of the squadron to the task of thrusting forward one ship to grapple with the Yankee frigate.

The issue could not be long in doubt. It seems a foregone conclusion. Again Hull makes ready for action. He intends to fight the foremost pursuer before the others can come up.

Contrary to all hope and expectation, a little wind sprang up. The American drew away. Again, a lurking demon mocked the frigate with vain hopes. The wind was but a breath and lasted only long enough to raise their hearts.

At last, in the midst of this suspense, the long day wore to an end. Night came, but brought no rest. The fugitives felt that the enemy, like a tiger in a jungle, was creeping in their rear. They dared not rest a moment on their oars. All through the windless summer night they rowed and kedged, while on deck the captain kept sleepless watch.

As the third day dawned, the wind freshened; it was like breath in the nostrils of a fainting creature. As if refreshed, the frigate pulled ahead, the persistent enemy following hard on her trail. For the first time the wind fulfilled its promise, for the first time the vessel had a chance to show her mettle. Faithfully she did her part. Steadily she kept her lead. Longer and longer grew the stretch of ruffled water between her and the pursuing fleet. Hope rose high on board the frigate.

Still the unflagging enemy followed, ready to take instant advantage of any blunder or mishap. A critical

moment was at hand. Far to the west a black spot appeared in the sky. The jaded, haggard captain of the *Constitution* did not fail to note it. The ship was made ready, the officers warned, every man stationed at his post, and not a sail was furled until the squall was fairly upon them. It came and went like a flash, and as it whistled away over the blackened water out flew the fore and main top-gallant sails, and away sped the frigate beyond all possibility of capture. One by one, the baffled pursuers faded beneath the horizon.

II

The *Constitution* now put into the port of Boston for a short stay. In a few days, it stood out again to sea. Turning northward, the frigate ran along the coast of Maine and skirted the Bay of Fundy, where it fell in with a British packet bound for Halifax. Having quickly overhauled and captured her, a prize crew was put on board, and the *Constitution* went on her way.

Having explored the northern waters to no purpose, Captain Hull by and by turned southward. The day after altering his course, the lookout announced a sail in the offing. Whoever she might be, the stranger seemed bent on coming to closer acquaintance. Her identity was soon revealed: to Hull's unfeigned delight, she proved to be the *Guerriere,* one of the most formidable of the fleet which had so recently given him chase.

Directly, the man was transfigured: his eyes glowed with exultation, his muscles grew tense against the coming strain. It was one of the secrets of his power that his

officers and men in critical moments seemed fired with his spirit.

The drum beat to quarters. Every man hurried to his station. Meantime the two vessels, like athletes in the arena, stripped as it were for action. The *Guerriere* backed her main topsail; the *Constitution* took in her top-gallant sails and flying jib, took a second reef in her top-sails, and sent down the royal yards.

With one last glance at the enemy, who, bristling with menace, was awaiting their approach, Zach hurried below to the main deck, where he had charge of one of the guns.

Meantime a dull boom announced that the action had begun. Shut in between the decks, with no point of observation but his porthole, Zach stood rigid with expectation. The suspense was intolerable. Luckily it was short-lived. Presently there came a terrific roar; the vessel shook from stem to stern. For a moment the earth seemed to have stopped in space and the frigate to be sinking. The enemy, at short range, had simply poured in a broadside.

Zach was appalled. His ears were deafened, his brain ceased to act, a sickening nausea paralyzed heart and head. In the midst of it all a hoarse cry resounded. Zach's stunned ears could not make out the words. He stared wildly about him. Luckily his men heard and obeyed the order. An answering roar was heard: the *Constitution* trembled from stem to stern as she returned, with deadly effect, the enemy's fire. The sound, the action, brought the young officer to his senses, and from that moment he served his gun like a veteran.

Shut in between decks, he could see nothing of what was taking place. He had but to stand and wait. Meantime the frigate, turning to gain advantage or backing to avoid a broadside, seemed to be a vast whirling teetotum. By turns, through the portholes, he caught a glimpse of the enemy's bow or stern, now near at hand, now vanishing from sight.

As the fight went on, every element of doubt and terror combined to dismay the young midshipman: the confused cries and orders and rushing of feet from the upper deck; the crash of spars, timber, and rigging; the shrieks of the wounded; the booming of the cannon; the continuous roaring of the sea, which boiled up from the depths, filled the portholes with blinding spray, and fell with a sizzling sound on the heated guns.

In the awfulness of the moment Zach lost all sense of fear. One instinct alone held him: the old brutish instinct to fight. As soon as it acquired sway, he became insensible to every other consideration.

Presently, through the deafening tumult, eclipsing every other horror, came the cry, "Fire! fire!"

A cloud of smoke from the direction of the cabin confirmed the report. In the tumult, the first lieutenant vainly shouted orders which could not be heard. Forgetful of special duties, in that dire emergency, Zach ran to help. He arrived, so it seemed, none too soon. In the dim light a row of black figures could be seen handling buckets from pumps on the main deck.

In the intervals of the work, Zach had a chance to take in the situation. Close up against his porthole lay the *Guerriere,* her ponderous guns at pistol-range. Before

he had time to go back to his own place below, fire belched from those iron throats; the air was filled with cries and groans; the deck was strewn with dying men, flying splinters, broken gun-carriages, and a bloody litter, while the smoke, heat, and stench in the close space were well-nigh intolerable.

It was a soul-trying moment. There and then Zach received his baptism of fire, and it is much to say that he came forth from the ordeal alive and sane.

He flew to his deserted post. Half of his men had been swept away. The gun next him was silenced. The lieutenant in command had fallen. It was no time to hesitate or wait for orders. There was but one thing to do: to return the blow of the enemy before she could get out of range.

With the aid of his half-disabled men, he loaded and pointed the two guns. The British frigate, fearing the coming punishment, was struggling with might and main to escape, but the *Constitution* held her fast in a death-grapple.

At that moment a new officer arrived. The word was given, the match was applied, a sheet of flame for a moment lit up the doomed vessel. Then came a crash. A cheer sounded from the upper deck. The cry was echoed through the vessel, "Down goes her mizzen-mast!"

Another trampling was heard above. A chorus of oaths and shouts and orders filled the interval.

"Fire! fire!"

"Man the starboard guns!"

"Stand by to board."

"Marines repel boarders!"

"Fire!"

"Boarders away!"

A sharp rattle of musketry, a rush of feet, and then came louder cheers. The triumphant cry reached the anxious gunners below.

"His flag's down."

"Who?"

"The British."

"The day is ours!"

The two ships fell apart. Directly, the *Guerriere's* foremast and mainmast tumbled overboard, leaving her a helpless wreck.

The fight was over. The *Constitution* ran off to the eastward and lay to. With nimble hands, the tired but happy crew fell to work repairing the havoc done to their staunch frigate. On the deck, the panting hero who commanded her stood mopping his forehead and casting back a look on his victim. Secure now of possession, he took his time to receive the formal surrender.

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

## XXIII

## THE FIRST AMERICAN FLEET VICTORY

While the Americans were victorious on the ocean, they were unsuccessful on the land. Detroit was captured by the British, and American attempts to invade Canada met with defeat. Moreover, the frontier was ravaged by Indian attacks.

Early in 1813, a small army of Kentucky troops marched north to wipe out the disgrace of the surrender of Detroit. It met a force of British and Indians at the River Raisin and was defeated. Many of the Americans were killed by the Indians after surrendering. About the same time another disaster occurred. The American general Dearborn sent a force to attack Toronto, Canada, which was captured after a sharp fight. Suddenly the British powder magazine exploded, killing hundreds of American soldiers, among them the gallant explorer, General Zebulon M. Pike, who was in command.

The British held Lake Erie with a fleet of warships under the command of Commodore Barclay, who had fought under the great sea conqueror, Nelson, against the French and Spanish at Trafalgar. A young American naval officer, Oliver Hazard Perry, succeeded in building a fleet of rough vessels with which to dispute the British control of the lake. The battle that followed is described in Irving Bacheller's novel, *D'ri and I,* from which the following selection is taken.

The story tells of the first fleet action ever fought by

Americans. Before this, naval fighting in American waters had been between single ships. Now an American fleet of somewhat smaller force defeated a British fleet. It was a great day in our history.

## BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

From *D'ri and I*,[1] by Irving Bacheller.

### I

I had seen much service on the border in the memorable year of 1812. In 1813, I was near Ogdensburg when orders came from the War Department providing a detail to go and help man the guns of Oliver Hazard Perry at Put-in-Bay. I had the honor of leading them on the journey and turning them over to the young captain, who had built a fleet out of the timber taken from the woods along Lake Erie and was now ready to dispute with the British the command of the water.

In the middle of the afternoon of an early September day, we came to Put-in-Bay and pulled up at headquarters, a two-story frame building on a high shore. There were wooded islands in the offing, and between them we could see the fleet—nine vessels, big and little.

I turned over the men, who were taken to the ships immediately and put under drill. Surgeon Ushur of the *Lawrence* and a young midshipman rowed me to Gibraltar Island, well out in the harbor, where the surgeon presented me to Perry, a tall, shapely man, with dark hair

[1] Used by special permission of Harper & Brothers.

and eyes, and ears hidden by heavy tufts of beard. He stood on a rocky point high above the water, a glass to his eye, looking seaward. His youth surprised me; he was then twenty-eight. He received me kindly; he had a fine dignity and gentle manners. He gave my hand a squeeze, assuring me of his pleasure that I was to be with him awhile. The greeting over, we rowed away to the *Lawrence*. She was chopping lazily at anchor in a light breeze, her sails loose. Her crew cheered their commander as we came under the frowning guns.

"They're tired of waiting," said he; "they're looking for business when I come aboard."

He showed me over the decks; it was all as clean as a Puritan parlor.

"Captain," said he, "tie yourself to that big bow gun. It's a modern sling of David, only its pebble is big as a rock. Learn how to handle it, and you may take a fling at the British some day."

He put my friend, D'ri in my squad, as I requested, leaving me with the gunners. I went to work, at once, and knew shortly how to handle the big machine. D'ri and I convinced the captain with no difficulty that we were fit for a fight so soon as it might come.

It came sooner than we expected. The cry of "Sail ho!" woke me early one morning. It was the tenth of September. The enemy was coming. We saw sails sticking out of the misty dawn a few miles away. In a moment our decks were black and noisy with the hundred and two men that manned the vessel. It was every hand to rope and windlass then. Sails went up with a snap all around us, and the creak of blocks sounded far and near.

In twelve minutes we were under way, leading the van to battle. The sun came up, lighting the great towers of canvas. Every vessel was now feeling for the wind, some with oars and sweeps to aid them. A light breeze came out of the southwest. Perry stood near me, his hat in his hand. He was looking back at the *Niagara*.

"Run to the leeward of the islands," said he to the sailing-master.

"Then you'll have to fight to the leeward," said the latter.

"I don't care, so long as we fight," said Perry. "Windward or leeward, we want to fight."

Then came the signal to change our course. The wind shifting to the southeast, we were all able to clear the island and keep the weather-gage. A cloud came over the sun; far away the mist thickened. The enemy wallowed to the topsails and went out of sight behind the fog. We had lost the wind. Our sails fell limp; flag and pennant hung lifeless. A light rain drizzled down, breaking the smooth plane of water into crowding rings and bubbles. Perry stood out in the drizzle as we lay waiting. All eyes were turned to the sky and to Perry. He had a look of worry and disgust. He was out for a quarrel, though the surgeon said he was in more need of medical care, having the fever of malaria as well as that of war. He stood there, tall and handsome, in a loose jacket of blue nankeen, with no sign of weakness in him, his eyes flashing as he looked up at the sky.

D'ri and I stood in the squad at the bow gun. D'ri was wearing an old straw hat; his flannel shirt was open at the collar.

At that moment we heard a roaring cheer back of us. Perry had come out with his blue battle-flag. He held it before him at arm's length. I could see a part of its legend in white letters, "Don't give up the ship."

"My brave lads," he shouted, "shall we hoist it?"

Our "Ay, ay, sir!" could have been heard a mile away, and the flag rose above tossing hats and howling voices to the masthead.

The wind came. We could hear the sails snap and stiffen as it overhauled the fleet ahead of us. In a jiffy it struck our own hull and canvas, and again we began to plough the water. It grew into a smart breeze, and scattered the fleet of clouds that hovered over us. The rain passed; sunlight sparkled on the rippling plane of water. We could now see the enemy; he had hove to, and was waiting in line for us. A crowd was gathering on the high shores we had left to see the battle. We were well in advance, crowding our canvas in a good breeze. I could hear only the roaring furrows of water on each side of the prow. Every man of us held his tongue, ready for whatever might come. Three men passed, sanding the decks. D'ri was leaning placidly over the big gun. He looked off at the white line, squinting knowingly. He was watching the enemy.

Well, for two hours it was all creeping and talking under the breath, and here and there a call as some nervous chap tightened the ropes of his resolution. We could see with our naked eyes the men who were to give us battle. Perry shouted sternly to some gunners who thought it high time to fire. The word came; there would be no firing until we got close. Little gusts of music came

chasing over the water faint-footed to our decks—a band playing "Rule Britannia." I was looking at a brig in the line of the enemy when a bolt of fire leaped out of her and thick belches of smoke rushed to the top-sails. Then something hit the sea near by a great hissing slap, and we turned to see chunks of the scattered lake surface fly up in nets of spray and fall roaring on our decks. We all were drenched there at the bow gun.

We kept moving down upon the enemy, now little more than a mile away, signaling the fleet to follow.

"My God! see there!" a gunner shouted.

The British line had turned into a reeling, whirling ridge of smoke lifting over spurts of flame at the bottom. We knew what was coming. The storm of iron hit us. A heavy ball crashed into the after bulwarks, tearing them away and slamming over gun and carriage, which slid a space and ground the gunners under it. The foremast went into splinters a few feet above the deck, its top falling over, its canvas sagging in great folds. It was all the work of a second. That hasty flight of iron, coming out of the air, thick as a flock of pigeons, had gone through hull and rigging in a wink of the eye. And a fine mess it had made. Men lay scattered along the deck, bleeding, yelling, struggling. The *Scorpion* of our fleet had got her guns in action; the little *Ariel* was also firing. D'ri leaned over me, shouting in my ear.

"Don't like the way they're whalin' us," he said, his cheeks red with anger.

"Nor I," was my answer.

Perry came hurrying forward.

"Fire!" he commanded, with a quick gesture; and we

began to warm up our big twenty-pounder there in the bow. But the deadly bolts of iron kept flying over and upon the deck, bursting into awful showers of chain and spikes and balls. We saw shortly that our brig was badly out of gear. She began to drift to leeward, and being unable to aim at the enemy we could make no use of the bow gun. Every brace and bowline cut away, her canvas torn to rags, her hull shot through and half her men dead or wounded, she was indeed a sorry sight. The *Niagara* went by on the safe side of us, heedless of our plight. Two of my gunners had been hurt by bursting canister. D'ri and I picked them up and made for the cockpit. D'ri's man kept howling and kicking. As we hurried over the bloody deck, there came a mighty crash beside us and a burst of iron that tumbled me to my knees.

II

A cloud of smoke covered us. I felt the man I bore struggle and then go limp in my arms; I felt my knees getting warm and wet. My man had been killed in my arms by a piece of chain, buried in his breast. I was so confused by the shock of it all that I had not the sense to lay him down, but followed D'ri to the cockpit. He stumbled on the stair, falling heavily with his burden. Then I dropped my poor gunner and helped men to carry D'ri, who was wounded, to a table, where they bade me lie down beside him.

"It is no time for jesting," said I, with some dignity.

"My dear fellow," the surgeon answered, "your wound is no jest. You are not fit for duty."

I looked down at the big hole in my trousers and the cut in my thigh, of which I had known nothing until then. I had no sooner seen it and the blood than I saw that I also was in some need of repair, and lay down with a quick sense of faintness. My wound was no pretty thing to see but was of small consequence—a flesh wound only.

The room was full of the wounded, some lying on the floor, some standing, some stretched on cots and tables. Every moment they were crowding down the companion-way. The cannonading was now so close and heavy that it gave me an ache in the ears, but above its quaking thunder I could hear the shrill cries of men sinking to death in the grip of pain. The brig was in sore distress, her timbers creaking, snapping, quivering. On her side there came suddenly a crashing blow, as if some great hammer, swung far in the sky, had come down upon her. I could hear the split and break of heavy timbers; I could see splinters flying over me in a rush of smoke, and the legs of a man go bumping on the beams above. I leaped off the table and ran, limping, to the deck, I do not know why; I was driven by some impulse.

Suddenly I found myself stumbling over heaps of the hurt and dead there on the reeking deck. It was a horrible place; everything was tipped over, man and gun and mast and bulwark. The air was full of smoke, but near me I could see a topsail of the enemy. Balls were plunging in the water alongside, the spray drenching our deck. I went below with a wounded man who had appealed to me for aid.

Just then we heard the voice of Perry. He stood on the stairs calling into the cockpit.

"Can any wounded man below there pull a rope?" he shouted.

D'ri was on his feet in a jiffy, and we were both clambering to the deck as another mass of metal went over us. Perry was trying with block and tackle to mount a cannon. A handful of men were helping him. D'ri rushed to the ropes, I following, and we both pulled with a will. A sailor who had been hit in the legs hobbled up, asking for room on the rope. I told him he could be of no use, but he, pointing at my leg, which was now bleeding, swore that he was sounder than I and put up his fists to prove it. I have seen no better show of pluck in all my fighting than that, nor any that gave me a greater pride of my own people and my country. At every heave of the rope our blood came out of us, until a ball shattered the pulley and the gun fell.

Perry had then a fierce look, but his words were cool, his manner dauntless. He peered through lifting clouds of smoke at our line. He stood near me, his head bared. He crossed the littered deck, his battle-flag trailing from his shoulder. He halted by a boat swung at the davits—the only one that had not gone to splinters. There he called a crew about him, and all got quickly aboard the boat and lowered it. Word flew that he was leaving to take command of the sister brig, the *Niagara,* which lay off a quarter of a mile or so from where we stood. We all wished to go, but he would have only sound men; there were not a dozen on the ship who had all their blood in them. As they pulled away, Perry standing in the

stern, D'ri lifted a bloody, tattered flag and, leaning from the bulwarks, shook it over them, cheering loudly.

"We'll take care o' the old brig," he shouted.

The little boat was barely a length off when heavy shot fell splashing in her wake. Soon they were dropping all around her. One crossed her bow, ripping a long furrow in the sea. Splinters from an oar scattered behind her. Plunging missiles marked her course with a line of foam, but she rode on bravely. We saw her nearing the other brig and were all on tiptoe. The air cleared a little, and we could see the men ship oars and go up the side.

Lieutenant Yarnell ordered the one flag of the *Lawrence* down. As it sank fluttering, we groaned. Our dismay went quickly from man to man. Presently we could hear the cries of the wounded below. A man came staggering out of the cockpit, the blood dripping from his mouth between his protests.

"Another shot would sink her," Yarnell shouted.

"Let her sink, then," cried D'ri.

The British turned their guns; we were no longer in the smoky paths of thundering cannon. The *Niagara* was under fire. Our little gunboats, urged by oars, were hastening to the battle front. We could see their men firing as they came. The *Detroit* and the *Queen Charlotte,* two heavy brigs of the British line, had run foul of each other. The *Niagara* bore down on them. Crossing the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, she raked them with broadsides. We saw masts fall in the volley. Our little boats had come up and were boring into the brigs. In a brief time, it was then near three o'clock, a white flag, at the end of a boarding-pike, flut-

tered over a British deck. The battle was over. A Yankee band was playing near by.

"Perry is coming! Perry is coming!" we heard them shouting above.

A feeble cry that had in it pride and joy and devotion passed many a fevered lip in the cockpit. Perry came, when the sun was low, with a number of British officers, and received their surrender on his own bloody deck. Our victory was complete.

## XXIV

## WAR OF 1812 ENDS IN A TRIUMPH

In the following year, 1814, a British army invaded New York, while a British fleet sailed down Lake Champlain. This fleet was defeated by Commodore Macdonough in the battle of Lake Champlain. The British, however, made efforts at other points. In the summer of 1814, a fleet sailed up the Potomac River carrying an army. This force routed the American militia and plundered Washington, burning the Capitol and other public buildings. When the fleet attacked Baltimore, it was driven off by the guns of Fort McHenry, and Francis Scott Key wrote the Star-Spangled Banner to commemorate the victory.

A much more dangerous invasion followed. A large fleet, carrying the best troops of England, sailed for New Orleans in the hope of taking that town and winning the mouth of the Mississippi River for Great Britain. It seemed that New Orleans must fall and that England might take the Louisiana Territory from the United States.

It was impossible for the American government to send troops to the defense of New Orleans, for the distance by land was too great and there were not ships enough. The country depended on the patriotic people of Tennessee and Kentucky to save the Mississippi River. The Tennessee riflemen, under the command of the great soldier, Andrew Jackson, had already conquered the Creek Indians in what is now Alabama, and they marched to the aid of New Orleans. Jackson at New Orleans and the battle that followed his coming are described in Alfred Henry Lewis's novel, *When Men Grew Tall,* from which the following selection is taken.

At this time, the beginning of 1815, peace already existed between England and the United States, although it was not known in America. A treaty had been signed in Europe on Christmas Eve. Had the English taken New Orleans and conquered the Louisiana Territory, however, the treaty would probably have been changed. Jackson's victory made the treaty effective.

The story paints one of the greatest figures in American history and describes the greatest American victory. It was the boast of the country for decades.

## JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS

From *When Men Grew Tall*,[1] by A. H. Lewis.

### I

General Andrew Jackson has arrived in New Orleans with his army of backwoodsmen. Governor Claiborne of Louisiana Territory and the leading citizens are a little disappointed in him. They looked for a military personage of romantic, inspiring splendor. And what is he? A meager figure in a leather cap, a Spanish cloak of rusty blue, homespun coat, buckskin breeches, and high boots as red as a horse from the prolonged absence of blacking. Still they cannot forget the iron face and the high, hawklike glance of the blue eyes, in which the battle fires already begin to kindle. The man in his queer clothes is grotesque; in their souls they none the less concede his formidable character.

[1] Used by special permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.

The general declares civil rule suspended and puts the city under martial law. It is as though he laid his strong, bony hand on the shoulder of every man, and, the first shock over, every man feels safer for it. The press-gangs seize sailors and force them to serve on the general's gunboats. But they are not the only things drafted. Negroes, mules, carts, shovels, and picks are brought under his rigid thumb. Every gun, every sword, every pistol is collected.

Nor is this all. Troops begin to arrive to aid the general. Last of all, Colonel Adair appears with his force of Kentuckians. These latter are a disappointment, being practically unarmed, owning but one gun among ten men. They ask Jackson if he has any guns for them, and the general tells them no.

"Well," responds a Kentuckian, while a look of satisfaction begins to struggle into his face, "I'll tell you what we'll do then. The boys will go out on the firin' line with the rest, and as fast as one of them Tennesseeans gets knocked over, we'll up and inherit his gun."

The English fleet arrives and anchors off the Louisiana coast. Loaded with soldiers and sailors and marines, the lighter craft enter Lake Borgne. There they have a skirmish with some of the American gunboats, which they at length destroy but only with heavy loss to themselves.

Masters of Lake Borgne, the English go about the landing of troops at Pine Island. The sixteen hundred first ashore are formed into an advance skirmish battalion and ordered forward. They go splashing through the swamps and toward the river like so many muskrats, and in the end crawl out on a narrow belt of sugar-cane

stubble which bristles between the levee and the swamp from which they have emerged. Finding dry land under their feet, they cheer up a bit and build fires to make comfortable their bivouac while waiting the coming of their comrades still wallowing in the swamp.

How are things going with Jackson? He has been hard at work all day. The legislature sends a committee to ask him what will be his course if he is beaten. The general's reply is hardly courteous.

"Tell your honorable body," he says, "that if disaster overtakes me and the fate of war drives me from my lines to the city, they may expect to have a very warm session."

Edward Livingston, who is with him, catches the adjective.

"A warm session, general?" says he. "What do you mean by that?"

"Ned," replies the general, "if I am beaten here, I will fall back on the city, fire it, and fight it out in the flames. Nothing for the support of the enemy will be left. New Orleans destroyed, I will occupy a position on the river above, cut off supplies, and starve the English out of the country. There is this difference, Ned, between me and those fellows from the legislature. They think of the city and its safety. For my side, I'm not here to defend the city but the nation at large."

Colonel Coffee's scouts, in hunting-shirts, come in and report the watch fires of the English winking and blinking among the sugar stubble.

"Ah," says the general, "I've a mind to disturb their dreams."

He sends word to Commodore Patterson to have the *Carolina* in readiness to act with his forces. Then he sends for the indispensable Coffee.

"Coffee, we shall attack them tonight."

The wise Coffee nods.

The council over, Colonel Coffee goes to turn out the troops. This is to be done softly, as a surprise is aimed at.

Presently the hunting-shirt men are moving forward like shadows among the cypress swamp. As they turn a bend in the swamp, they see not a furlong away the flickering and shadow-dancing of the watch fires of the tired English. At this, every hunting-shirt man makes certain the flint is secure in the hammer of his rifle and loosens the knife and tomahawk in his rawhide belt. Then all crouch in the lee of the cypress swamp and wait. Colonel Coffee is lying by for the signal which shall tell him to begin.

The general calls him to one of their celebrated conferences.

"It is my purpose, Coffee," he explains, "merely to shake them up a bit. An attack will cure them of overconfidence and break the teeth of their conceit. This should hold them in check and give us time to throw up earthworks. The signal will be a gun from the *Carolina*. When you hear that, attack everything wearing a red coat. But be careful! Do not go too far. Reinforcements are crawling out of the swamp to the rear of the English every hour."

The hunting-shirt men lie waiting by the cypress swamp. It is a moonless night, and what light the stars might furnish is withheld by a blanket-screen of thick

clouds. No night could be darker; for, lest an occasional star find a cloud-rift and peer through, a fog drives up from the river.

Time passes. Suddenly a liquid tongue of flame lights up the broad, dark bosom of the river. It is followed by a crashing "Boom!" This is the word from the *Carolina.*

The signal carries dismay to the hearts of the English, since Commodore Patterson, whose genius is thoroughgoing, is at pains to load the gun with two pecks of slugs. Eighty-four killed and wounded are the red English harvest of that one discharge.

The frightened drums beat the alarm, and the ranks of the English form. As they grasp their arms, the nine broadside guns of the *Carolina* begin to rake them. With this, the English fall slowly back from the river.

This rearward movement, while managed slowly because of the darkness, brings discouraging results. The English retreat into the hunting-shirt men who are skirmishing up from the cypress swamp. The English are first told of this new danger by the spitting flashes which remind them of needles of fire, and the crack of the long squirrel rifles like the snapping of a whip.

The trapped English reply in uncertain fashion and make a bad matter worse. The hunting-shirt men locate them by the flash of their guns, at which they shoot with astonishing quickness and accuracy. With men falling like November's leaves, the English give ground to the south, which saves them somewhat from both the *Carolina* and the hunting-shirt men.

The hunting-shirt men follow, loading and firing as they advance. Now and then a hunting-shirt man over-

takes one of the foe and settles the quarrel with tomahawk and knife. It is cruel work—this unseeing bloodshed in the dark—and new to the English, who express their dislike for it.

For two black, sightless hours the hunting-shirt men crowd the English to the south. Then the general draws them off. They come, bringing as captives one colonel, two majors, three captains, and sixty-four privates. Also they have killed and wounded more than two hundred of the English. They themselves have suffered but slightly.

II

It is the day before Christmas when the general lays out his line of fortifications. The canal is narrow and shallow. The general will make a moat of it and raise his breastworks along its mile-length muddy course between the river and the cypress swamp. He keeps an army of mules and negroes, with scrapers and carts, hard at work heaping up the earth. A boat-load of cotton is lying at the levee. The cotton bales are rolled ashore and added to the heaped-up earth.

There is a low place to the general's front. He cuts the levee; and soon the Mississippi furnishes three feet of water to serve as a wet drawback to any English advance. The latter, however, are not thinking of an advance. Supports have come dripping from the swamp and swollen their numbers to threefold Jackson's force, but none the less their hearts are weak. The horrifying night attack has broken their vanity, and a fear of the dangerous hunting-shirt men lies upon the English like a

cloud. Worse, the *Carolina* swings downstream abreast of their position, and her broadsides drive them to hide in ditches and the cypress borders of the swamp. There is no peace, no safety on the flat stubble ground.

Nightfall brings small relief. The empty-handed Kentuckians must be provided for; and no sooner does the sun go down than the hunting-shirt men by twos and threes go forth in search of English muskets. They shoot down sentries and carry away their weapons. Does an English group assemble around a camp fire? It becomes an invitation seldom neglected. A party of hunting-shirt men creep within rifle-range and begin the butchery. There is never a moment, day or dark, when the unhappy English are not within the icy reach of death. There is no repose, no safety.

The English complain bitterly of this bushwacking. The troops denounce Jackson as a barbarian in whose savage bosom burns no spark of chivalry. They recall how, in their late campaigns in Spain, English and French pickets spent peaceful weeks within fifty yards of one another, exchanging nothing more deadly than coffee and compliments.

The grim Jackson refuses to be affected by the English-French example. He continues to pile up earthworks, while the hunting-shirt men go forth nightly to shoot English as usual. The situation wears on the latter.

While the general is fortifying his lines and his hunting-shirt men are stalking English sentinels, peace is signed in Europe between America and England. But Europe is far away, and there is no Atlantic cable. And so the general continues his labors undisturbed.

Christmas does not go uncelebrated in Jackson's camp. He celebrates it by driving his mules and negroes the harder. But the hunting-shirt men celebrate by cleaning their rifles, molding bullets, refilling power horns, whetting knives and tomahawks to a razor edge, and making other preparations.

And now Sir Edward Pakenham arrives and relieves General Keane in command of the English. With him comes General Gibbs. The two listen to the reports of General Keane and shrug polite shoulders as he speaks of the savage valor of the Americans. It seems absurd to them that backwoodsmen clad in skins and with not a bayonet among them should check the flower of England. General Keane does not reply to this polite shrug. He reflects that Jackson and his hunting-shirt men can be relied on to make the answer.

Sir Edward gives Jackson three uninterrupted days. This the latter improves by rearing his earthworks to a height of four feet and mounting five guns. On the fourth day the English are led out to the assault. Sir Edward does not say so, but he expects to march over those four-foot walls of mud and cotton bales as he might over any other small obstruction, and go up into the city beyond.

The result does not justify Sir Edward's optimism. The moment the English approach within two hundred yards of the general's line a sheet of fire flares all along it. The English melt away like smoke. They break and run, seeking refuge in the cross ditches which drain the stubble land. Once in the ditches, they are made to sit fast by the watchful hunting-shirt men, whose aim is

death and who shoot at every man that exposes himself in the least degree.

All day the English must crouch in the mud and water of the ditches. With darkness for a shield, Sir Edward brings them off. He explains this disaster to his staff by calling it a "reconnoissance." General Keane only smiles. Sir Edward has received a taste of the backwoodsmen of Tennessee and Kentucky and may now take a more tolerant view of the setbacks suffered by General Keane.

"What do you think of it?" asks Sir Edward of his friend, General Gibbs, as the two confer over a bottle of port.

"Sir Edward," returns the general, "I should call a council of war."

The council is called. The solemn debate lasts hours. The decision is reached to regard Jackson's position as a fortified place, to be reduced by a regular siege. This is very flattering to Jackson's engineering skill.

The council breaks up. Next morning Sir John Burgoyne, the chief of the English engineers, commits a stroke of genius. He rolls out of the storehouses to the English rear countless hogsheads of sugar. Night sets in, foggy and black. Under cover of it, Sir John rolls his hundreds of hogsheads to a point not six hundred yards from Jackson's mud walls. Till daybreak the English work. They set the hogsheads on end—four thicknesses of them, two high. Portholes are left for the muzzles of the guns, and thirty cannon that have been dragged through the cypress swamp are placed in position.

The hogsheads of sugar, with the thirty muzzles frown-

ing forth, impress folk as a formidable fortress. Jackson, however, does not hesitate. He instantly opens with his five guns, and Commodore Patterson, in command now of the *Louisiana,* throws the weight of his broadsides against the English.

The duel is hot and furious, and the rolling clouds of powder smoke shut out the view. When the smoke has well cloaked the field, Sir Edward orders two columns of English to storm the general's mud walls.

The columns advance and run headforemost into the hunting-shirt men. The rain of lead rolls the columns up like two red carpets. The columns break, and the English take cover for a second time in the ditches. They declare that no troops on earth can face the muzzles of the Tennessee rifles.

Presently the fire of the British cannon begins to falter, and Jackson orders his own guns to cease firing. The breeze from the river tears the smoky veil aside, and lo! that noble fortification of sugar hogsheads is heaped and piled in ruins. Jackson's solid shot go through the hogsheads of sugar as though they were snow. The English gunners fly for their lives.

Sir Edward's cheek is white. He blames Burgoyne, who has erred, he says, in building the works. The English skulk in clusters, seeking refuge from the deadly rifles of the Americans. From the cypress swamp a last detachment emerges and meets the beaten English coming back. General Lambert is shocked when he sees the retreat.

"What is it, colonel?" he asks Colonel Dale of the Highlanders. "In heaven's name, what stopped you?"

"Bullets, mon!" returns the Scotchman. "Naught but bullets. The fire of those de'ils in lang shirts would have stopped Caesar himself."

The English become a prey to dejection. The unending night attacks wear them out. They build no fires now, but sit in darkness the night through. Fire is but an invitation to a shower of lead, as the steadily lengthening list of dead and wounded shows. Even to light a cigar after dark is an approach to suicide; and so the English wrap themselves in blackness—very miserable. Their earlier horror of the hunting-shirt men is increased, for they have studied backwoods marksmanship from the standpoint of targets and have found it marvelous.

III

Jackson guesses what is passing in the English camp. "Coffee," he says, "in their souls we have them beaten. They will fight again; but only from pride. Their hope is gone."

The general's prophecy comes true on the eighth of January. The scouts awake Jackson at two o'clock and say that the enemy are astir. He is instantly abroad: the word goes down the line; by four o'clock every rifle is ready, each hunting-shirt man at his post.

The weak spot in the line, where Sir Edward will level his utmost force, is where the line finds an end in the cypress swamp. There Jackson stations Coffee with his men. To the rear as a reserve is Adair, with his Kentuckians, who are now armed at the English expense and giving a very good account of themselves.

Jackson orders his band to strike up "Yankee Doodle." The band, in compliment to Jackson, has been practicing "Possum up a Gum Tree," which it understands is the national anthem of Tennessee, and offers to play that; but Jackson declines. It will not be understood by the English, who know "Yanke Doodle" very well indeed. The band plays "Yankee Doodle."

Pakenham is afoot early in the morning. He finds the English steady yet dull; they will fight but not with spirit. They are to advance in three columns; General Keane on the right; in the center Dale's Highlanders; on the left, where the main attack is to be, General Gibbs, with three thousand of the pride of England at his back. General Lambert is to hold himself in rear of General Gibbs, with two regiments as a reserve. As the columns form, there are eigthy-five hundred of the English against Jackson's thirty-two hundred. Yet upon the eighty-five hundred hangs a silence like a sadness, as though they are about to march to their graves.

The solemn awe in which the English hold the hunting-shirt men finds pathetic evidence. As the columns wheel into position, Colonel Dale of the Highlanders gives a letter and watch to the surgeon.

"Carry them to my wife," says he, "and tell her that I died at the head of my regiment."

Sir Duncan Campbell comes among his Highlanders wrapped in a cloak. Some one suggests that he lay it aside.

"Never," says he; "I'll peel for no American!" and twenty-four hours later he is buried in that cloak.

With the first streaks of livid dawn, a rocket flashes

skyward from Sir Edward's headquarters. The rocket is the English signal to advance. In a moment, General Gibbs, General Keane, and Colonel Dale, with his Highlanders, are in motion.

The signal rocket is followed by thousands of fellow rockets; the air is on fire with them as they blaze aloft in mighty arc, to fall and explode among the hunting-shirt men.

"Toys for children," cries Jackson. "Toys for children! They'll hurt no one."

The general is right. Those rockets are supposed to be as deadly as artillery, but they prove as harmless as so many huge fire-flies. The hunting-shirt men laugh at them.

As the sun shoots up above the cypress swamp and rolls back the mists of morning, the English make a gallant picture. The fields in front of the American line are gay with splotches of red and gray and green and tartan, the colors of the various English regiments.

The hunting-shirt men, however, are not given much space for admiration; for, with one grand crash, the big guns go into action and the gay picture is swallowed up in smoke. Presently Colonel Rennie and his men rush forward toward Jackson's mud walls. They are met full in the face by a tempest of grapeshot. They bunch up into lumps of disorder, like clumps of sheep in green uniforms. Patterson's cannon tear those sheep-clumps to pieces, staining the green with crimson.

Colonel Rennie, when his men recoil, keeps on—face red with grief and rage.

"It's my time to die," says he. "But before I die I shall see the inside of those mud walls."

Colonel Rennie is wrong. A bullet finds his brain as he lifts his head above the breastworks and he slips back dead in the ditch outside. When the English flinch and Rennie dies, the bugler—a boy of fourteen—climbs a tree not a hundred yards from Jackson's line. Perched among the branches, he sounds dauntless charges. Jackson gives orders to let the boy alone. So the little bugler, protected by the word of the American general, sings his shrill onset to the last.

Sir Edward's main assault, with General Gibbs, meets no fairer fortune than Rennie's. Gibbs advances, brushing with the shoulder of his force the cypress swamp. The hunting-shirt men are waiting.

"Easy, boys!" cries Jackson. "Don't fire until they are within two hundred yards!"

On rush the English. At six hundred yards they are met by the fire of the artillery. They heed it not, but press sullenly forward, closing up the gaps in the ranks, where the solid shots go through. Five hundred yards, four hundred, three hundred. Still they come. Two hundred yards!

And now a line of fire glances from right to left and left to right along the crest of those mud walls. The head of the English columns burns away, as though thrust into a furnace. The column wavers and welters like a red ship in a murky sea of smoke. It pauses, falteringly—disdaining to fly, yet unable to advance!

"Forward, men," shouts General Gibbs. "This is the way you should go!"

As he points with his sword to those terrible mud walls, he falls riddled by the hunting-shirt men.

At this repulse, Sir Edward turns to Colonel Dale.

"Bring on your Highlanders!" he cries. "We must force their lines in front of General Gibbs. It is our only chance!"

Sir Edward dashes across to General Gibbs. He sees Gibbs go down. He sees the red column torn and twisted by the storm of lead the hunting-shirt men unloose. As the English reel away from those flying messengers of death, Sir Edward seeks to rally them.

"Are you Englishmen?" he cries. "Have you but marched upon a battlefield to stain the glory of your flag?"'

Sir Edward's arm falls, smashed by a bullet. He seems not to know his hurt. He is on fire with the thought that the honors won in forty battles are now about to be wrested from him by a mob of backwoodsmen.

"Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" he shouts.

At Sir Edward's welcoming salute, Dale waves his hand. It is his last movement; he falls dead before Pakenham's eyes. At the same moment, Sir Edward is struck by a second bullet near the heart. As his aide catches him, he beckons feebly.

"Call up Lambert with the reserves," he whispers.

As he lies in the arms of his aide, a third bullet puffs out his lamp of life, and England loses a second Sir Philip Sidney.

The main column falls into renewed disorder. It begins to retreat; the retreat becomes a rout. Only the

Highlanders stay. They cannot go forward; they will not go back. They stand rooted until more than five hundred of their nine hundred and fifty are shot down.

As the main column breaks, Major Wilkinson turns to Lieutenant Lavack.

"This is too much disgrace to take home," says he.

Like Colonel Rennie, Major Wilkinson charges the mud walls. Lieutenant Lavack, sharing his feelings, shares with him that desperate, disgrace-defying charge. They press on through the singing bullets. Up the mud walls they swarm. Major Wilkinson falls dead. Lavack, with a luck that is a charm, lands in the midst of the hunting-shirt men without a scratch. They receive him boisterously, offering him compliments. They assure him that they like his style. Lavack gains fame as the one live Englishman over Jackson's walls that day.

The battle is over. The English are gone—that is, all save the dead and wounded. Of the six thousand that went into the battle—Lambert's reserves were never under fire—twenty-one hundred have fallen. Sixteen hundred of these are dead or mortally wounded. Jackson has lost four men dead and four wounded. New Orleans is saved. The Mississippi River is saved. Evermore the land shall be the possession of the United States. Andrew Jackson and his Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen have won the greatest victory in American history.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHORS

I. **James Fenimore Cooper** (1789-1851). Cooper is the greatest of American romancers. It was he who had the genius to seize on the wild life and wild inhabitants of America and put them in literature. He made the American Indian a figure of interest to people in all parts of the world. Cooper's chief books are his Leatherstocking Tales, of which *The Last of the Mohicans* is the best. He also wrote many sea stories and some historical novels, among which are *Mercedes of Castille* and *Lionel Lincoln.*

II. **General Lew Wallace** (1827-1905). Wallace's story of the time of Christ, *Ben-Hur,* is one of the most popular books that ever appeared in America. He also wrote two other important novels, *The Prince of India,* a tale of the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and *The Fair God,* a story of the conquest of Mexico.

III. **Vaughan Kester** (b. 1869). Kester, a Western writer, is the author of several romances, of which the best are *The Prodigal Judge* and *John o'Jamestown.*

IV. **Jane G. Austin** (1831-1894). Mrs. Austin is a New England writer whose best stories are *David Alden's Daughter, Betty Alden,* and *Standish of Standish.*

V. **Washington Irving** (1783-1859). Irving is one of the most delightful of American writers. His first notable work was *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* which is a comic history of New York in the colonial period. Other important books are the *Sketch Book, Tales of a Traveller,* and *The Alhambra.*

**John Bennett** (b. 1865). Bennett's two books are *Barnaby Lee* and *Master Skylark,* a tale of Shakespeare's time.

VII. **Maud Wilder Goodwin** (b. 1856). Mrs. Goodwin wrote of Virginia and Maryland colonial history. Her best books are *White Aprons* and *The Head of a Hundred.*

VIII. **William Dana Orcutt** (b. 1870). Mr. Orcutt's chief work is *Robert Cavelier.*

IX. **Lucy Foster Madison.** Mrs. Madison's chief book is *A Maid of Salem Towne.*

X. **Nathaniel Hawthorne** (1804-1864). Hawthorne is the greatest American novelist and also a great short-story writer. His principal books are *The Scarlet Letter, Twice-Told Tales, Mosses from an Old Manse,* and his famous children's books, *Tanglewood Tales* and *Grandfather's Chair.*

XI. **Mrs. Hugh Fraser.** Mrs. Fraser has written several novels, of which *In the Shadow of the Lord* and *The Stolen Emperor,* a tale of Japan, are the best.

XII. **Burton Egbert Stevenson** (b. 1872). Stevenson has written a number of historical novels, of which the most popular are *A Soldier of Virginia, The Heritage,* and *At Odds with the Regent.*

XIV. **John Esten Cooke** (1830-1886). Cooke is one of the most popular of Southern writers. His best book is *The Virginia Comedians.* He is more widely known, however, by his *Surry of Eagle's Nest,* a story of the War between the States, in which Cooke himself took part.

XVI. **Paul Leicester Ford** (1865-1902). Ford was one of the most widely-read writers of his time. His novel, *The Honorable Peter Stirling,* made his fame. His Revolutionary story, *Janice Meredith,* was also exceedingly popular.

XVII. **Maurice Thompson** (1844-1901). Thompson is known to fame as the author of one of the most popular of American historical novels, *Alice of Old Vincennes.*

XVIII. **William Gilmore Simms** (1806-1870). Simms is the greatest Southern romancer. His novels on the South, particularly South Carolina, were widely read for many years. His best books are *The Yemassee* and *The Partisan,* one of a series of novels dealing with the Revolutionary War in the South.

XIX. **Acton Davies and Charles Nirdlinger.** These men wrote *The First Lady of the Land* in collaboration.

XX. **Robert Ames Bennet** (b. 1870). Bennet's best-known books are *For the White Christ* and *A Volunteer with Pike.*

XXI. **Joseph A. Altsheler** (b. 1862). Altsheler is the author of a great number of historical stories for boys. The best-known are probably *A Herald of the West* and *In Hostile Red.*

XXII. **E. L. Bynner** (1842-1893). Bynner wrote several novels. *Zachary Phips* and *Penelope's Suitors* are the best known.

XXIII. **Irving Bacheller** (b. 1859). Bacheller is a popular novelist of the present day. His best books are *D'ri and I* and *Eben Holden.*

XXIV. **Alfred Henry Lewis.** Lewis has written several books, of which *When Men Grew Tall* is probably the best.

## THE CHARACTERS

In some of the stories the characters are all historical, or nearly all, and the pictures are highly realistic. In others there are a larger element of romance and a greater number of fictitious personages. In some cases, a fictitious character conveys the story: in others, non-historical persons come in as actors of equal importance with figures in history. In these various ways historical fiction creates the illusions that are valuable in conveying the truth. In order to obviate any difficulties, a list is given of the main non-historical characters appearing in the stories:

Bobadilla in "Columbus."

Farraday in "The Starving Time."

Submission in "King Philip and Conanchet." He actually represents, however, a historical character, Goffe, one of the judges of Charles I.

Fairfax and Penelope in "Bacon the Rebel."

Delight, the other members of her family, and the Wilmots in "Witchcraft at Salem."

Tom Stewart in "Braddock's Defeat."

Duncan Heyward in "Fall of Fort William Henry."

All the characters in "Sport in Old Virginia."

Lionel Lincoln in "Bunker Hill."

Brereton in "Trenton."

Beverley and Uncle Jason in "Clark at Vincennes."

Singleton in "The Swamp Fox."

Doctor Robinson in "Pike's Peak."

All the characters in "An Impressed Seaman."

Phips in "Constitution and Guerriere."

D'ri and the narrator in "Battle of Lake Erie."

## HISTORY POINTS

**Discovery of the World.**—Remember that, in 1492, the people of the British Isles, France, Italy, Spain, and the German Empire, who practically comprised the European world of that day, knew nothing of Asia and Africa except a little fringe of those continents along the Mediterranean Sea. North and South America and Australia were undreamed of. The three voyages of Columbus, beginning in 1492, the voyage of Amerigo Vespucci along South America, that of Vasco da Gama around Africa to India in 1498, and that of Magellan around the world, in 1519-1522, brought the people of Europe to an understanding of the extent of the earth. Many later voyages completed this knowledge.

**Exploration of North America.**—Ponce de Leon explored Florida in 1513. Cortez explored and conquered Mexico in 1519. Narvaez explored northern Mexico and Texas some years later, and De Soto reached the Mississippi in 1541. Coronado marched through the present states of Arizona and New Mexico. Thus the Spaniards discovered and explored the southern and western parts of the United States as well as Mexico. The French, in a series of explorations, made known Canada and much of the present United States, beginning with Jacques Cartier's navigation of the St. Lawrence River in 1534. Champlain, in 1608-1609, made large explorations in southern Canada. Marquette and Joliet reached the upper Mississippi River in 1673. Then La Salle completed the navigation of the great stream in 1682 and claimed the country for France. The Dutch explored the Hudson River and what is now the state of New

York. The English explored the country that is included in New England and the Middle Atlantic states, except New York, and the Southern states except those on the Gulf of Mexico.

**Kinds of Colonies.**—The English proved to be much the best colonizers, because they based their colonies on agriculture instead of on mining, as did the Spanish, or on the fur-trade, as did the French and Dutch. The English came to the New World to live, not to get rich quick and return home. There were three types of English colonies: *charter* colonies, which were governed according to charters granted by the king of England; *proprietary* colonies, which were controlled by private persons, called proprietors; and *royal* colonies, which were ruled by governors appointed by the king. Most of the New England colonies were charter colonies; Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and the Jersies were proprietary colonies; the Southern colonies were nearly all royal. Colonies sometimes changed from charter and proprietary to royal, and this was the tendency. It must be understood that all the colonies, of the three types, had legislatures elected by the people, which passed the laws, but in some colonies the people had greater power than in others. The too great authority exerted by Governor Berkeley in Virgina was the principal cause of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676.

**Great Events of Colonial History.**—The principal points to be remembered in colonial history are: the settlement of Virginia in 1607 and of Massachusetts in 1620—the two first colonies. The meeting of the first colonial legislature at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619. The New England Confederacy of 1643-1684, which foreshadowed the United States of today. The taking of New York by the English in 1664. King Philip's War, in 1675-1676, the greatest of the early Indian struggles. Bacon's Rebellion, in Virginia, in

1676, the first armed revolt in America. The overthrow of the royal governor, Sir Edmund Andros, by the people of Massachusetts in 1689, like Bacon's Rebellion a forerunner of the revolution. The witchcraft trials and executions in 1692, which marked the passing of Old World superstition from American life. Connecticut's struggle in 1715 to keep its charter. The capture of Louisbourg in 1745 by the New England army. The French and Indian War, 1755-1763, which resulted in the gain of Canada by England: the main battles of this war were Braddock's Defeat; the capture of Fort William Henry; Montcalm's victory at Ticonderoga, and Wolfe's victory at Quebec, which settled the contest.

**Causes of the Revolution.**—There were many causes for the American Revolution. The principal one was the effort of the British Parliament to lay taxes on the colonies: the colonies, which were taxed by their own legislatures, looked on this as tyranny. Quartering of a British army in America. The Navigation Acts, which limited colonial trade. The effort made by the British government to have colonists accused of crimes sent to England for trial. The king's interference in colonial legislation: acts of the legislature in royal colonies had to be approved by the king. The effort of the royal governors to extend their power. And not least was the feeling of Americans that they should govern themselves without the meddling of a government three thousand miles away.

**Pre-Revolution Events.**—Patrick Henry's passage of resolutions against the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765, which marked the beginning of the resistance to England that led to the Revolution. The Boston Massacre of 1770, when British soldiers fired on a mob in Boston. The battle of the Alamance in North Carolina, in 1771, when a body of colonists, called Regulators, who

had risen against the tyranny of the royal governor, Tryon, were defeated: this fight is called by some people the first engagement of the Revolution. The Boston Tea Party of 1773, when a party of men boarded a ship in Boston harbor and threw overboard a cargo of tea, an article taxed by Parliament. A victory over the Indians at Point Pleasant, 1774.

**Main Events of the Revolution.**—The things to be remembered in the Revolution: the opening engagement at Lexington, Massachusetts, in April, 1775. The battle of Bunker Hill in June, 1775. The Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776, which made the United States an independent nation. The battle of Trenton on Christmas Day, 1776, which changed the course of the war, which had been running against the Americans. The surrender of the British General Burgoyne, at Saratoga, New York, which was the turning-point of the war. The French alliance with America in 1778. The capture of Charleston by the British in 1780. The defeat of the American army at Camden in 1780. The victory of the Carolina and Tennessee riflemen over a British force at King's Mountain in the autumn of 1780, which marked the turn of the tide in the South. The capture of Lord Cornwallis by the French-American army at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1781, which decided the war. The adoption of the Articles of Confederation, in 1781, which gave the United States its first government. The treaty of peace in 1783, whch confirmed the independence of the United States.

**Events Between the Revolution and 1812.**—Framing of the present Constitution of the United States in 1787. Adoption of the Constitution by the states in 1788. Election of George Washington as first President and establishment of the new government in 1789: Alexander Hamilton, first

Secretary of the Treasury, was the great figure in this government. Election of John Adams as President in 1796. Formation of the Democratic-Republican party by Thomas Jefferson, to oppose the Federalist party. The tied election of 1800. (By the original terms of the Constitution, the President and Vice President were elected by presidential electors, each of whom voted for two candidates without designating President or Vice President—the candidate receiving the largest number of votes, if a majority, was elected President; the candidate receiving the second largest number of votes, if a majority, was elected Vice President. All the Democratic-Republican electors voted for Jefferson and Aaron Burr, with the result that neither was elected, as each received the same number of votes. The election was then thrown into the House of Representatives, which elected Jefferson President; Burr became Vice President. This led to the duel between Hamilton and Burr.) The Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, by which the United States acquired the territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. The Lewis and Clark expedition, in 1804-1805, which explored the northern part of the Louisiana Territory. Pike's Expedition, in 1805, which explored the southern part of the same territory. The troubles over impressed seamen, in 1807-1811, which led to the War of 1812. (Both of the contestants in the Napoleonic Wars injured the United States, but the impressment of American sailors by the British was the factor that led to the declaration of war against England in 1812.) The battle of Tippecanoe in 1811, a great victory of the frontiersmen over the Indians.

**Main Events of the War of 1812.**—The capture of Detroit by the British in 1812. The victory of the *Constitution* over the *Guerriere* in 1812. Perry's victory at Lake Erie in 1813. The victory of General William Henry

Harrison at the Thames, in Canada, in 1813. The burning of the Capitol of the United States by the British in 1814. The defeat of the British attack on Baltimore in 1814. Macdonough's victory over the British fleet on Lake Champlain in 1814. The treaty of peace with England on December 24, 1814. The battle of New Orleans in January, 1815.

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